

## Clocks

Emmylou Harris

Old brown clock ticking on my shelf  
Take my mind to someplace else  
Little gold clock ticking by my bed  
Funny little people dancing 'round my head

Morning brings me things to do  
Morning brings me thoughts of you  
Gentle sunshine through the curtain lace  
Some of which shining on your sweet face

Counting hours making days  
Watching time throwing love away  
Nothing golden never stays  
That's what I heard the poets say Mmm ...

Time is always taking me  
Places I don't want to be  
But when the morning rise the moon  
I know a bird day's coming soon

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