

Time Seems To Be Wrong

(Helmut Huber)

I don't know, wether you'll have aches
Wondering if you can feel
You're unguilty, but too weak to defend yourself
So tiny, but you are real

Do you suppose, what will happen to you
Have you got some fear
An inadvertance must be ironed out
Noone will spill any tears

Before you are born you will die
Before you can laugh, before you can cry
You won't have lived very long
Because this time, time seems to be wrong

You're helpless not yet able to cry
You will remain unheard
A silent tone could have mighty echoes
But you can't even speak a word

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You won't have lived very long
Because this time, time seems to be wrong

You've got no chance to raise motherly love
It might influence your fate
You can hardly change your mothers mind
So you must hope and wait

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