

Matter of Time

Kevin Devine

Sunday was short and slow and lovely
Slept in past noon, woke up, made coffee
And somewhere between the sheets and shower
We talked about the son and daughter

That we don't have but imagined at our side
Well, it's only a matter of time

Sometimes my love grows disenchanted
When so much she gives I take for granted
But I'm well-aware that she's my compass
The strawberry sun, God's grace and sweetness

And when I forget, when it somehow slips my mind
Well, it's only a matter of time

It's a matter of time
Til I break the blinders fastened to my eyes
And I can see you
Yeah, it's only a matter of time

I found the truth inside the pattern
Of furious sound and ceaseless clatter
The peace in the painful search for meaning
You are the myth made real this evening

And a million more before the clocks unwind
It's only a matter of time