On Time

Jarle Bernhoft

I got a
Fresh start and I'm on a mission
To draw a sketch of the place I call my home
In colors rarely used before
Bling bling in a crowded bus stop
Equality, while differences increase
I stand on the side with my glasses onI see old ladies trying to claim their seats
Young fellas trying to take it easy
Mothers maneuvering the buggys
(Everybody feel like sheep)
A man in a suit, has the car broke down?
Does he think of the climate? Or the dirty town?
Is everybody fighting hard just to get around?But I know there is a time for everyone
And I hope that we can all be welcomed homeI see
Cool cats on the pavement
Shaded eyes on the donnas passing by
On their way to a secret rendezvous
The dark corner of a videogame shop
upstairs, the scene of a hazy deal
A bum is arrested just outside the doorFrom the dark backyards to the towering hills
from the smokers of weeds to the poppers of pills
No matter how they all get their fills
(Trying to escape what's standing still)
Are you worn out, or just twentyfive
cause all them kids wanna get out of town
This mama's mean if you can't get in line
If you find the line at allBut I know there is a time for everyone
And I hope that we can all be welcomed home
I hope that we can all get our stories told
I can see, I can see a time when we all unfoldWhen shop was set up for the weak and feeble
I never thought you'd be the first in lineI know there is a time for everyone

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