

Old Man Time

Kate Rusby

Old man time is a rare old man
For a young man he'll ever remain,
With his long grey beard and his clothes are plain
Oh Old Man Time is his name.
As one flower dies
The old man he cries
The young man he plants the seeds again
With a careful hand, he tends the sand,
Oh, Old Man Time is his name.

This old man has an hourglass
For every soul on the land.
Oh, Old Man Time, I have seen mine,
It's the one with the fastest sand.
No sooner is it turned,
Back through the glass it's churned,
I'm wishing I could have each hour again,
With a careful hand, he tends the sand,
Oh, Old Man Time is his name.

To me, Old Man, your time is rare,
Did God not give you all my sand?
Or maybe mine I had to share
Or is there some left in your hand?
They tell me time is gold, well maybe it's been sold,
Or was it simply washed away in rain?
With a careful hand, he tends the sand,
Oh, Old Man Time is his name.

If I brought him a sack,
Do you think he'd put some back?
I know one day across my path he'll come,
But as for now, I can't say how,
I know that old man's work is far from done.
For Old Man Time has just begun.