

All Kinds Of Time

Fountains of Wayne

The clock's running down
The team's losing ground to the opposing defense
The young quarterback waits for the snap
When suddenly it all starts to make sense
He's got all kinds of time
He's got all kinds of time
All kinds of time
He's got all kinds of time
All kinds of time
He takes a step back, he's under attack
But he knows that no one can touch him now
He seems so at ease
A strange inner peace is all that he's feeling somehow
He's got all kinds of time
He's got all kinds of time
All kinds of time
He's got all kinds of time
All kinds of time
He thinks of his mother
He thinks of his bride to be
He thinks of his father
His two younger brothers
Gathered around the widescreen TV
He looks to the left
He looks to the right
And there in a golden ray of light
Is his open man just like he planned
The whole world is his tonight
He's got all kinds of time
He's got all kinds of time
All kinds of time
He's got all kinds of time
All kinds of time

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