## Jimmy Nail, Hands Of Time

if I could turn back the hands of time if I could turn back the clock I wouldn't be in the place I'm in I wouldn't be in the dock where's your friends when you need them most probably hidin' under a rock if I could undo the things I did if I could turn back the clock it started out like any other day lazin' around with nothing to do my mind started wondering onto criminal things and how to make a dollar or two I called the guys on my telling phone and told them of my little scheme we drank some beer, we ate some pills, I shared with them my dream I can't recall exactly how I got to where I shouldn't have been Imy head seemed filled with hombre stuff I fealt like I was on the screen I drank more beer, I ate more pills gained myself a spinning head I raised a gun, I killed a man I'm told it was for something he said it's been a year since I said a prayer but God Almighty, if your listening up there if I could turn back the hands of time if I could turn back the clock I wouldn't be in this cell right now I wouldn't be in the dock where's your friends when you need them most probably hidin' under a rock if I could undo the things I did if I could turn back the clock misters life and death drone on in their salutary tones while I stand in that wooden dock all sober and alone the papers say it's such a crime what's been dished to me and people who I do not know are banging on for clemency now I have the best of cells with ladies on my walls when I'm moved they holler &guot; dead man walking &guot; the words echo around the halls I ponder on where my soul is bound as I stare up at the moon above the clouds, beneath the ground I'm gonna find out real soon strap me in to the killing chair give me the volts, straighten out my hair it's been a year since I said a prayer but God Almighty, if your listening up there if I could turn back the hands of time if I could turn back the clock I wouldn't be in this place right now I wouldn't be in the dock where's your friends when you need them most probably hidin' under a rock if I could undo all the things I did if I could turn back the clock