

Killing Time

Allen Stone

I left the town where I was born and raised,
My momma said, "Son, don't you want to pass the days?"
I planted all my dreams in fields of hope,
Watered them, and thought I'd see them grow,

I've been killing time, but time just won't die,
Shooting for the stars, but the stars are too high,
And I planted all my seeds, but now the well's run dry,
I've been killing time, but time just won't die,

I've been all the way from Jackson to Spokane,
With a pocket full of change, just trying to buy some plans,
And just like summer fades into fall,
So has my pace faded to a crawl,

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Killing time, but time just won't,
Killing time, but time just won't die.