

Talk To Time

Tim Hicks

I was on a beach somewhere
Ice cream running down my hand
I was on my daddy's shoulders
When he was still Superman
Mama with a birthday cake
Blowing out her 29
Back when she had more years ahead of her
Than she had behind

If I could talk to time
I'd say, "Why you always flying?"
You say you're on my side
But you ain't no friend of mine
You don't do second chances
You don't like looking back
I blame it all on you
But it's me who's losing track

Wish I could put you in a bottle
Wish I could hold you in my hand
Wish you would just slow down, slow down
But you don't give a damn

Drinking in a parking lot
God, we thought that we were cool
Back when we believed that home was something
We could always come back to
Then it was graduation day
We were on a football field
We were begging you to just speed up
Why couldn't you have just stood still?

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She was every perfect kiss
She was everything I loved
But you just couldn't help yourself
You had to go run out on us

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I could blame it all on you
But it's me who's losing track

Wish I could put you in a bottle
Wish I could hold you in my hand
Wish you would just slow down, slow down
But you don't give a damn
No, you don't give a damn