

Kenny Price, Clock

Now I'd looked at you old clock for a long time
And each glance makes a change for the worse
Cause you just keep movin' me towards tomorrow but I wish you would run in reverse
Twenty four hours ago she said that no one could ever take my place
But old clock you just proved her a liar it's as plain as the hands on your face
You never stand still for a second and every movement makes everything old
You're geared just to look at the future ah but my past has a lot more to hold
Maybe if I broke you to pieces it would stop all this pain in my mind
But I need you to break up the silence so I'll just wait until you unwind
If I could just stop your hands old clock on the wall
Turn you back to yesterday and see you one more time that's all
Then she could leave me then she could leave me