

# Timelines

## Paul Bouley

Sifting through the broken glass  
The echoes of my ancient past  
Keep flooding into every pore  
Like scattered seeds of sycamore  
Suddenly I started wondering how I got here  
Was it a matter of time?  
Catholic school my private Hell  
I stuttered 'til the age of twelve  
Discovered sex at seventeen  
And soon thereafter Self Esteem  
The days did not matter  
And years were a lifetime away  
Drowning in a heavy stock  
Of teenage girls and Indie Rock  
I flunked out of each college course  
And set my sails for no remorse  
The nights were from nowhere  
And that's where I wanted to be  
Someone said,  
"It's not a matter of time, it's just a matter of timing"  
Do you ever wonder how you got to here?  
It's not a matter of time, it's just a matter of timing  
Do you ever wonder how you got to here?  
Branded, marked and paper thin  
This angry saint went marching in  
To war with scores of ninety proof  
  
Found nothing but the ugly truth  
The decade of wastage an instant  
And everything's changed  
Woke up feeling 35  
Though grateful that I'm still alive  
Another chance at normalcy  
To chase the dream but now it seems  
That days run away like wild horses over the hills  
Someone said,  
"It's not a matter of time, it's just a matter of timing"  
Do you ever wonder how you got to here?  
It's just a matter of time

It's not a matter of time, it's just a matter of timing

Do you ever wonder how you got to here?

Take it in and hold on while you can

All the destruction of one day and

And you'll finally know exactly who you are

It's just a matter of timing

Do you ever wonder how you got to here?

It's just a matter of time

It's not a matter of time, it's just a matter of timing

Do you ever wonder how you got to here?

It's just a matter of time

It's not a matter of time, it's just a matter of timing

Do you ever wonder how you got to here?

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