

## 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