

Timelines

The Flower Kings

Time is a thief and timelines invisible
Embedded them years in the texture of skin
Slide down the timeline of youth and sobriety
Passing the filters of acceptance and charm

All of a sudden you're rocking he cradle
Born out of love for the memory spin
One hand the rattle, the other a hammer
Racing with time is where you can't win

You can't fight time and you can't just shine on
Like in big bold American style
There is no facelift to cover the scars
So just sit back and enjoy for a while

My generation is fresh out of school
My generation is close to the rim
Shuffle the options of life's complications
Scrambling the landmarks, still wearing it thin

Trading your freedom for a lifetime achievement
Sign up for life on a path that grow dim
Chained to the customs and daily routines
Things will be different, but God knows when

You can't fight time and you can't just shine on
Like in big bold American style
There is no facelift to cover the scars
So just sit back and enjoy for a while

The ticking of time is non reversible
So sit back my friend, enjoy the ride
All of a sudden you're rocking he cradle
Born out of love for the memory spin
One hand the rattle, the other a hammer
You know racing with time is where you can't win