

Johnny Cash, My Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man himself
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped short never to go again when the old man died
Ninety years without slumbering his life second's numbering
It stopped short never to go again when the old man died
My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he found
For it wasted no time and had but one desire
At the close of each week to be wound
And it kept in its place not a frown upon its face
And its hands never hung by its side
But it stopped short never to go again when the old man died
It rang and alarmed in the dead of the night
An alarm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight
That his hour for departure had come
Still the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side
But it stopped short never to go again when the old man died
Ninety years without slumbering...