

# Pink Floyd, Time

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day  
You fritter and waste the hours in an off-hand way  
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town  
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way  
Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain  
You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today  
And then the one day you find ten years have got behind you  
No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun  
And you run and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's sinking  
And racing around to come up behind you again  
The sun is the same in the relative way, but you're older  
And shorter of breath and one day closer to death  
Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time  
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines  
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way  
The time is gone the song is over, thought I'd something more to say

Home, home again  
I like to be here when I can  
When I come home cold and tired  
It's good to warm my bones beside the fire  
Far away, across the field, tolling on the iron bell  
Calls the faithful to their knees  
And hear the softly spoken magic spell