

# Time – Pink Floyd

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 home town  
Waiting for someone or something  
To show you the way

Tired of lying in the sunshine  
Staying home to watch the rain  
You are young and life is long  
And there is time to kill today

And then the one day you find  
Ten years have got behind you  
No one told you when to run  
You missed the starting gun

(Solo)

And you run and you run  
To catch up with the sun  
But it's sinking

Racing around  
To come up behind you again

The sun is the same  
In a 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 be 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  
Tolling on the iron bell  
Calls the faithful to their knees  
To hear the softly spoken magic spell



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych