

TIME TIME TIME

Aint snow a'falling a bit deeper these days,
And their building the stairs a bit steeper these days,
And the time is really changing in so many ways;
Time, Time, Time.

Young folks are growing exceptionally tall,
And the newspaper friend is becoming quite small,
And folks speak so softly you can hardly hear them at all;
Time, Time, Time.

The jokes don't seem as funny as the old jokes once were,
And the girls aren't as pretty as I remember once were,
And today in the park a young man called me 'sir';
Time, Time, Time.

I've not quite as anxious for fame or success,
And my eye finds that girl in the plain quiet dress,
And I cling a bit longer to each warm caress;
Time, Time, Time.

Though I breath a bit heavy when I climb a hill,
What of it! My life is really much more fulfilled,
But they're tearing down buildings that I watched them build;
Time, Time, Time!

Written and spoken to music by Burl Ives

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