

## Give It Time

Old 97's

When I saw you for the first time  
I thought I might be sick  
That combination of joy and compulsion  
And you were the reason for it  
And in the blink of an eyelid  
You were in my ride  
I was wasted thought you'd laugh when I kissed you  
Though I guess it makes sense that you cried

Give it time give it time give it time  
It will break you

From our house I heard voices so far away  
There's no difference between ropes and roses  
When you've got nothin' good to say  
And in the blink of an eyelid  
You become someone else  
I try to find you but you are on a island  
And I guess I have to tell myself  
Give it time give it time give it time  
It will break you

When I saw you for the last time  
I sweat right through my shirt  
I'm no professional heartbreak's just a pastime  
But that don't mean it don't hurt

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