

Kenny Price "Clock"

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Now I'd looked at you, old clock for a long time
And each glance makes a change for the worse
'Cause you just keep moving me towards tomorrow
But I wish you would run in reverse

Twenty four hours ago she said that
No one could ever take my place
But old clock, you just proved her a liar
It's as plain as the hands on your face

You never stand still for a second
And every movement makes everything old
You're geared just to look at the future
Ah, but my past has a lot more to hold

Maybe if I broke you to pieces
It would stop all this pain in my mind
But I need you to break up the silence
So I'll just wait until you unwind

If I could just stop your hands, old clock on the wall
Turn you back to yesterday
And see you one more time that's all
Then she could leave me, then she could leave me

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