

We follow the sun as it travels from dawn to evening time
And then see the moon and the stars that litter the night sky
Believing, with our clocks, we have regulated time
But have you ever asked yourself the question why

Some days stretch out, seemingly, never ending
With so much achieved over the day – time appears elastic
While others we question how we were spending
So much time on something so bland, not anything drastic

Time stretches, time bends, time goes on forever
Even when we are not around it continues forward
Or for those with imagination who are clever
Can go back into the past, or onwards toward

Our future, whilst we are still in present tense
It is an illusion to imagine we have trapped time
With restraining this unseen force in any sense
Time flies, time drags and often do these chime

With every one of us waiting for the bus or train
Watching the minutes ticking and still its so slow
It drags on and on and you think what a pain
When I could be doing something else, you know

Tick, tock, tick, tock