

## Mr. Sos

### "Time"

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"Time ... Time ... What is it?"

[Chorus]

"Time ..."

People wait for it others hate all of it and many waste  
all of it

Time. I need to know, "what is it"

And when it's yours what will you do?

"Time ..."

Don't lose track of it

Let it pass you, kid

Or you'll find out what's after it

"Time." I need to know "what is it"

Cause mine might be long overdue.

[Verse 1]

Spare a minute of your time to sit and listen to a rhyme  
about decisions in your life that you choose

There's this kid, they call him Byron and he misplaces  
his lighter

and his bills are past due so he's screwed

No ambition left to find, he sleeps until it's five

Feeds his body mad brew and fast food

Gets back too late to say hi to dad, so one day father  
gets mad

And tells him what to do, he's gotta move

Now he's confused, walking down the street without  
any shoes

And he's starting to look more skinny too

What more can he do?

He's clueless begging quarters for food

But he's content cause that's all he's gotta do, what a  
fool

He should have kept better track of minutes and  
dollars he used

Then he could probably do whatever he wanted to

But he acts like he's trapped right where he is and he  
can't fight

Destined to live a bad life but do you believe that?

Cause many don't, including his dad

Who finds him in the back of a restaurant rooting

through trash  
He scoops him up fast and shoots him back to the pad  
for brunch  
Prefaces his lesson with, "I'll only tell you once  
What I'm gonna tell you now. Don't no one around  
Give a fuck about your luck they just don't want you in  
their town.  
Time waits for no man." Byron replied then  
"That might be true but every man woman and child  
waits for-"

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Second story's about an attorney who's on a journey  
to feed his wife and child that was born prematurely  
Tis the season to worry like always  
For no reason cause everything due is all paid  
But can't let a song play without some interjection  
Becoming restless when they're running late and had  
nothing for breakfast  
An hour late to meet the parents the mother could no  
longer remain calm  
But just who do you place the blame on?  
The same song reloops and they never stop and listen  
Feeling like each day doesn't have enough hours in it  
But at any given they're dealing with million dollar  
digits  
If that's how I was living do you think I would complain?  
No.  
But back to the show with me  
A rough day at court quickly turned to getting more  
tipsy than Nicole Richie  
Rolling swiftly after boozing and cruising on purpose  
Ended with the Sheriff asking "Do you have proof of  
insurance?"  
The answer was yes, but then he breathed a flammable  
breath  
And the officer saw his new passenger sweat ...  
"What happens next?" Wait. Look at his license. His  
name is Byron  
Looks like he took some advice and didn't like it  
And would almost rather be back with no food on the  
street  
Now look and see cause Byron lives in both you and me  
Trusted judges among us, even brothers who lie  
To survive look inside for the right balance, and you  
might manage

