

## **Grebenshikov Boris**

### **"The Time"**

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Sitting in a corner  
In my castle made of single-malt and smoke  
With all my friends around me  
And I love them 'til I choke  
And I watch you dance with someone  
Someone not even there  
And you're simple as in "sacrilege"  
And you're pure as in "prayer"  
Somewhere there's a point of no resistance  
But we make sure there's no getting there  
And we're beautiful when we're animals  
But so easily scared  
And I cannot even talk to you  
Stricken down as a hunter to its prey  
sliding down, down this hill of glass again  
And there's nothing I can say

#### **CHORUS**

I guess it's just the time  
I guess it's just the time  
I guess it's just the time  
And I will see you when the time is over

And then the northern wind calls

And then curtains part

And then the castle wall falls

And there's an arrow in my heart

There's only one way out of prison

Which is to set your jailer free

But then, it's just another bunch of pretty words

That stand between the sailor and the sea

So forgive me, though I know you never will

Battered by your pride

And so I'm locked again within these castle walls

And you freeze alone outside

CHORUS

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