

The Time of Day

Gino Vannelli

All the ghosts in the schoolyard
Young rebels with no dreams
Dying of old age
At seventeen
Some blame their mothers
For this unforgiving world
Others point the finger
At the flag the wind unfurls
But I say

You are the lock you are the key
You are the master of your destiny
The devil's the dude who sells poison for pay
Don't give the devil the time of day
Don't you give him the room or an inch to play
Don't give the devil the time of day
Don't give the devil the time of day

There's a face in the mirror
You don't recognize
So you shatter the lights
'Cause they sting your bloodshot eyes
You walk on with a stranger
Who rolls your soul up in his wad
You place your trust in him
Like you once placed it in god
Well I say

You are the lock you are the key
You are the master of your destiny
The devil's the dude who sells poison for pay
Don't give the devil the time of day
Don't you give him the room or an inch to play
Don't give the devil the time of day
Don't give the devil the time of day

Caught between the cyclone fence and a red brick wall
Yeah, you melt like chocolate in the sun
Then you see your angel walking with his high-tops on
And he hands you heaven hotter than a loaded gun

(The time of day)
Don't you give him
(The time of day)
Don't you give him
(The time of day)

You are the lock you are the key
You are the master of your destiny
The devil's the dude who sells poison for pay
Don't give the devil the time of day
Don't you give him the room or an inch to play
Don't give the devil the time of day
Don't give the devil the time of day

All the ghosts in the schoolyard
Young rebels with no dreams

Dying of old age
At seventeen
Well I say

You are the lock you are the key
You are the master of your destiny
The devil's the dude who sells poison for pay
Don't give the devil the time of day
Don't you give him the room or an inch to play
Don't give the devil the time of day
Don't give the devil the time of day