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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