

Brian Wilson, Hold Back Time

We painted inside and out with just a gallon of joy
We had the girl and the boy
And love was never a toy
Just like that old rusty Ford we restored out in back
It made that clickety-clack
Our new old house by the track
At her window was a touch of lavender lace
I remember her face
Too many rainbows to chase
Right through the cracks of the paint
Come the tracks of the train
Scatter like diamonds of rain
Down our old blacktop two lane

Hold back time
Don't talk about tomorrow
Tell that old clock on the wall
He'll just have to call it a day
Hold back time
When we're in each other's arms
We're in each other's arms
So hold back time

With that old country hymn spinning round in her brain
She kept her fancy for play
More than for fortune and fame
Now when we feel every wheel spinnin' steel on that track
We shake the dust off the sack
In our old house by the track

Hold back time
Don't talk about tomorrow
Tell that old clock on the wall
He'll just have to call it a day
Hold back time
When we're in each other's arms
We're in each other's arms
So hold back time
Time