

It's Time

I woke up this morning, not a cloud in the sky
They were all inside my head, I don't know why
I try to do the best thing; to be a real nice guy
But I keep coming back to my own needs-
It's too easy to lie

I think its time to grow up
I think its time to shut-up
I think its time to live up
To what I can be
I think its time to listen
I think its time to serve
I think its time to reach out
From deep inside

The world's spinning crazy. We're running this way and that.
I've got too many plans and wants-it's a matter of fact!
They all seem like they're good things; we like to take care of our own
So we run out of gas, fall flat on our ass, and we like to groan (chorus)

Slow me down Lord, slow me down
Give me patience, turn my world upside down.
Break through the cobwebs and show me the way.
Help me reach out and hear you say (chorus)

The first two lines of this song are some of my favorite. I like their imagery. My kids call this the "shut-up" song. They couldn't believe I used the phrase in a song. I didn't tell them that origiannly I wrote the lyrics in the second verse to read, "So we run out of gas and fall flat on our ass(es), and we like to groan." Oh well, I guess I had to be a little tasteful. The song is supposed to be in the Cajun style or at least a little like Jimmy Buffet. We played lots of different toys to get the sounds in there.