

ALL IN GOOD TIME

Words & Music: Inga Rumpf

A house with a garden
In the countryside
A soft voice of silence
Whispers in my ear at night

A large room with a fireplace
Space from wall to wall
Right in the middle a piano
I think that would be all

That's all what I need
That would be prime
Maybe soon
All in good time

Now my days are filled with desk work
At night I'm on stage
Sometimes I feel burned out
Sometimes I feel my age

The highways are crowded
The train is too late
Savings lose value
My house has to wait

But that's what I need
That would be prime
Maybe soon
All in good time
Maybe soon
All in good time



Some have a great life
Too good to be true
Some always have bad luck
That sticks like glue

But I am humble
You can't deny
I don't want too much
Just half the sky

That's all what I need
Yeah, that would be prime
Maybe soon
All in good time
Maybe soon
All in good time