

Captain Clock

Jinjer

He keeps on moving his moustache
Gets you fussy, makes you rush
He's got no legs but he walks
He's got no mouth but talks
Tick tack, click clack
He pulls a trigger, pulls it back
My time, your time is under attack
We run on a circle track
A bossy three-handed man
Who gives me a triple slap in my face
Years of tension, a second of slack
He is so tiny but hard to embrace
From the top of the world he shows you
No respect, don't regret, we're screwed
If time is gold, we are broke for good
Hopeless beggars, dance to this beatific flute
By towers supported
On a human wrist resorting
There's no word "retired"
For the soldier with the shoulder straps
Phlegmatic eyes dilated
Trickin' tick-tactics underrated
Time to eat, time to sleep
Time to go back to your soil crib
Time to go back to your soil crib
Oh what a mechanical miracle
Global dictator, massive superior
Like a winding toy that sits at the porch
This bull-headed boy
Is a watchman on the life-time verge
From the top of the world he shows you
No respect, don't regret, we're screwed
If time is gold, we are broke for good
Hopeless beggars, dance to this beatific flute
Striking, beating, sweeping
Striking, beating, sweeping our lives away
The more we struggle
The more we lose our precious days
Hearts are swinging to the rhythm of imminence

Should we never grab a tail of what we cannot own?
Our time is a snail, running faster than any wind, any wind can blow
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, any wind can blow
Striking, beating, sweeping our lives away
Striking, beating, sweeping our lives away
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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