

## **Fountains Of Wayne "All Kinds Of Time"**

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The clock's running down  
The team's losing ground  
To the opposing defense  
The young quarterback  
Waits for the snap  
When suddenly it all starts to make sense

He's got all kinds of time  
He's got all kinds of time  
All kinds of time  
He's got all kinds of time  
All kinds of time

He takes a step back  
He's under attack  
But he knows that no one can touch him now  
He seems so at ease  
A strange inner peace  
Is all that he's feeling somehow  
He's got all kinds of time  
He's got all kinds of time  
All kinds of time  
He's got all kinds of time  
All kinds of time

*[Bridge]*

He thinks of his mother  
He thinks of his bride-to-be  
He thinks of his father  
His two younger brothers  
Gathered around the widescreen TV

He looks to the left  
He looks to the right  
And there in a golden ray of light  
Is his open man  
Just as he planned  
The whole world is his tonight

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