

# Mr. Time

## The Alan Parsons Project

Stealing a moment from Mr.Time  
He rocks in his chair like a shiny dime  
But it's all for show, all for show  
Wearing your name and a number or two  
When the minute's up so are you  
But everybody knows, everybody knows Watching the hour from the light in his eyes  
He waits for your soul to come in from the sky  
But it's lost below, lost below  
Turning the wheel of your destiny round  
When the motion stops no more sounds  
Does anybody care, anybody care Where's the man? Where's the child?  
Wrapped together side by side  
Who can tell you what to do?  
When Mr.Time has come for you  
See the truth, hear the lies  
An' there be no compromise  
Who can tell you what they knew?  
When Mr.Time has come for you  
When Mr.Time has come for you Is it a feeling or deja vu?  
When he points his finger callin' you  
Is it illusion? Just an illusion  
Pickin' up seconds that fall to his feet  
He blows them away as he rocks in his seat  
Cool as his smile, his smile Where's the man? Where's the child?  
Wrapped together side by side  
Who can tell you what to do?  
When Mr.Time has come for you  
See the truth, hear the lies  
Can there be no compromise  
Who can tell you what they knew?  
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