

## Ed Harcourt

### "Clockwork toy"

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Winding up and winding down  
Like a clockwork toy clown  
Or a jackhammer ploughing the ground  
Drown your sorrows, baby, drown

Headless chicken lost control  
Downward spiral takes its toll  
Clutching at straws or imaginary goals  
I'm gonna make it to the Hollywood Bowl

I can't get enough of the menu, did you get those  
flowers I sent you?  
We're playing in every venue across the land  
I'm making friends in every city, getting down to the  
nitty gritty  
Promoting my self pity across the land

Oh my shoes are torn apart  
Looking like a tramp with a broken heart  
Feeling like a loser who had a false start  
Guess all my dreams turned into surrealist art  
Never knowing which way I'm going  
Keep that bottle of red wine flowing  
Dodging debts that I am owing  
The world gets smaller but we keep growing

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Heat is rising from the traffic jam  
I just wish that I knew who I am  
I'm concocting a miraculous plan  
To be a man who doesn't give a damn

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Oh

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