

Where Does The Time Go?

Todd Rundgren

I've got a great big problem that I can't fix.
I think it's quarter to three when it's half past six.
Everything's early or way too late.
Now I never can remember the day and the date.

Never used to be this much trouble before.
I used to watch the clock but not anymore.
I used to keep track of the time I'd lose,
But now the whole thing has me so confused.

I have to find a new job every week or so,
'Cause no one needs a man who's always fast or slow.
Still you'll get no complaint from me,
But what can the answer be?

Where does the time go when I'm with you?
How many hours do I lose every day?
They recombine when I'm missing you,
Slowing me down like a digital delay.

Where does the time go when I'm with you?
Why does it seem like there's never enough?
It's just like I'm living split in two.
Two kinds of time when you're out and in love.

There's only so much pleasure a man can take,
'Til his brain starts to go and his senses fade.

Doesn't need to eat or drink or sleep.
Can't feel a thing 'cause he's in too deep.
Walks around thinking that the world is fine,
While an alien force takes over his mind.

And then he throws away every single dime,
And the last thing to go is his sense of time.
But then if you're having fun,
Who cares if you're that far gone?

They tell me that time's not free.
What did time ever do for me?
And if I don't see that's wrong,
Then maybe I'm too far gone.