

Right On Time

Christopher Dallman

I am so cynical
Hard-headed and blind
I am faithless, I am tired
And bursts of confidence
Have yielded little motion
It takes a lot for me to be inspired

But you are magic
You're laughing at me
As you dangle from the tree's weakest limbs
Because I'm so tragic
It's all I know how to be
Singing from my big blue book of hymns

Now the ground is falling down from under me
But I move right on time
Everything you wanted to show me
I see right on time
I feel you right on time

I am a storm cloud
All weighted and gray
Ready to rain down on all that's dry
And you are the sun
The only smiling one
That keeps me suspended in the sky

Now the ground is falling down from under me
But I move right on time
Everything you wanted to show me
I see right on time
I feel you right on time

I feel you coming down

Most of my days
Run in blues and grays
With a few red-alerts
And when I feel my joy
It's brief but I feel it
So deeply it hurts

Now the ground is falling down from under me
But I move right on time
Everything you wanted to show me
I see right on time
I feel you right on time