

Dovells**"Where D All The Tume Go?"**

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Where'd all the time go?

It's starting to fly

See how the hands go

Waving goodbye

And you know I get so forgetful

When I look in your eyes

Now she's walking backwards

Through a parade

And I'm stuck in the shadow

Blocking the shade

And there ain't no way to sweep up

The mess that we've made

She gets dressed up like a pillow

So she's always in bed

Flowers for the sick and dead

She's on the go, way too fast and way too slow

She'll turn to stone at hospitals and funeral homes

And when the fog rises somebody sighs

Who is not in disguise anymore

There's nothing to keep you

From falling in love

It starts at the bottom

It comes from above

Like pieces of a puzzle

Like a hand in a glove

She gets dressed up like a pillow

So she's always in bed

Flowers for the sick and dead

She's on the go, way too fast and way too slow

She'll turn and stop at hospitals and funeral homes

And when the tide rises somebody sinks

And is gone in the blink of an eye

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