

Broadcast, The Little Bell

The little bell lies on the ground
Although it tries it cannot sound
It used to ring across the air
Its sweetened tone would linger there

But from a careless hand it rocked
Its shell is only made of crock
Although it lies there split in two
It still tries to ring out to you

Now deep inside my wooden clock
There is a tick but not a tock
Although into the room it chimes
It only tells me half the time

Why do you leave me so confused
I'll miss my bus, my job I'll lose
Oh what is wrong my wooden clock
It breaks my heart to see you stop