

Max Stalling

"Time's Hand In Your Pocket"

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It's the sag in the timbers of an abandoned line shack
The conspicuous hump of a gray woman's back
It's the weeds in the rails of the Burlington track
It's the knowing that yesterday can never come back

Like a windmill that's harnessed the breeze for years
Till the gusts and the rust have ruined its gears
It's a faded out map from when the steel rails still
shown
It's a well worn old riding horse that some kid's
outgrown

It's time's hand in your pocket taking all that you own
It's the Frio Town courthouse left to stand all alone
It's the age of the cowboy when there's no old west left
Where we go from here boys is anyone's guess I guess

It's a whore's realization that her beauty will spoil
It's a wildcatter's nightmare that there is no more oil
It's the hills and the prairies dissected with roads
It's the future, the damned future, and it's and I'll wind
that
Bodes

It's time's hand in your pocket taking all that you own
The gambler's tired eyes when his last card is thrown
It's the age of the cowboy when there's no old west left
Where we go from here boys is anyone's guess I guess

Instrumental

The old mountain man has seen his last first snow
The dried up old poet he knows his last rhyme has
flowed
I don't believe things live just to die
But I just don't think I'll ever understand why

It's time's hand in your pocket taking all that you own
Like the wave robs the shoreline and wind carves the
stone
It's the age of the cowboy when there's no old west left

Where we go from here boys
Where the hell are we now boys
Wha'll we do now boys is anyone's guess I guess
I'd sure hate to guess.

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