

## Elton John "Hour Glass"

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I'm just sitting counting all the cobwebs  
And wondering just when you'll come along  
You said that you'd be here an hour ago  
But an hour ago is hours ago from then

No, and I don't know what to do  
I'm drawing crazy patterns on my shoe  
And the sand in the hour glass slips on by

Light another cigarette, watch the burning glow  
Catching spiders in my hand, and then I let them go  
Imagine pictures on the wall, watch the insects where  
they crawl

They don't care about you and I've nothing to do

Maybe the bus didn't get there on time  
Maybe the train doesn't run on that line for some  
reason  
And she might not come  
Because she doesn't want to see you again  
No no no, that can't be true  
And I've got nothing to do

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