

You don't have to ask me why  
Because I know you understand  
All the treasures of my life  
Are right here in my hand  
Suspended in a moment  
No more breath to catch  
If you hold on to your end  
Maybe we can make this last

This is the greatest time of day  
When all the clocks are spinning backwards  
And all the ropes that bind begin to fray  
And all the black and white turns into colors

I don't want to build a wall  
Or draw a line across the sand  
Because there's room for one and all  
And this land is our land  
Oh I hope this can go on and on and on  
Before the skipping stone hits the surface of the pond  
Oh I know that life is never very long  
One second, then one minute, and then its gone

This is the greatest time of day  
When all the clocks are spinning backwards  
And all the ropes that bind begin to fray  
And all the black and white turns into colors

You want to sink into the colors on the wall  
But all the while you are the brightest of them all

This is the greatest time of day  
When all the clocks are spinning backwards  
And all the ropes that bind begin to fray  
And all the black and white turns  
This is the greatest time of day  
When there's no you and there's no others  
And all the rules grow wings and fly away  
And all the black and white turns into colors