

# Slice of Time

David Crosby

A slice of time  
Curling, peeling  
Back from the edge of the knife

Light fluttering  
As if between two trains  
Motordrive frames of life

Long blends of days  
Stream into nights  
Consciousness barely coping

The land going by seems level  
But really the tracks are  
Increasingly sloping

Images, images, images, images  
Arranged against a blank wall  
Images, images, images, images  
Telling the truth to us all

Pluck out a day  
A week or an hour  
HOLD IT UP, HOLD IT UP TO THE LIGHT

Freeze the frame  
Really look at the faces  
With all of your sight

See the eyes  
Looking at you  
Immerse yourself into that minute

My teacher said time is elastic  
I wonder just what  
I'll find in it

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