Time Tells Time

Swingin' Utters

look through these deserted eyes and past the desolation in them is realized the drama of frustration taken paths worn down with life, sanctified with tension oh, the glory of a working day is glory only to the bossman TIME WILL TELL IF TIME IS STANDING BY MY SIDE AND LIFE WILL BLINK ITS EYES AS I WORK MYSELF BLIND we hide ourselves in a blur of lust, liquor and nostalgia tramp down the gravel on our streets like passive strikers take a pint of sins to wash away what should be guilty conscience but guilt is somewhere far and away to shrug the system is how we like it time tells time some truth and some lies time will tell, time will tell (Koski/Huber)

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