

## **Kate Rusby** **"Old Man Time"**

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Old man time is a rare old man  
For a young man he'll ever remain,  
With his long grey beard and his clothes are plain  
Oh Old Man Time is his name.  
As one flower dies  
The old man he cries  
The young man he plants the seeds again  
With a careful hand, he tends the sand,  
Oh, Old Man Time is his name.

This old man has an hourglass  
For every sould on the land.  
Oh, Old Man Time, I have seen mine,  
It's the one with the fastest sand.  
No sooner is it turned,  
Back through the glass it's churned,  
I'm wishing i could have each hour again,  
With a careful hand, he tends the sand,  
Oh, Old Man Time is his name.

To me, Old Man, your time is rare,  
Did God not give you all my sand?  
Or maybe mine I had to share  
Or is there some left in your hand?  
They tell me tine is gold, well maybe it's been sold,  
Or was it simply washed away in rain?  
With a careful hand, he tends the sand,  
Oh, Old Man Time is his name.

If I brought him a sack,  
Do you think he'd put some back?  
I know one day across my path he'll come,  
But as for now, I can't say how,  
I know that old man's work is far from done.  
For Old Man Time has just begun.

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