

## Time

Burl Ives

Ain't the snow a-fallin'  
A bit deeper these days?  
Aren't they building the stairs  
A bit steeper these days?  
And the town's really changing  
In so many ways  
Time, time, time

The young folks are growing  
Exceptionally tall  
And the newspaper print  
Is becoming quite small  
And folks speak so softly  
You can hardly hear at all  
Time, time, time

The jokes don't seem as witty  
As the old jokes once were  
And the girls aren't half as pretty  
As I remember her  
And today in the park  
A young man called me sir  
Time, time, time

I'm not quite as anxious  
For fame or success  
And my eye finds that girl  
In the plain white dress  
And I cling a bit longer  
To each warm caress  
Time, time, time

So I breathe a bit heavy  
When I climb a hill  
What of it? My life is really  
Much more fulfilled  
But they're tearing down buildings  
That I watched them build  
Time, time, time