

I put this pen to paper and wrote along the line,

Of everything I wanted and the nine that was not mine;

I thought the better of it to the letter of my life,

That all the toil trouble was just striving for the strife.

Now the things that I was wanting were all money in the bag,

And all I seemed to have time for was the smell of an oily rag;

But the thing about the letter of the nice and what was mine,

Seemed all the better the brighter as my name id sign and sign.

Now to take it to the letter of what I thought should really be mine,

Was written down on paper along the line to sign as fine;

And the beauty in the number of the nine was only time,

That would turn and twist and lead me to another life on line.

The nine and the mine I wanted weren't miners set to find,

But peace and patience waiting and wanting what my mind;

Of plenty on the station and the train coming into stop,

That the telly and the channel were not a nice book shop.

So the money sits there waiting here for you to pay the bill,

As if ironing of my shirt will hurt and not pay the mill;

But I ran along the beach as the waves washed upon the shore,

And the certain thing in making was the metal I'm so sure.

Now the sands of time of life is like the nine and the mine,

And the day is nearly dawning and the night will leave the line;

For the sun comes up tomorrow as the blue sky gone and past,

That we will see the rain today or the weathers fine at last.

Signed,

Time on Mind