

# Time

Ray Price

Time is a monster that lives in our clocks  
It's heartless and shows no remorse  
Consuming our future as we fight  
That hundred year war

Time is a soldier steady and true  
Relentlessly trudging along  
And time takes no prisoners  
Nothing but time marches on

Time is a weapon, it's cold and it's cruel  
It knows no religion and plays by no rules  
Time has no conscience, when it's all said and done  
Like a beast in the jungle that devours it's young

You can burn up the highway fly like the wind  
Run down those long shiny rails  
But time's right behind you like a hound dog  
That's hot on your trail

But we're all in the same boat so just hold on  
And ride to the end of the line  
Time waits for no one  
Everyone runs out of time

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