

Making Time

Greg Graffin

Just another day of sorrow going down
Like the road unfurled behind you leaving town
In the morning's cold reflection yesterday
Comes the chill of where ya been and what ya paid

There's a place up ahead and far along
Far away from the past that seems to draw
All mistakes you forgot and carried on

Making time
Making time

All that wasted toil and trouble running away
When the only thing that matters is today

There's a place up ahead and far along
Far away from the past that seems to draw
All mistakes you forgot and carried on

Making time
Making time
Making time
Making time

Out among the windswept
Pikes and lonely purple canyons
Wisdom is written in the signs
All that's in the past is so impossible to fix or refine

Making time
Making time
Making time
Making time