Father Time

John Martyn

I saw you, yesterday
Walking down my line
I says, I know you, just get away
Your name is Father TimeTime I hate, the time I love
Time I spent all over
Time I wasted, the time I spent
Time I've got to run awayI saw you, yesterday
Running down my track
I saw you just yesterday
I could feel you at my backWith that long black cloak and that sharp scythe
For cutting them all down
Your long black coat, a skull and a scythe
Cutting them all through townI saw you, just yesterday
You don't frighten me
I see you every day
You still don't frighten meOne day I'll go
And you'll have no choice but to come with me
The next day I'll come
The very next day I'll have to go, I tell you, sayYou're no herb from my garden
You're no rosemary
And you're no sage
You know your name
I call you Father TimeI saw you yesterday
I can still see you now
You're living in my face, in my breakfast
I can see you nowYou're just the time I wasted, the time I spent
You're the time I'm left to run with
What time is this
Even I make up time, I do, I'm the timeYou can call yourself daddy
But you're no father of mineYes, I saw you yesterday
You didn't frighten me at all
I saw you just yesterday
You didn't frighten me at allWith that long cloak and that silly little skull
The stupid scythe and all your jive
I never could see you, I can't see you now
Not as long as I'm aliveOne day, I'll go
The very next day you'll come
One day you'll come
The very next time I'll goI know a friend of mine, a friend of mine was watching

Told me the time by the clock
I saw him last night, down by the graveyard
Holding on to a rockI said, "I saw you yesterday
I saw you, Father Time"
I said, "Go away, go away, go away, go away, go away
I know you're Father Time, run it down now"I said, "Every minute, every second, every day of my life
I meet you in the mirror
Every time, look at each wrinkle
I know I've got a sheriff coming"Sure I saw you, sure as time
Sure as clock, sure is fine
I know that mother's no father
'Cause they call him Father TimeComing through the door with a black cloak
And a nasty sharp instrument
That nasty sharp instrument
That nasty sharp instrumentI won't go till I'm ready and you can't catch me
I won't go till I'm ready and you can't catch me
I won't go till I'm ready and you can't catch me
I won't go till I'm ready and you can't catchI won't go till I'm ready and you can't catch me
I won't go till I'm ready and you can't catch me
I won't go till I'm ready and you can't catch me
I won't go till I'm ready

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