

## Mary Black

### "Late For Your Life"

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(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

You've been saying for the longest time that the time  
has come  
You've been talking like you're of a mind to get some  
changing done  
Maybe move out of the city, find some quiet little town  
Where you can sit out on your back porch step  
And watch the sun go down  
No one knows where they belong  
The search just goes on and on and on  
For every choice that ends up wrong  
Another one's right  
A change of scene would sure be great  
The thought is nice to contemplate  
But the question begs why would you wait  
And be late for your life

Now you might never find that perfect town  
But the sun still sets on a rooftop where the city  
Sounds like a Gershwin clarinet  
And you might still be searching every face for one you  
can't forget  
Love is out there in a stranger's clothes  
You just haven't met him yet  
No one knows where they belong  
The search just goes on and on and on  
For every day that ends up wrong  
Another one's right  
Call it chance or call it fate  
Either one is cause to celebrate  
Still the question begs why would you wait  
And be late for your life

Call it chance baby, call it fate  
Either one is cause to celebrate  
And the question now is why would you wait  
Don't be late for your life

