

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