

# A Matter Of Time

Lyrics: John Frederick Mason

Music: Carsten Borbye Nielsen

Dm Gm/d Dm Gm/d Dm Gm/d Dm

It's on-ly a mat - ter of time, my friend. On-ly a mat - ter of time, till the days

5 Dm Gm/d Dm Gm/d Gm7 Am7 Dm

run dry and the moun - tains climb on the clouds of our a - li-bis. Till the o -

9 G F6 Eb Asus A

- ceans rise on the wake of our crimes it's on-ly a mat - ter of time. Can you taste

13 Dm Gm/d Dm Gm/d Gm7 A+ Dm

the sand as you sing this song? Can you taste the sand on your tongue?

## **A MATTER OF TIME**

It's only a matter of time, my friend.  
Only a matter of time,  
till the days run dry  
and the mountains climb  
on the clouds of our alibis.  
Till the oceans rise on the wake of our crimes  
it's only a matter of time.  
Can you taste the sand as you sing this song?  
Can you taste the sand on your tongue?

It's only a matter of space, my friend.  
Only a matter of space,  
till our landfills close  
round the breathing face  
feeding wildfire and arctic floes.  
In our manic chase to the end of the race  
it's only a matter of space.  
Can you smell the smoke as you sing this song?  
Can you feel the heat in your lung?

It's only a matter of mind, my friend.  
Only a matter of mind.  
There are tides to turn  
that can turn mankind  
before bridges and boats are burned.  
There's a road to find and a road left behind,  
it's only a matter of mind.  
Can you feel the wind as you sing this song?  
Can you feel the wind growing strong?

The matter is nothing but ours, my friend.  
Matter is nothing but ours,  
but it melts through seams  
of our sleeping hours  
between fingers of knotted dreams.  
But the hand is ours that will hand us the power –  
and matter is nothing but ours.  
You can change the end as you sing this song,  
for in you the future is young.