

Do Your Own Time

A.C. Newman

You showed up dressing down,
Wearing absolutely nothing.
Both in life, the talk of town,
With your bookmark full of visa.

You did not come to raise the bar,
You came to tear it into pieces, understand.
You showed me, even though you showed your plan.
And said "do your own time, go back to your own kind."

There was lipstick left in the room
Yes, and it was absolutely crucial.
A flashing card that it disappeared,
It must have been magic to her new soul.
The oldest trick in this young life,
But it's the only bag we're packing in this town.
We're packing up and carry it around.

Do your own time, go back to your own kind.
Do your own time, go back to your own kind.

Whatever you, whatever you need me to do
Whatever you, whatever you need me to do,
Need me to do, need me to do, need me to do.

And it's the only sign we're tracking in this town
We're stacking out against the love you've found.

Do your own time, go back to your own land.
Do your own time, go back to your own kind.

Whatever you, whatever you need me to do
Whatever you, whatever you need me to do,
Need me to do, need me to do, need me to do.