

# All Kinds Of Time

## Fountains Of Wayne

The clock's running down  
The team's losing ground to the opposing defense  
The young quarterback waits for the snap  
When suddenly it all starts to make sense  
He's got all kinds of time  
He's got all kinds of time  
All kinds of time  
He's got all kinds of time  
All kinds of time  
He takes a step back, he's under attack  
But he knows that no one can touch him now  
He seems so at ease  
A strange inner peace is all that he's feeling somehow  
He's got all kinds of time  
He's got all kinds of time  
All kinds of time  
  
He's got all kinds of time  
All kinds of time  
He thinks of his mother  
He thinks of his bride to be  
He thinks of his father  
His two younger brothers  
Gathered around the widescreen TV  
He looks to the left  
He looks to the right  
And there in a golden ray of light  
Is his open man just like he planned  
The whole world is his tonight  
He's got all kinds of time  
He's got all kinds of time  
All kinds of time  
He's got all kinds of time  
All kinds of time

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