

The Time Is Near

Fairport Convention

The time is near for things to pass,
the time for me to leave
But as I lie hear all alone,
I really can't believe
That twenty years I've spent on earth would end in so
much grief
That the many friendly faces should now stare hatefully

A letter home to mother, and a letter home to dad
Another to my sweetheart, for whom I feel so sad
A lock of hair to cling to is all that will remain
And the grave inside this prison yard,
a stone that bears no name.

My trials and tribulations are nearly now all gone
A murderer I never was and my spirit will live on
Jesus, help me in this troubled time,
this hour of trouble deep
Help me find my peace of mind,
help me Lord, to sleep