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Time

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RONALD L. McDANIEL

We go to the mountains,

Thinking of you, and the things in the past,

We go back, looking for the things we've lost,

But sometimes Time

Time has a way of passing by

And leaving us in loneliness,

But never letting on just why

Each hour makes the future less

and brings us soon to nothingness.

We go to watch the sun

Set on the hill,

And watch the shadows fall

As we go

Our shadows fall behind

And, though we don't say why,

You walk away

And I'm left standing by

The making tracks again

And looking for the things

That went and went

As though we were blind,

And I'm left standing here

And I'm left standing here

And I'm left standing here