

Sixpence None The Richer "Failure"

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The clock in the hall is louder now
I don't know what to do about it
As I hear it make it's metronomic rounds
There's nothing I can do about it
With it's constant tick, like the footsteps of someone
Approaching

I don't want to meet
She's a messenger with the message my journey is
over
And I failed to make it

Time's not my friend anymore
My dreams at night are stranger now
And I don't know what to do about it
In every scene you're taken away from me
And there's nothing I can do about it

I am running from the footsteps of someone
approaching
I don't want to meet
She's a messenger
With the message my journey is over
And I failed to make it
Time's not my friend anymore

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