

Time

Bobby Bare

Ain't the snow fallin' just a bit deeper these days
And they're building the stairs a bit 'steeper these days
And the town's really changin' in so many ways
It's time, time.

The young folks you're growin' uncommonly tall
And the newspaper print is becomin' so small
And folks talk so soft you can barely hear at all
It's time, just time.

Jokes aren't as witty as the old jokes once were
And the girls ain't half as pretty as I remember her
And today on the bus a grown man called me sir
It's time, just time.

You know I ain't quite as anxious for fame or success
And my eye finds the girl in the plain simple dress
And I cling a bit longer to each warm caress
That's time, just time.

So it takes a bit longer to walk up a hill
What of it but my life now is much more fulfill
But they're tearin' down the buildings that I watched them build
It's time, time...