

The Clock

Ty Segall

Life's slow, with those
Anniversaries of the time
You think, remember
The time's you had outside
Still we know
The clock will never show
The wearing and the tearing
Of the mind
O, dear thee
Whose mind I can't unsee
The flesh is not a bind that's
Hard to find
Sit down, mirror
Damned to see the image
You shall see
Quick flash, quick dash
A picture's not a picture easily