

Joe Evans

"Nothing But Time"

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Say hello to Lonestar beer and smoke fills the air
Yeah, saturday night again and Iâ'm alright
Â'cause I ainâ't at work somewhere between 6th
Avenue and 21st
And high as a runaway kite.

Yeah, Iâ'm sailinâ' on the wind, no one, no help from
Auntie Em.
No thank you maâ'am Iâ'm doing fine
Oh and Iâ'll just be on my way, oh come what may,
Every night I got nothinâ' but time.

I got nothinâ' but time
And I ainâ't gonna stand in my way.
I got nothing but time,
Even if itâ's only for one day.
I got nothing but time
But Iâ'm gonna make it count.
Â'Cause I got nothing but time
But only until my time runs out.
Yeah, oh, oh whoa ho...

Yeah, ya know just the other day it kinda came to me,
Like a name you should know but canâ't say until you
let it breathe awhile
That is that each and every one of us tend to get a little
bit too worked
Up
About when and where and who and what kind.
Yeah, but if you stop and think hard about who you
really are
You might find yourself a little surprised.
Â'Cause the gospel of it is that tomorrow you could be
gone
Along with him and her and the rest of them who
didnâ't take a little time
To unwind.
Yeah unwind, oh whoa ho...

So the next time you honk your horn and curse the day
some poor fool was

Born,
The next time you make a fist and close your eyes,
Just raise that fist up against the sky and you'll see a
molehill framed
In a mountain you made throwing the shadow down on
your pride.
Yeah, your shallow little wounded side.
Oh my my...

Yeah, you got nothing but time.
Don't let it stand in your way.
You got nothing but time,
Even if it's only for one day.
You got nothing but time
But you better make it count.
'Cause you got nothing but time
But only until your time runs out.
Yeah, oh, oh whoa ho...

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