

Tim McGraw, Tickin' Away

The clock above the bar
Is telling me it's 12:15
And it's not such a gentle reminder
That I'm where I shouldn't be

I just keep waiting for something to happen
Waiting for somebody to come walking in
Somebody as perfect as you were
So I can try it again

(But) Chances are so hard to come by
And the second one is impossible to find
The clock keep running
And the odds keep getting higher
That it's all just a fantasy of mine

But I shouldn't be thinking about it
I shouldn't be worried about it
It's just a clock on the wall
But it's ticking away
It's ticking away
It's ticking away
It's ticking away

I suppose I should cut all my losses
Go home with a six-pack of beer
There ain't nobody in the world like you baby
If there was, she wouldn't be coming in here

But I shouldn't be thinking about it
I shouldn't be worried about it
It's just a clock on the wall
But it's ticking away
It's ticking away
It's just a clock on the wall
But it's ticking away

Yeah, it's ticking away
It's ticking away
It's just a clock on the wall
But it's ticking away

I suppose I should cut all my losses
Go home with a six-pack of beer