

Agans Craig, It Could Be Day

It could be the middle of the day , it could be the middle of the night
I dream I hear your voice call, is everything alright?
It might right now be summer, but it also could be spring
It could just be the sound of, the liberty bell that now rings..
What are you thinking, is something wrong?
Has your record been skipping, playing the same old song
The scene it may be changing and the future it may be far
But it's about you i've been thinking, when I'm drivin' in my car..
Tomorrow could be yesterday, it seems hard to believe
But somebody's arm has been itching from the ace stuck in his sleeve
Great reasons have been shouted at me, and whispered to me by some
By guardians of my future, telling me what I should become..
But nothing really matters now, you say you know the way
There's so much I have to tell you, that I can't even start to say
But I'll see you at the gathering, you'll be waiting at the door
And it could be day, and it could be night, but I just will not be
sure..
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