

Shel Silverstein, Time

Ain't the snow fallin' just a bit deeper these days
Aren't they building the stairs a bit steeper these days
And the town's really changin' in so many ways time time time

The young folks they're growin' exceptionally tall
And the newspaper print it's becomin' quite small
And folks speak so softly you can hardly hear at all time time time

The jokes don't seem as witty as the old jokes once were
And the girls are half as pretty as I remember her
And today you know in the park a young man called me sir time time time

Yeah I'm not quite as anxious for fame or success
And my eye finds the girl in the plain quiet dress
And I cling a bit longer to each warm caress time time time

So I breathe a bit heavy when I climb a hill
What of it my life now is really much more fulfilled
But they're tearin' down the building that I watched them build
Time time time time time time