

Danielson Famile

"Time That Bald Sexton"

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I got no sense of time

The second hand slaps

Me, oh, so silly

And insults my character now

For I like my

Mood to lead me

I walk into your room

Prepared with reasons why I can't join

You for this whole afternoon

I just got one day

Of writing it all down

And oh, so here I go

I must seize all my time by

Grabbing this old clock setter

By his bald gray forelock

All wasted on the job

My life span quickly shortening

And rushing and only half done

Can't remember how old that I am

Not one minute to sit

I look so busy, you don't

Bother not anymore to

Ask for my help

Not a yelp

I must seize all my time by

Grabbing this clock setter

By his gray forelock

And at this very same moment

Take this task at hand

The one that landed right in my lap

When folks refuse to see

How much is too much

I shall turn away then to thee

In thee great chronicle

Of wasted time through these years

Sleeping does not appear now

I must seize all my time by

Grabbing this clock setter

By his gray forelock

And at this very same moment

Take this task at hand

The one that landed right in my lap

When folks refuse to see

How much is too much

I shall turn away then to thee

For time is man's problem

A gift from dad with a plan

And the means to, to complete

The means to complete

Means to, to complete

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