

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.