



TIME

A LYRIC BOOK

PINK FLOYD

DREW SSASLOV

TYPE / RHYTHM / MEMORY

A SONG ABOUT

the time

we think we have.

PINK FLOYD / TIME

The pages move from routine,
to urgency, to the strange
realization that time has passed.

READ AT YOUR OWN PACE.



SCAN TO LISTEN



Ticking away

the moments

that make up

a dull day

The day begins as a measured pulse.

You fritter and waste the hours

in an off-hand way

*h
o
u
r
s*

Words drift, just like the hours.

KICKING AROUND

on a piece of ground

in your

HOME TOWN

The composition settles into a box.

Waiting

for someone
or something

to show you the way



A pause before the shift.

TIRED

of lying in the sunshine,

STAYING HOME

to watch the rain



Warmth and weather occupy one page.

young

and life is

LONG

and there is time

to kill today

The page feels spacious because life does.

AND THEN

one day

you find

TEN YEARS

have got behind you

TEN YEARS

The first major acceleration.

NO ONE TOLD YOU WHEN TO RUN

you missed the

STARTING GUN

A sudden event cuts through the quiet.

RUN
RUN
RUN
RUN
RUN
RUN

to catch up with the sun

but it's sinking

RACING **around**

to come up
behind you

AGAIN

around / around / around

Motion without escape.

SUN

is the same

in a relative way

BUT YOU'RE

OLDER

Shorter of breath

and one day closer to death

EVERY YEAR

is getting

SHORTER

never seem to find the time

never seem to find the time

never seem to find the time

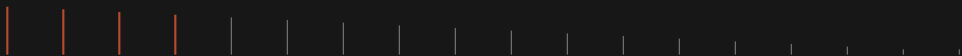
Plans that either come to naught,
or half a page of scribbled lines

plan / plan / plan / plan / plan

Hanging on
in quiet
desperation

is the English way

The energy falls inward.



SILENCE IS ALSO TIME.

Let the page breathe.

THE TIME IS GONE,

the song is over,

thought I'd

something more

to say.

to say.

to say.

to say.

The ending fades rather than resolves.

TIME



THE END IS A KIND OF PAUSE.

PINK FLOYD / TIME