

David Ball

"12-12-84"

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12-12-84

Ten o'clock at night
Funny how you can remember
Certain moments in your life

I wish, I could go back
To take back the words I said
Though it's been years since that night
They still echo in my head

Time is a teacher
Oh, and time has taught me well
What brings a man to his knees
Is often brought on by himself

If a second chance were offered
She could love me like before
I'd go back to the end and start over again
On 12-12-84

A cold wind was blowing
It whistled through the pines
I told her, I don't need her
And she told me goodbye

I remember embers dying
In the ashes and the coals
And like smoke up the chimney
I watched a true love go

Time is a teacher
Oh, and time has taught me well
What brings a man to his knees
Is often brought on by himself

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