

Time

Ray Price

Time is a monster that lives in our clocks
It's heartless and shows no remorse
Consuming our future as we fight
That hundred year war

Time is a soldier steady and true
Relentlessly trudging along
And time takes no prisoners
Nothing but time marches on

Time is a weapon, it's cold and it's cruel
It knows no religion and plays by no rules
Time has no conscience, when it's all said and done
Like a beast in the jungle that devours it's young

You can burn up the highway fly like the wind
Run down those long shiny rails
But time's right behind you like a hound dog
That's hot on your trail

But we're all in the same boat so just hold on
And ride to the end of the line
Time waits for no one
Everyone runs out of time

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