

Clint Black, Spend My Time

How can we know how far the long way can be
Looking from where we are it never seemed that long to me
I've many miles behind me, maybe not so much ahead
It seems I made good time with the directions I misread.

So I'm gonna spend my time like it's going out of style
I'm moving the bottom line farther than a country mile
I still have hills to climb before I hit that wall
No matter how much time I buy I could never spend it all.

Funny thing that time, we're always running out
I'm always losing mine, there's not enough of it about
And though it's always here it will always come and go
The days become the years that'll be gone before you know.

So I'm gonna spend my time like it's going out of style
I'm moving the bottom line better than a country mile
I still have hills to climb before I hit that wall.

I won't go quietly into that dark night
There'll be no more burying daylight
I'll be living in every moment that I'm in.

Oh, I'm gonna spend my time like it's going out of style
I'll only use what's mine, I've been saving for awhile
I still have hills to climb before I hit that wall
No matter how much time I buy I could never spend it all.

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