

## 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