

Wipe The Clock

Uncle Tupelo

Hunted down
Someone said, no story, no gain
Wipe the clock right now
I despise what you crave

I remember you
When you wore a different face
Never heard a story of anyone
Who drove the blacktop insane

Leaning on a stoplight
Waiting for eventual change
What's it matter right now
It's not so easy to gauge

Every time
That you ask for more
It's the sound that makes the colors go blind

And everything comes in threes
But your face shows two
Lost in the watershed
Way out of tune

Ain't it hard
When the spirit doesn't catch you
Gravity's the winner
And it weighs you down
It weighs you down