

Alan Parsons, Mr. Time

Stealing a moment from Mr. Time
He rocks in his chair like a shiny dime
But it's all for show, all for show
Wearing your name and a number or two
When the minute's up, so are you
But everybody knows, everybody knows

Watching the hour from the light in his eyes
He waits for your soul to come in from the sky
But it's lost below, lost below
Turning the wheel of your destiny round
When the motion stops - no more sound
Does anybody care, anybody care

Where's the man, where's the child
Wrapped together side by side
Who can tell you what to do
When Mr. Time has come for you
See the truth, hear the lies
Can there be no compromise
And who can tell you what they knew
When Mr. Time has come for you

Is it a feeling of deja vu?
When he points his finger calling you
Is it illusion? just an illusion
Picking up seconds that fall to his feet
He blows them away as rocks on his seat
Cool as his smile, his smile

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