

Time Clocks

Joe Bonamassa

I was never a great puncher of time clocks
I was never the one who had lots
I was only good at one thing, ringing bells, kissing rings
A heart can't heal once padlocked

I was never meant the one who was tedious
I was always wanted to be the one who leads us
On things that came to mind, never on someone else's dime
As the hunter explains to the fox

And the rain soaking through my coat
About to capsize my boat
I push it a long way from the docks
I was never a good puncher of time clocks

As the rain has chilled me to the bone
I'm flat-out tired and alone
I put it away, now it's locked
I was never a good puncher of time clocks

I was never a teller of stories
Didn't need to thrive on the glory
It's about the life of a man, victim time and time again
Hard as hell to get up in the morning

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Regrets to stoke the fires
Clay pigeon and the ignorant liars
The view from my window as the pouring rain seeps
Too scared to look down in the deep

Make no illusions about your forgone conclusions
Time will set you back, will heal all your wounds
If the darkness sets in, it creeps up on you
Like a man typecast the fool

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