

## Mumm-ra

### "Clocks Tick Louder in the Dead of Night"

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I made my way to New York city  
To draw the routes of my self pity  
It's like I'm in my favourite film  
It's just a minor part but still

It's like it's ...  
It's like it's ...  
It's like it's ...  
It's like it's not quite real

I pay the guy who can't work out  
What to tell the girl and how  
And in the end and turn and say  
Of how I wish there was another way

I wish I'd never come  
I wish I'd not become  
Another love-sick kid or broken ...

I run the cliches through for real  
I'll hold you in my arms until  
I have to leave for my Bexhill  
To document the way I feel

It's like it's ...  
It's like it's ...  
It's like it's ...  
It's like it's not quite real

And though it was some time ago  
It's only fair that I should let you know  
That burst my heart and break the lines  
But I'm a man who tends to run and hide

I wish I'd never come  
I wish I'd not become  
Another love-sick kid or broken ...

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