The Church, Laughing

Five o' clock, fade away the shadows Leaving by the window or the door And they're laughing Laughing at you anyway Yeah they're laughing Laughing at you every day Eight o' clock, underneath the lamplight Slow poison from a tiny little wound And they're laughing Laughing at you anyway Yeah they're laughing Laughing at you every day I understood before I knew I realized I'd spend my life coming back to you Twelve o'clock, in the building of the mirror's Recoil from my elongated twin And he's laughing Laughing at you anyway Yeah he's laughing Laughing at you every day