

# Time

Dean Brody

A gang of kids on their peddle bikes  
In a dusty town, way to ride  
To the general store for popeye cigarettes  
Class of '99  
Yeah we lived, laughed, loved and cried  
Took for granted that those days would never end  
Living like that yearbook picture wouldn't fade  
And some standing right beside me, I might never see again

The trouble is  
You think you have time  
You think tomorrows always coming down the line  
And then one day  
You wake up and you find  
The trouble is you thought you had time

Student hire and a fancy job  
Big old house, two car garage  
He works hard for his wife and his son  
An empty seat at t-ball games  
Just a sacrifice he'll make  
Make it up, next weekend comes along  
Years go by and that day comes too soon  
That boy goes off to college, he stands in his empty room

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Shotgun shells and a tackle box  
On the floorboard of a truck  
Morning sun burning fog off a lake  
Teenage girl and her grandad  
He takes her fishing but he feels bad  
She can't take her eyes off that Facebook page  
But someday soon, who knows how long  
She'll look up from that phone and he'll be gone

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