

Elton John, Hour Glass

Written by Tony Collacott, Jack Mowbray and Breen Leoeuf

I'm just sitting counting all the cobwebs
And wondering just when you'll come along
You said that you'd be here an hour ago
But an hour ago is hours ago from then

No, and I don't know what to do
I'm drawing crazy patterns on my shoe
And the sand in the hour glass slips on by

Light another cigarette, watch the burning glow
Catching spiders in my hand, and then I let them go
Imagine pictures on the wall, watch the insects where they crawl
They don't care about you and I've nothing to do

Maybe the bus didn't get there on time
Maybe the train doesn't run on that line for some reason
And she might not come
Because she doesn't want to see you again
No no no, that can't be true
And I've got nothing to do