

Ticker Don't Tock

Bitter Ruin

I don't think I can fly
But I, but I believe in you
I don't spend what I lack
But I, but I believe that you're coming back

Don't fly much
Don't try much, but I wait on you
Hard earn it
Don't burn it, I don't even ask

Oh ink your map
Ink your map

I don't think I will break
But I can feel a malfunction

I'm Sturdy
Learned early, but these days I'm broke

Oh take my pound
No need for flesh to hold a hollow mould
When everybody says it should be beating like a drum well

My ticker ain't tocking (ooh ooh)
I can't believe you're walking (ooh ooh)

It don't sing
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba
No beating no

Da dum, da dum, da dum
It don't sing
Da dum, da dum, da dum, no

I'm eating leaner cuts and meeting up with peers from the years gone by
To try'n' find
Love, Love, Love

Oh lace up your shoes
Messenger of many miles to walk before my brain accepts the news

But I've discovered my ears
And what they really like to do is hear a friendly voice
No need for
Drums that have a beating past
And suddenly the pulse is lost and stillness comes at zero cost and

My ticker ain't tocking (ooh ooh)
I can't believe you're walking (ooh ooh)

Oh, come-by boy, come-by boy
You have been out 'thinking'
For too long boy, too long boy
You must be cold
Oh, come-by boy, come-by boy
You have been out 'thinking'
For too long boy, too long boy

You must be cold
Oh won't you come home?

My ticker ain't tocking (ooh ooh)
I can't believe you're walking (ooh ooh)