

IT'S TIME

Words by John Hinton
Music by John Hinton and Vlad Sokolov

It's time...
It's time to move on up to the fourth dimension
And ask ourselves: is time just an invention?
It's a thing that we can't see or smell or feel
So in what sense can we even say that time is real?

Time, we're told, is an arrow,
And this seems to make sense:
It always points from the past to the future tense.
But most equations in physics
Would function backwards through time,
Contradicting our instincts
That time is a one-way line.

I query a peerless time scientist about this,
And even she admits
That as you zoom in, it's
Hard to be sure
That time is not a figment
Of our imagination
A human sensation
With no true foundation.
We're all just as ignorant
On this score.

But she says there are clues that time is not a ruse:
In quantum mechanics, and thermodynamics,
And the direction of electromagnetic potentials,
So maybe time really is sequential.

CHORUS Time: it's the tick tock trickle,
 Beat by beat, breath by breath
 Time: it's essentially a product of entropy
 That started with a bang and ends in heat death.

Time and time again,
Time evades me.
Ask Einstein: there's no static Spacetime,
And with no fixed grid of second or minute to pin it to,
It slips betwixt my fingers,
Sand flowing free of the hourglass,
Casting me out at last
Into a timeless sphere
In which I disappear,
Because I am here because time is here.

CHORUS

Time can be tempo, the rate of your flow
How slow can you go? How slow can you go?
Relativity, times Entropy, equals Time, to the power of Techno. Techno. Techno.
Time's up.