

# 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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