

Alan Parsons "Mr. Time"

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[elliot/copland/driscoll]

Stealing a moment from mr. time
He rocks in his chair like a shiny dime
But it's all for show, all for show.
Wearing your name and a number or two
When the minute's up, so are you
But everybody knows, everybody knows.

Watching the hour from the light in his eyes,
He waits for your soul to come in from the sky
But it's lost below, lost below.
Turning the wheel of your destiny round,
When the motion stops - no more sound,
Does anybody care, anybody care.

Where's the man, where's the child
Wrapped together side by side.
Who can tell you what to do,
When mr. time has come for you.
See the truth, hear the lies,
Can there be no compromise
And who can tell you what they knew,
When mr. time has come for you.

Is it a feeling of deja vu?
When he points his finger calling you
Is it illusion? just an illusion
Picking up seconds that fall to his feet
He blows them away as rocks on his seat,
Cool as his smile, his smile.

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