TIME

F#m A

Tick-ing a-way the moments that make up a dull--day;

E F#m

frit-ter and waste the hours--in an off-hand way;

 A

Kick-ing a-round on a piece of ground--in your hometown;

E F#m

wait-ing for some-one or some-thing to show\_you the way.----

Dmaj7 Amaj7

Tired of ly--ing in the sun--shine,stay-ing home--to watch the rain,

Dmaj7 Amaj7 Dmaj7

you are young and life is long,and there is time to kill to-day.

 C#m7

And then one day,you find--ten years have got be-hind you.

Bm7 E F#m

No one told you when to run....You missed the start--ing gun.

F#m . . .|A . . . |E . . . |F#m . . . | *(repeat . . .)*

*…Lead stuff here…*

F#m A

run and you run-to catch up with the Sun, but it's sink-ing;

E F#m

rac-ing a-round to come up be-hind you a-gain.

 A

The Sun is the same in a rel-a-tive way, but you're old-er,

E F#m

short-er of breath, and one-day clos-er to death.

Dmaj7 Amaj7

Ev--'ry year is get-ing short-er, nev-er seem to find the time.

Dmaj7 Amaj7

Plans that ei-ther come to naught, or half a page of scrib-bled lines.

Dmaj7 C#m7 Bm7

Hang-ing on in qui-et des--per-a---tion is the Eng-lish way. The time is gone.

The song is o--ver. Thought I'd some-thing more to say.