

## And One

### "Consequence Of Time"

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We're going gray, we're going frail,  
Like the walls,  
The walls around us pictures of the past,  
The telephone that never rings,  
The postman he never brings,  
The message from the new town,  
The consequence of time.

Time can be cruel, remembering my youth,  
I will take your hand,  
and travel to my past,  
Then I'm dancing with you,  
Crying for you,  
still I'm listening to my mind,  
We can't hold back the consequence of time.

Another day the same old dream,  
Your loving pain will always keep me young,  
The consequence of time.

Time can be cruel, remembering my youth,  
I will take your hand,  
and travel to my past,  
Then I'm dancing with you,  
Crying for you,  
still I'm listening to my mind,  
We can't hold back the consequence of time.

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