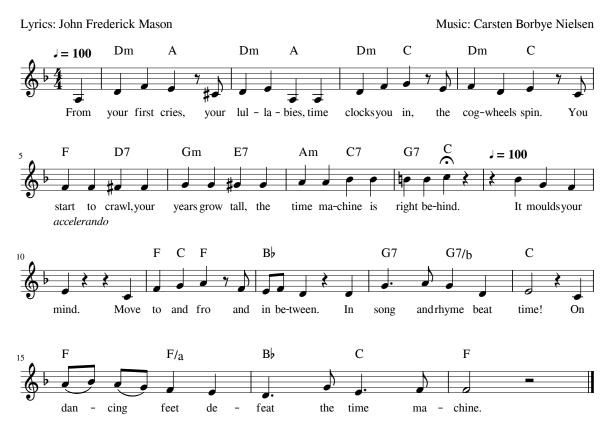
The Time Machine



THE TIME MACHINE

From your first cries, your lullabies, time clocks you in, the cogwheels spin. You start to crawl, your years grow tall – the time machine is right behind. It moulds your mind.

Move to and fro and in between. In song and rhyme beat time! On dancing feet defeat the time machine.

The church bells chime and toll the time. The seconds tick, the years pass quick. It turns the wheels. It's at your heels, the time machine is on your tail. It's on your trail.

Move to and fro....

You run the race, time sets the pace. There's time to take or find or make. But have no doubt when time runs out, the time machine will not rewind. You're left behind.

Move to and fro...