

Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Every Second Counts

The news came in the post today, that changed his systematic ways.
His bank account is empty now, he's thrown away his marriage vows.

The Rat-Race has become too much, his pension scheme is out of touch.
His boss can stick his lousy job, six months to live is all he's got.

Every second counts, every second counts.

The years gone by can't be replaced, he recollects the time of waste.
Moments lost he could have used, like college, marriage, work and school.

He took it easy, he toed the line, but precious is the gift of time.
The price of being a lazy slob, is fatal race against the clock.