

## Your Time Is Your Own

Sam Brown

We were in a bar you and I,  
The room was dull and brown just like the sky.  
The clock went tick tock with its hands on my hands,  
Conversation was a farce,  
We were off in cuckoo land.

Everybody knows  
When you're wasting your time  
It's your own  
Does it matter though  
It always has been that way  
Any wind that blows  
Can change the face of things  
As we know them  
Everybody knows  
Your time is your own  
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The other day I slept for twenty-one hours,  
The bedroom was light and filled with fragrant flowers.  
My subconscious needed to be left alone,  
I took the time to take my time  
And make myself at home.

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