

Wearing the Time

Tom Paxton

Time was, it was all ahead of me
These days it seems I'm as faded as these jeans
And what was once a dollar's now a dime
Sweet youth goes on the petals of a rose
Now it looks like I'm wearing the time
Like an old, old friend
The time and me go way back when
But I know now, what I didn't know then
I wish I could start all over again
In my field, every spring the green grass grows
While flowers flourish as they climb
Yellow and blue, every year their lives renew
While I'm left behind, wearing the time
Like an old, old friend
The time and me go way back when
But I know now, what I didn't know then
I wish I could start all over again
Time was, it was all ahead of me
I faced it, embraced and it was said of me
That I loved life so much that I could taste it
No one ever thought that I would waste it
Like an old, old friend
The time and me go way back when
But I know now, what I didn't know then
Wish I could start
I wish I could start all over again
Wearing the time
Wearing the time