

Bobby Bare, Time

Ain't the snow fallin' just a bit deeper these days
Ain't they're building the stairs a bit steeper these days
And the town's really changin' in so many ways it's time time
The young folks you're growin' uncommonly tall
And the newspaper print is becomin' so small
And folks talk so soft you can barely hear at all it's time just time
Jokes aren't as witty as the old jokes once were
And the girls ain't half as pretty as I remember her
And today on the bus a grown man called me sir it's time just time
[steel]
You know I ain't quite as anxious for fame or success
And my eye finds the girl in the plain simple dress
And I cling a bit longer to each warm caress that's time just time
So it takes a bit longer to walk up a hill
What of it but my life now is much more fulfill
But they're tearin' down the buildings that I watched them build it's time time