

# 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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