

Seasons

The Oak Ridge Boys

I remember when I couldn't wait
To drive a car and stay out late, uh huh
I watched my body stretch and groan
And wonder why it took so long, uh huh
I wished that I could grab the hands of time
And turn into a man and leave that little boy behind
By the time that I'd turned twenty
I longed for that simple state of mind

The teachers turned to bosses
And the money barely paid the rent, uh huh
The only ones that had it made
Were the older dudes that paid their way, uh huh
I wished that I could grab the hands of time
And turn a ten year plan into an overnight success
By the time that I'd turned thirty
I realized how little time was left

The seasons of your life
Don't let them pass you by
For as the years unwind
You only get one at a time
Seasons ever changing ever fleeting
It's a rhythm with a reason
The seasons of your life

We're always wanting something else
Each day I have to tell myself, uh uh, uh uh
I ain't gonna bait that trap
I've wasted too much time on that, uh huh, uh huh
I'm satisfied to watch the hands
Turn slowly as they can
Live my life day by day
And if I reach a hundred
I'll make up for the time I threw away