

## Father Time

Texas in July

I remain hidden behind my hourglass.  
Oh God, Oh God, Does time move fast?  
Father time will you rescue me?

My life is but a jukebox playing over the same sad song  
Written out by a rocky heart.  
By golly holy cow,  
I choked the earth!  
By golly holy cow,  
I choked the earth!  
We're going down.

The taste of bitter coffee fills my lungs sick,  
I have nothing to bare but this hole in my chest,  
And a page full of words that could fill the Atlantic.  
My sleeping eye can hardly see the words,  
Painted across these crippled stars.  
From the endless skies they are buried behind.  
From the endless skies they are buried behind,  
Buried behind.

I am not immortal, but I can live my forever,  
And lay to rest when my song is sung,  
I am not immortal, but I can live my forever,  
And lay to rest when my song is sung,  
And lay to rest when my song is sung.  
I am not immortal  
When my song is sung,  
When my song is sung,  
When my song is sung.