

# Time

## Pink Floyd

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 home town  
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way...  
Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain.  
And 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.

Ahhhh...

(Oooh ahhhh)

So 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>