

Old Father Time

David Gray

Here at the gates, on the day you were born,
spooling is breathered and blossomed in thought.
Mind in the head of this child of mine,
now we're up dancing with old father time,
raising our glasses to old father time.

Here in the concords, there's fire in the brave.
They're not (Ain't no) protecting from me my day.
If I were strong, if the lashes should shape,
now we're up dancing with old father time, passing the bottle a
round.

Out (Pound) in the moder him pour it in lime,
plant stuck in the ground.
Now we're up dancing with old father time, old father time.

Behold the great city that went down the plague (a glint on the
plain?).
Behold the great curtains that murmur in rage.
Blink your eyes once and it's grace land again.
Now we're up dancing with old father time, passing the bottle a
round.

Out (Pound) in the moder and pour in the lime,
the plant is stuck in the ground, now we're up dancing with old
father time,
old father time,
old father time,
old father time.