

# Peter Hammill, Time To Burn

Time to burn, we could talk all the problems through...  
Are the promises still unbroken,  
do the spoken words still ring true?  
Oh, and where are you?

Time to burn, wakes and weddings, celestial choirs,  
and while one hand shakes on the bargain  
see the other stoke the suttee pyre;  
so we're all on fire,  
burning for tomorrow.

So much time wish- and hoping,  
soon the future will come  
with a bridal wreath for the wedding  
in the hands of the prodigal son.  
So much left undone,  
here we are with time to burn.

So much time wishful thinking,  
all the whitest of lies  
with the prodigal caught at the border  
and the order of service awry.  
No time for goodbyes,  
will we ever start to learn?

Time to burn, wakes and weddings become confused,  
all the faces over-familiar  
in the whirlwind of deja-vu...  
Oh, but where are you?

Time to burn, all our lifelines are gathered round  
with a speech from the back of a postcard  
all the memories free in one bound.  
Free, and gone to ground,  
free, and gone forever.  
Free, and gone to ground,  
so I will remember  
so much lost and found.  
Here we are with time to burn.