

11th Hour

Madness

It feels like I knew Robert Blink
Even though he didn't know his name
He was so nearly over twenty-one
That he could never feel the same
Sometimes I wish that I could see
But it was you instead of me

At the eleventh hour
At the eleventh hour

The trumpets of yesterday are blowing
For here today
I only hope you can rest in peace
And cannot hear the tune they play
Because we're all tired of hearing that song
Though they try to make you sing along

At the eleventh hour
At the eleventh hour

If there's more than this
I'll write and let you know
If there's more than this
From the seeds we sow
Well sometimes I wish that I could see
And maybe it will be

At the eleventh hour
At the eleventh hour