

Marillion, Wrapped Up In Time

Things come wrapped up in time
Like the past in a present
Or the perfect line in a song

They take their time
And when they're gone
They take their time with them

And you can't have them back
Because the time for them has gone
And their time has gone with them

The time for them has gone.

There's an echo of them
An echo of the time they were wrapped in
Sweet or bitter in the memory
But an echo is all, all I can reach now

An echo of you
An echo of you
An echo of you in your time

Still echoing
Like a star in the sky
Like a star in the sky above me

And the story of it's life
Told backwards down this rod of light
But at it's beginning..
Long extinct.