

Pacific Time

The Cribbs

Forget this, this reverie
It takes advantage of me
While months went unspoken
Pacific Time was frozen

Radio silence will tell me what I need
Till I find what you're hiding from
Maybe the angels have got your tongue?
I'm sorry you can't say
What you wanted to say
Wordplay will always make it this way
You know, it's worth more than heart these days

A voice on a tape recorder
That I recognise, with words for her
Not surprised, though it's harder
This long shadow I'm resting under

Radio silence will tell me what I need
Till I find what you're hiding from
Maybe the angels have got your tongue?
I'm sorry you can't say
What you wanted to say
Wordplay will always make it this way
You know, it's worth more than heart these days

With a thousand near rhymes
Paint me how I should be
And make everyone love me
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And make everyone love me