He was a husband who drove his wife home drunk from the parties He was a husband who drove his wife home And in the car he would gently lean her head on the side door window And in the bathroom he would hold her hair back and hope, saying;

They build buildings oh they build buildings oh they build buildings So tall these days

And in the morning she'd wake up and crouch recollections all day But she would always always wake up the next morning And he'd take one look at her a say baby that's ok And her conscience would issue yet another last warning, saying;

They build buildings oh they build buildings Oh they build buildings So tall these days

And she would ask for time
And she'd ask for time
And she would ask for time
And she would beg for time,
And she would beg for time
And beg for time and call it a gift
And he would give her time
And he'd give her time
And he would give her time
And he would give her time
But time is not given and time is not taken
It just sifts through its sift

And it was coffee and coffee and coffee
And coffee and coffee some more
He'd go to work and she'd take a sick day and rot at the core
And by the time he came back
She'd scrub the bathroom and make it smell like pine
It would be almost as if nothing had happened
And he'd give her time, saying;

They build buildings, oh they build buildings, oh they build buildings, Oh don't they build buildings, oh they build buildings, They build buildings so tall these days

And she would ask for time
And she'd ask for time
And she would ask for time
And she would beg for time,
And she would beg for time
And beg for time and call it a gift
And he would give her time
And he'd give her time
And he would give her time
And he would give her time
And he is not given and time is not taken
It just sifts through its sift

He was a husband drove time home pine scrub bathroom window Tištěno z pisnickypakordy cz buildings so tall these days... www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!