

Time
By Manda Lavan

Time
Give it time
Time keeps on slippin', slippin', slippin'

18 years I have given it time.
And most of the time, I'm fine.
18 years I have given the time.
But some of the time, I'm not.

Some of the time, time rewinds, freeze frames on moments.
Moments that made big ripples.
Moments where time stopped.
Moments that felt like they'd be my last.
Moments where I thought I had no more time.

33 years I have had so much time!
And some of the time, it's grand.
Moments where I shine, shimmer, sparkle.
Moments of joy and brilliant lightness.
Moments where I'm so grateful for this time.

I used to measure my life in when my time would run out.
"I'll never make it past 16...18...21... 24... 28... 30."
Then I stopped counting like time wasn't given anymore.
Like suddenly I could breathe.
Take the time to stop. Smell the roses.

I kept a lesson tho,
About time.
It is not guaranteed.
So make the most of the time you have.

Most of the time, I'm fine.
But some of the time
Some of the time becomes a lot of the time becomes most of the time becomes all the time.
And then you want the time to stop.

But it won't stop, it won't stop, it won't stop.

You have to give it time.

Every time.

So your time doesn't stop.
So you don't run out of time.