

Debra Fotheringham

"Time"

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Some cynics like to say
That there's no life in space
They only see stars through their telescopes.

Out on the ancient seas
Mythical, scaly beasts
Drove sailors to abandon all their hope.

You've asked the questions
But the answers can't be found.
It took us ages
To see that Earth was round.
So put it all on the line
Then give it time.

Some cynics like to say
You'll never leave this place
They only see that name tag on your chest.

You know you're meant for more
Than the Fridays you're living for.
But it's hard to see past the schedule on your desk.

You've asked the questions
But the answers can't be found.
It took us ages
To see that Earth was round.
So put it all on the line
Then give it time.

Of all the critics that you've met
Seems like the worst one's in your head.
Let them presume and postulate
'Til their noises fade.

You've asked the questions
But the answers can't be found.
It took us ages
To see that Earth was round.
So put it all on the line
The world will be fine
Put it all on the line

And give it time.

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