

Ben Christophers, A Race Between Me And Fore

It's you
You scared me half to death
What for
It's just a race between me and forever
I was on my ten speed all the way

I faced
Myself and saw no one
Just time
The little minute hand twisting my arm
Like she knows what I'll be

And you aim to the sky to the sky
Where the end has no ends and no return
And you aim to the sky to the sky
A lonely carousel

Do you
Think it's suicide
That she has a jealous side all over you
Running down a hill backwards

I faced
Myself and saw no one
Just time
The little minute hand twisting my arm
Like she knows what i'll be when i die

A lonely carousel winds on