

Seconds

Burt Bacharach

Seconds

I missed him just by seconds

I missed him in the moment that it takes a door to open

all the plans that i dreamed of

all the dreams i was hoping for

was shattered by the movement of the little hand that ticks away the seconds

thats all it takes is seconds the rain has stopped the traffic and seems my hopes where fading

nothing moves across the city

while i pray his still was waiting there

knowing that my life was running on the hand that ticks away the seconds I got more now than seconds

I bet myself a lifetime I got all the time i needed

i sit here with this letter

nothing else to do but read it

nothing else to do but listen

while the ticking clock keeps ticking at it

left my life with nothing else no nothing else but seconds

and all the men i have met since then was seconds Reprise

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