

# Lard, I Am Your Clock

I am your clock  
I am your religion  
I am your shotgun mechanical bride  
nothing is done without my approval

I own you  
I decide how long you sleep  
And how much rest  
You are ever allowed

I decide what you desire  
I deny you time to think  
I am the mirror of constant humiliation  
That follows and shadows you  
Wherever you go  
And blocks out the light  
At the end of every tunnel yo try  
Be on time  
Be on schedule  
Always feel  
Like you're always late  
And need more scolding and punishment

Do not daydream  
Do not dilly-dally  
Do not fall behind  
Wings are flapping right behind you  
You know what's coming next  
As I swoop down like a hungry owl  
And sink my talons into your back  
And drag you back to square one again  
The pain gets a little worse every time  
Crash  
Crumple  
Do not pass go  
Do not collect  
Your dignity and your self respect

Give up  
It's over  
Now time allowed  
To try something you like

The bills were all due yesterday  
You've failed  
You're through  
First we form our habits, then they form us

We dress up as someone else every day  
Gingerbread houses  
Fireplace surprises  
What tastes the best  
The witches won't let you have

These days, having a baby  
Is like what having a BMW used to be  
While they're asleep  
Play those New Age cassettes  
To transmit subliminal messages  
I like Mom  
I like school  
I like to study  
I like rules

I am the school teacher  
Who yelled at you for not paying attention  
And shame you in front of the entire class  
And dragged you around the room by the hair  
This is what happens to boys and girls  
Whose penmanship is messy  
Be neat, like the others  
Follow orders  
Obey what is put in front of you  
Imagination is the ultimate sin  
You can't be creative the rest of your life  
Your counselor wants a word with you  
If you liked school, you'll love work  
Resign yourself to a job you'll hate  
Get a hobby-but keep it in the garage

Shove yourself into a slot  
Despise your ideas  
Despise your ideas  
Your boss knows best  
We can't all do what we want to do  
Always settle for what you're told to expect  
Do not take chances  
You might fail  
You might fail  
You don't want to find out the hard way  
How our society treats  
The misfits who make mistakes

Bad  
Failure  
Bad  
Failure  
Homeless  
Depression  
Mental hospitals  
Murder

Born on the cutting room floor  
Die in the bin by the door  
Hypothermia of the spirit  
Why do people chase  
So many useless toys  
In search of the perfect baby sitter

"For just \$19.95 and just thirteen minutes of your busy day,  
You can have the full, rich experience of of parenthood  
Without the mess of the real thing. It's called 'Video Baby.'  
Creative Programming, Inc., offer all of the enjoyment-  
And none of the commitment."

I am your calendar  
There is no escape  
I am why you're afraid  
To respect yourself  
I led you down garden path after path  
With carrots on a stick  
I'll let you taste but never embrace  
Peek in the wrong door, I slam it on your fingers  
Go back  
Adventure is not allowed  
Go back-not allowed!  
I leave you exhausted, henpecked and afraid  
Never quite enough money  
Never enough nerve

To reach out for something better  
Than the grind you call your life

The hatch of your hamster cage is open  
But guess who waits just outside the door  
Stay on your treadmill  
Keep running on that wire wheel  
Briefcase in hand  
Money rains down just out of reach  
You'll burn out soon enough  
It's all part of the plan  
When you're no longer useful  
You can finally retire  
To the glue factory of your choice  
Free at last  
To scratch your head  
Wondering what happened  
Free at last  
I bid you goodbye  
On your own  
To wait to die