

Off the Clock

No deadlines, no alarms, no race,
Just endless sun, and a slower pace.
Feet in warm sand, wind in my hair,
Time melts away, without a care.

City noise fades to a distant hum,
The clock goes dark, the day undone.
Chasing sunsets deep into the night,
Living louder in the softness of the light.

The road calls out beneath the sky,
A midnight drive while stars drift by.
Every second burns sharp and bright,
Now off the clock, we own the night.

No rush, no plans, just loose and free,
Your sweet fire calling out to me.
Inside this pause, I find my spark,
Off the clock, we light the dark.

Slow sips, slow laughs by the sea,
No running, this is where I'm meant to be.
No map, no plans, we just wander around the block,
Just me and you, always and forever, off the clock.