

The Coral, Calendars And Clock

Pretty pendent, descendents of joy
return the father to the boy
Resent your past, repent at last
we are only lines on a map

Calenders and clocks and hickory docks

Find a feeling that feels okay
Find another to blow it away
Who are you and who am I
Please don't ask me, I'll break down and cry

Calenders and clocks and hickory docks

Nothing more than the sea shells on the sea shore
Nothing more than the churchbell that rings no more
Nothing more than the scenes behind the closed door
Nothing more than the rich the penniless poor
Nothing more, no nothing more

Calendars clocks and hickory docks (tick tock)
Calendars clocks and hickory docks (tick tock)
Yeah (repeat 5x)

Calendars clocks and hickory docks
And tick tocks!