



Track 8

From the CD "First"
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Jim Chaps Publishing BMI

One of my earliest songs from the 1970's, used to sing this at the Hinge Coffee House held on Saturday nights on campus at U-Michigan-Dearborn. The Hinge was held in the basement of Fairlane Manor, once the home of auto pioneer Henry Ford. The 70's was a great era for singer-songwriters.

Hope you enjoy the
Ride of Time,
as now at last it's
Time To Ride.

Ride of Time

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Alarm clock setting on the table,
Little numbers painted on its face,
Little girl wishing she was older,
Hurry up, we've only a little time.

Dad's reading the newspaper
Through a pair of glasses
That he once didn't need.
His woman says,
"Wish I had my body again."
Dad says, "I wish you did too."

And the second hand sweeps around,
And around it goes.
Where it stops--
Everybody knows,
It never stops.
It just keeps spinning
In a spiral through time, and it
Moves in a circle, creating a line.
You can't stop it
Once you're on the ride. It's a
Never-ending ride, the ride of time.

We all joke that we're getting old fast.
And a gray professor quips
He's a "voice out of the past."
As long as my blue jeans
Fade before me,
I'll take time in stride
And age gracefully.