

Borrowed Time

Blues Traveler

Oh, precious life
How you loved to lie to me
So recklessly fragile
So beyond my power to see

And yet so demanding
By making me believe
That I am standing
In the way of my own reprieve

That all our days are numbered
No matter the amount
Well, there's a first and then at last
There is finally the fact
That the numerals just don't count

And all our time is borrowed
No deposit, no return
And no promise of tomorrow or the next day
What was lent you can never earn

If I took care of you
And loved you all your days
I'd still have to let you go
?Cause nothing ever stays

You taught me to stand
And then you left the job to me
Now as a man
I'm finally forced to see

That all our days are numbered
No matter the amount
Well, there's a first and then at last
There is finally the fact
That the numerals just don't count

And all our time is borrowed
No deposit, no return
And no promise of tomorrow or the next day
What was lent you can never earn

What was lent you can never earn
What was lent you can never earn
What was lent you can never earn