

Time Marches On

B.B. King

You know last night about nine o'clock
Talking
He showed us the [?]
And he jumped in bed
He looked down at me
And this is what he said
Time marches on

Now I looked at myself
Sometime ago
And I noticed that my wrinkles had begun to show
And now I know
I better take it slow

The night I used to play
A lot of sand lot balls?
I carried the pig skin
When it turn and fall
But now I can't
Can't even run it off
Time marches on

I used to have some women
Tall brown and short
I used to keep a woman in every port
The lord knows
They only in my thoughts
Time marches on

And now after all
Is said and done
What good is life without having fun
Cause life is given but only once
Time marches on

You know the young gets old
And the old gets cold
Time marches on