

## Before Our Time

Jon Foreman

January, February, March  
The days are marching forward  
April, May, June and July  
They fly like a hummingbird

August, September, October  
The year is almost over  
November, December arrive  
Now the year is gone

Time is illusion  
Time is a curse  
Time is all these things and worse  
But our time is now  
Our time is now  
Our time is now  
Let us sing before our time runs out

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