

## 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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But you ain't no friend of mine  
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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