

Don Dixon

"25,000 Days"

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Ticking like a bomb, the clock of ages
I've read the book of love and I, look, I've held the
pages

Choking back the fear of ever after
To know the taste of time gone to waste, without the
laughter

Wound up like a spring, forged from eternity
Live rolling endlessly, I can't pull the hours of dreams

Somehow I have thought that I would have time to
change
25, 000 days isn't nearly as long as it seems

Every day I wake up to the pressure
I feel the blush of every day rust, too small to measure

Giving up the hour for the minute
I trade the days in my shallow grave for time to spend
here

Wound up like a spring, forged from eternity
Live rolling endlessly, I can't pull the hours of dreams

Somehow I have thought that I would have time to
change
25, 000 days isn't nearly as long as it seems
As long as it seems
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