

## **Bertie Blackman**

### **"Clocks"**

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Sold is the word I call on the street as I pass  
And trip and fall on my knees  
What goes on  
I don't know but I'm looking up sideways  
And down in the dark in the evening light

And the sounds are haunting you, haunting you  
And the hours are haunting me, haunting me  
I don't know if I'll fade  
But the clocks tick away

Cold as I yell  
I yell for my heart to return  
Even through, even through the space  
Stuck in time, out of time  
Out of lines your face it won't move  
And your life is so comfortable in the same shoes

And the sounds are haunting you, haunting you  
And the hours are haunting me, haunting me  
I don't know if I'll fade  
But the clocks tick away

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