

Your Time Is Your Own

Sam Brown

We were in a bar you and I,
The room was dull and brown just like the sky.
The clock went tick tock with its hands on my hands,
Conversation was a farce,
We were off in cuckoo land.

Everybody knows
When you're wasting your time
It's your own
Does it matter though
It always has been that way
Any wind that blows
Can change the face of things
As we know them
Everybody knows
Your time is your own
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The other day I slept for twenty-one hours,
The bedroom was light and filled with fragrant flowers.
My subconscious needed to be left alone,
I took the time to take my time
And make myself at home.

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