

## 35th Birthday

Chris Trapper

It's my thirty fifth birthday  
I've got no plans today  
'cause it fell on a Monday  
I guess I'm lucky that way

So I'm calling in sick  
I head for the fridge  
There's a glass of champagne  
That somebody hid  
In the side of the door  
With a note that said  
Bore where does the time go

So where does the time go  
Where does the time go  
How every year shows  
What nobody knows

It's my thirty fifth birthday  
And the kitchen is cold  
Like a leftover breakfast  
That's a day too old

So I'm taking a walk  
Along the street  
People in cars that I'll never meet  
Remember this time  
Take every step slow  
Where does the time go

Where does the time go  
Where does the time go  
How every year shows  
What nobody knows

Where does the time go  
Nobody knows