

## Company B "It's Time"

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Paul Keating:

I've made a habit of collecting clocks  
Sleek antiques with ticks and tocks  
Didn't you ever wonder why?  
I hear the seconds as a perfect space  
Pushed together in relentless pace  
The beat of a moment passing by  
And every face is like the moon to me  
Full of hope and opportunity  
Pulled in the orbit of it's hands  
My tide is high and my chance is nigh  
I've got to take it and you know why  
Somewhere inside you, there's a man that understands

It's time!

Time, the revelator, destroyer and creator, no-one gets  
to wait on time!

Time to start afresh, we know we're only flesh and  
bones and so it's precious time!

It's time!

The Opposition takes a different tack  
They wind it down and they turn it back  
They don't like to hear that sound  
But time is slipping past them every day  
Just like the picture of Dorian Gray  
And it's they who come unwound

Keating and Bob Hawke:

For evolution needs time to move  
Just like a drummer beats time to grove  
And it can never stand still

Keating:

The revolution of a second hand  
Is the solution that I must demand  
A change is gonna come now, you know it always will...

Keating and Hawke:

In time!

Keating:

Time is of the essence, I know that it's unpleasant but  
no time like the present time!  
Time won't be denied and though you try to hide you  
know it's on my side...

Hawke:

It's time!

Time to make a break, it's time for you to take it, whip  
and out and shake it,

Keating and Hawke:

Time!

Keating:

Time and time again, you might have dug the venue,  
now you're on the menu, time!

It's time!

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