

Time That Bald Sexton

Danielson

I got no sense of time
The second hand slaps
Me, oh, so silly And insults my character now
For I like my
Mood to lead me I walk into your room
Prepared with reasons why I can't join
You for this whole afternoon I just got one day
Of writing it all down
And oh, so here I go I must seize all my time by
Grabbing this old clock setter
By his bald gray forelock All wasted on the job
My life span quickly shortening
And rushing and only half done Can't remember how old that I am
Not one minute to sit
I look so busy, you don't Bother not anymore to
Ask for my help
Not a yelp I must seize all my time by
Grabbing this clock setter
By his gray forelock And at this very same moment
Take this task at hand
The one that landed right in my lap When folks refuse to see
How much is too much
I shall turn away then to thee In thee great chronicle
Of wasted time through these years
Sleeping does not appear now I must seize all my time by
Grabbing this clock setter
By his gray forelock And at this very same moment
Take this task at hand
The one that landed right in my lap When folks refuse to see
How much is too much
I shall turn away then to thee For time is man's problem
A gift from dad with a plan
And the means to, to complete
The means to complete
Means to, to complete

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