

The Place And The Time

Moby Grape

Here to sing our words and song
Finger chimes and wonder and losing nothing

Nothing, nothing, nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing

Mother and father, think for yourself
This is the place and the time
Make the changes, hear the time
All those silly words don't seem to rhyme

Now I'm cold and I wonder why
My twelfth floor mansions seem to touch the sky
Tomorrow I'll be back to see if you can really be here
My, what a strange vision I have seen and what a change

What's that walkin' through my years
And breathin' on your mind?
When Sunday drivers come and play with theirs
We'll be blowin' out your mind