

Time

Wrathchild America

Ticking away the moments
That make up a dull day
Fritter and waste the hours in an off hand way
Kicking around on a piece of ground
In your hometown
Waiting for someone or something
To show the way
Tired of lying in the sunshine
Staying here to watch the rain
You are young and life is long
There's always time to kill today
And then one day you'll find
Ten years have got behind you
No one told you when to run
You missed the starting gun

So you run and you run to catch up with the sun
But its sinking
Racing around to come up behind you again
The sun is the same in the relative way
But you're older
Shorter of breath and one day closer to death
Every year is getting shorter
Never seem to find the time
Plans that either come to naught
Or half a page of scribbled lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation
Is the English way
The time is gone the song is over
Thought I'd something more to say
Home, home again
I like to here when I can
When I come home cold and tired
It's good to warm my bones beside the fire
Far away across the field
The tolling of the iron bell
Calls the faithful to their knees
To hear the softly spoken magic spell