

Time

Dean Brody

A gang of kids on their peddle bikes
In a dusty town, way to ride
To the general store for popeye cigarettes
Class of '99
Yeah we lived, laughed, loved and cried
Took for granted that those days would never end
Living like that yearbook picture wouldn't fade
And some standing right beside me, I might never see again

The trouble is
You think you have time
You think tomorrows always coming down the line
And then one day
You wake up and you find
The trouble is you thought you had time

Student hire and a fancy job
Big old house, two car garage
He works hard for his wife and his son
An empty seat at t-ball games
Just a sacrifice he'll make
Make it up, next weekend comes along
Years go by and that day comes too soon
That boy goes off to college, he stands in his empty room

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Shotgun shells and a tackle box
On the floorboard of a truck
Morning sun burning fog off a lake
Teenage girl and her grandad
He takes her fishing but he feels bad
She can't take her eyes off that Facebook page
But someday soon, who knows how long
She'll look up from that phone and he'll be gone

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