

Old Man Time Ain't No Friend of Mine

Jason Webley

Wake up in a room where steel guitars,
Turn to steel bars, .
You know I've lived here to long.
Try to write these songs about being bored,
Why am I so surprised when they all prove boring songs?

The second hand holds still while the hour hand slips by.
I don't know just how long I've been here.
I'll just stare out the window and contemplate the sky,
While I grow older than my years.

Plucking strings at the site of my bed,
By a stack of books most of which I've never read.
I want to capture in sound the way things are,
But I'd regret it in the morning if I smashed my guitar.

Well they're never going to tell us just what's coming around t
he bend,
But there's one thing I can count on,
That's that old man time is not my fucking friend.
For the reaper lurks in stillness, but motion too is death.
Me, I float between them, moving in and out to the rhythm of my
breath