

Metrognome

Frenzal Rhomb

Time on your hands
You do it all the day
Shuffle your feet
And turn on the news
To hear what they might say

They made a machine
And you found your device
They're lighting the fuse
There's no need to worry
Your world will be alright

Time for a smoke
A pint and a joke
You muddle on through
Silently screaming
"What can I do?"

Till time trips you out
Looking about
Blows you away
High as a kite
On a windy day

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