

DON'T DREAM ABOUT THE PAST

Words by Doug Berger, 2/81

Time to grab the edge of the sun.  
Time to stab the end of the night.  
Time to hide before we have to run.  
But no time left to see the light.

Time to see all our lives through.  
Time to see the me and you.  
Time for all that is to be.  
But no time left to save the sea.

Time for us to make believe.  
Time for us to weep and grieve.  
Time for us to pay the rent.  
But no time left for assured ascent.

It's your game baby.  
Play it your way baby.  
Don't Dream About The Past.  
Time flies much too fast.