

## Old Man Time Ain't No Friend of Mine

Jason Webley

Wake up in a room where steel guitars,  
Turn to steel bars, .  
You know I've lived here to long.  
Try to write these songs about being bored,  
Why am I so surprised when they all prove boring songs?

The second hand holds still while the hour hand slips by.  
I don't know just how long I've been here.  
I'll just stare out the window and contemplate the sky,  
While I grow older than my years.

Plucking strings at the site of my bed,  
By a stack of books most of which I've never read.  
I want to capture in sound the way things are,  
But I'd regret it in the morning if I smashed my guitar.

Well they're never going to tell us just what's coming around t  
he bend,  
But there's one thing I can count on,  
That's that old man time is not my fucking friend.  
For the reaper lurks in stillness, but motion too is death.  
Me, I float between them, moving in and out to the rhythm of my  
breath