

Time

Auteur : Pink Floyd — (sans accords)

Capo 2

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day
Fritter and waste the hours in an off hand way
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your hometown
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way

Tired of lying in the sunshine, staying home to watch the rain
You are young and life is long, and there is time to kill today
And then one day you find, ten years have got behind you
No one told you when to run ... You missed the starting gun

And you run and you run to catch up with the Sun, but it's sinking;
Racing around to come up behind you again.
The Sun is the same in a relative way, but you're older,
shorter of breath, and one day closer to death.

Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time.
Plans that either come to naught, or half a page of scribbled lines.
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way.
The time is gone, the song is over. Thought I'd something more to say.

Home, home again
I like to be here when I can
When I come home, cold and tired
It's good to warm my bones beside the fire
Far away, across the field
Tolling on the iron bell
Calls the faithful to their knees
To hear the softly spoken magic spell