

Slice of Time

David Crosby

A slice of time
Curling, peeling
Back from the edge of the knife

Light fluttering
As if between two trains
Motordrive frames of life

Long blends of days
Stream into nights
Consciousness barely coping

The land going by seems level
But really the tracks are
Increasingly sloping

Images, images, images, images
Arranged against a blank wall
Images, images, images, images
Telling the truth to us all

Pluck out a day
A week or an hour
HOLD IT UP, HOLD IT UP TO THE LIGHT

Freeze the frame
Really look at the faces
With all of your sight

See the eyes
Looking at you
Immerse yourself into that minute

My teacher said time is elastic
I wonder just what
I'll find in it

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