

Michael Feinstein

"Time Flies"

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Life begins and the spirits rise
They become memories that vaporize
And the vapor becomes all the dreams we devise
And while we are dreaming, time flies

Night turns to dawn and dreams to sighs
And sighs change to sweet love that never dies
And love becomes laughter and lullabies
And while we are dreaming, time flies

And while we are dreaming we meet and exchange
Conversations routinely and nothing seems strange
But when we are awake there's a sense of unease
That another night's gone just as quick as you please

And night turns to dawn and then bright skies
And bright skies to picnics on warm Julys
To deep umber autumns and winter goodbyes
And while we are dreaming, time flies

While we are dreaming, time flies
Time flies, time flies, time flies

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