All time is complicated
It sails away when we want it to stay
Moves slowly
Staring us down when we want it to move on

Balancing on the line
No net to catch this time

I am a patient in your room of waiting Turn pages of magazines Wait for the bad news

Balancing on the line
No net to catch this time
When everything is a lie
No net to catch this time

Time stands still
But you can't run away, run away
Hours pass with no natural light
You always set me up to fall in the worst way
You know it
Don't you know it?
Don't you run

Oh time, counter-intuition
I can't get it to work for me or the things I need