

Time Of Your Life

Smokie

How many times of year have you sit down and counted your lies
Walkin' the street of despair with no surprise

'Cause you know that my interest is growing
And the time of your life is at hand
And your innocence seems to be showing
And your image is turning to sand

Running away from yourself all the time just cannot help
Facing the truth ain't enough, you just got to face yourself
Foolish vibrations you know you can't understand
Come down from the cloud and get back to the land

'Cause you know that my interest is growing
And the time of your life is at hand
And your innocence seems to be showing
And your image is turning to sand

Would you believe problems we all can share
Why would I say this if I, if I didn't really care
And how many times must I tell you, it's just not the way
Without you

So how many times a year have you sit down, how many is it at t
he end
And if you refuse my offering, remember you just lost a friend

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