

Six Pence None The Richer "Failure"

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The clock in the hall is louder now
I donâ€™t know what to do about it
As I hear it make its metronomic rounds
Thereâ€™s nothing I can do about it
With its constant tick, like the footsteps of someone
approaching
I donâ€™t want to meet
Sheâ€™s a messenger with the message my journey is
over
And I failed to make it
Timeâ€™s not my friend anymore
My dreams at night are stranger now
And I donâ€™t know what to do about it
In every scene youâ€™re taken away from me
And thereâ€™s nothing I can do about it
I am running from the footsteps of someone
approaching
I donâ€™t want to meet
Sheâ€™s a messenger
With the message my journey is over
And I failed to make it
Timeâ€™s not my friend anymore

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