

My Time

Mark Wilkinson

When can I be home
'Cause I feel like I've only come half of the way
Each time I reach my next stone
When can I be still
'Cause I feel like I'm writing my story for you
And the ink's running dry on my quill

And time just walks stubbornly on
It's leading my fingernails on
And now that I'm climbing
I just can't afford to be wrong

But If I keep on running
Will everything blend into one
When half of me staying,
The other half is gone

When can I be sure
'Cause I feel like I have the address in my hands
But the numbers all fell from the door
When can I let fly
Cause I'm trembling here in a cauldron
And I'm waiting to set you on fire

And time just walks stubbornly on
Its rigid hands are ticking me off
And nothing is certain
But is certainty where I belong

And if I keep on running
Will everything blend into one
When half of me staying
The other half is gone

And I can't keep saying
That I just don't care what's to come
'Cause each day I'm praying
It's my turn to run

This uncertainty

It's submerging me
It's controlling my mind
Ah this burden
It feels like atrophy
It's melodic decline

Ah but hopefully,
You can hear me tonight

When can I be home
Cause I feel like I've only come half of the way
And I've already finished my song

Lyrics submitted by Tim.

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