

# Father Time

John Martyn

I saw you, yesterday  
Walking down my line  
I says: I know you, just get away  
Your name is Father Time.

Time I hate, the time I love  
Time I spent all over  
Time I wasted, the time I spent  
Time I've got to run away.

I saw you, yesterday  
Running down my track  
I saw you just yesterday  
I could feel you at my back.

With that long black cloak and that sharp scythe  
For cutting them all down  
Your long black coat, a skull and a scythe  
Cutting them all through town.

I saw you, just yesterday  
You don't frighten me  
I see you every day  
You still don't frighten me.

One day I'll go  
And you'll have no choice but to come with me  
The next day I'll come  
The very next day I'll have to go  
I tell you, say.

You're no herb from my garden  
You're no rosemary  
And you are no sage  
You know your name  
I call you Father Time.

I saw you yesterday  
I can still see you now  
You're living in my face, in my breakfast  
I can see you now.

You're just the time I wasted, the time I spent  
You're the time I'm left to run with  
What time is this  
Even I make up time, I do, I'm the time  
You can call yourself daddy  
But you're no father of mine.

Yes I saw you yesterday  
You didn't frighten me at all  
I saw you just yesterday  
You didn't frighten me at all.

With that long cloak and that silly little skull  
The stupid scythe and all your jive  
I never could see you, I can't see you now

Not as long as I'm alive.

One day, I'll go  
The very next day you'll come  
One day you'll come  
The very next time I'll go.

I know a friend of mine, a friend of mine was watching  
Told me the time by the clock  
I saw him last night, down by the graveyard  
Holding on to a rock.

I said: I saw you yesterday  
I saw you, Father Time  
I said: go away, go away, go away, go away, go away  
I know you're Father Time, run it down now.

I said: every minute, every second, every day of my life  
I meet you in the mirror  
Every time, look at each wrinkle  
I know I've got a sheriff coming.

Sure I saw you, sure as time  
Sure as clock, sure is fine  
I know that mother's no father  
Cos they call him Father Time.

Coming through the door  
With a black cloak  
And a nasty sharp instrument  
That nasty sharp instrument  
That nasty sharp instrument  
I won't go 'till I'm ready and you can't catch me  
I won't go 'till I'm ready.