

Chris Trapper "35th Birthday"

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It's my thirty fifth birthday
I've got no plans today
'cause it fell on a Monday
I guess I'm lucky that way

So I'm calling in sick
I head for the fridge
There's a glass of champagne
That somebody hid
In the side of the door
With a note that said
Bore where does the time go

So where does the time go
Where does the time go
How every year shows
What nobody knows

It's my thirty fifth birthday
And the kitchen is cold
Like a leftover breakfast
That's a day too old

So I'm taking a walk
Along the street
People in cars that I'll never meet
Remember this time
Take every step slow
Where does the time go

Where does the time go
Where does the time go
How every year shows
What nobody knows

Where does the time go
Nobody knows

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