

Danielson

"Time That Bald Sexton"

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I got no sense of time
The second hand slaps
Me, oh, so silly

And insults my character now
For I like my
Mood to lead me

I walk into your room
Prepared with reasons why I can't join
You for this whole afternoon

I just got one day
Of writing it all down
And oh, so here I go

I must seize all my time by
Grabbing this old clock setter
By his bald gray forelock

All wasted on the job
My life span quickly shortening
And rushing and only half done

Can't remember how old that I am
Not one minute to sit
I look so busy, you don't

Bother not anymore to
Ask for my help
Not a yelp

I must seize all my time by
Grabbing this clock setter
By his gray forelock

And at this very same moment
Take this task at hand
The one that landed right in my lap

When folks refuse to see
How much is too much

I shall turn away then to thee

In thee great chronicle
Of wasted time through these years
Sleeping does not appear now

I must seize all my time by
Grabbing this clock setter
By his gray forelock

And at this very same moment
Take this task at hand
The one that landed right in my lap

When folks refuse to see
How much is too much
I shall turn away then to thee

For time is man's problem
A gift from dad with a plan
And the means to, to complete
The means to complete
Means to, to complete

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