

Lex Zaleta

"Zones"

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They pass me on the highway, they cut ahead in line.
I ask them why they do it; they say that it saves time.
I say, Show me where you have a single minute more
than me.
I'm in my own time zone- And they're in their own time
zone.

Now, you can listen to me, brothers, or you can strike
out on your own.
Each and every one of us lives in his own time zone.

There's a man upon the porch, bored out of his mind,
Rocking back and forth in time.
I'm sure his tombstone should read: "Died in 1993
Buried in 2029.
Buried in 2029
He's in his own time zone; he's in his own time zone.

Now, you can listen to me, brothers, or you can strike
out on your own.
Each and every one of us lives in his own time zone.

There was a man upon the cross; Lord, in and out of
time,
Walking through life's last deadline.
I'm sure His tombstone does read: "Died in 33 A.D.
Rose again to save all of mankind." Rose again to save
all of mankind.
He's made His own time zone. He's made His own time
zone.

Now, you can listen to me, brothers, or you can strike
out on your own.
Each and every one of us lives in his own time zone.

Now, I believe upon that Man, and the Gospel He did
preach.
And it's true for all believers; First you die, then life's a
beach.
That's why I know my tombstone will read:
He's living in God's own time zone. He's living in God's
own time zone

I'll be living in God's own time zone. I'll be living in
God's own time zone.

Now, you can listen to me, brothers, or you can strike
out on your own.

Each and every one of us chooses his own time zone,
Chooses his own time zone.

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