

Clock

Remember Sports

I wrote you a name
And collected letters off the pavement
Cut right through my days
Graying things that we've avoided

Maybe I could stay
Collect my thoughts, your words, your phrases
Just in case it rains
Patch the roof to save the Sunday

I'm not fooling anyone

Take these little pains
Build them up into an arsenal
When you go away
You were never mine to keep here

I'm not taking things too well

Make something good, just spit it out
Just sit here 'til the clock runs out
What are you going on about?
Make something good, just spit it out
Just sit here 'til the clock runs out
What are you going on about?
Make something good, just spit it out
Make something good, just spit it out
What are you going on about?