

# Roger Waters, Time

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day  
You fitter and waste the hours in an offhand 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  
And you are young and life is long  
And there is time to kill today  
And then 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  
And the sun is the same in a relative way, but you're older  
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 nought  
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  
And when I come home cold and tired  
It's good to warm my bones beside the fire  
Far away, across the field  
The tolling of the iron bell  
Calls the faithful to their knees  
To hear the softly spoken magic spell