

# Clockwork Family

Dan Warren

I ate the paste 'cause I was hungry,  
I cried and ran out of the room.  
My mom and dad, they surely love me  
But we don't always a lot of food.

And all the other kids are assholes,  
Making fun of my hand-me-down jeans.  
Life would be a lot less hassle  
If I could just replace these pointless people with machines.

The perfect ticking of a clockwork family  
Everything happens right on time.  
The perfect rhythm of a life that can be  
Counted on to finally work out fine,  
So much more reliably than mine.

My uncle Tim is now in prison  
After seven years of being unemployed.  
That would never happen to a robot,  
They can only break and be repaired or be destroyed.

And they don't pass out on the sofa  
Buried in a pile of empty beers.  
The absolute perfection of avuncular affection,  
In a shiny little box of spinning gears.

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Everything happens right on time.  
The perfect rhythm of a life that can be  
Counted on to finally work out fine,  
So much more reliably than mine.

There is dirt in every corner.  
There's a sofa in the yard.  
And everything is out of order  
Life is unpredictable and hard.

But there is peace out on the highway,

In the soft hissing rush of the machines.  
Quietly gliding, never quite colliding,  
Only fractions of a second in between.

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So much more reliably than mine.

Lyrics Submitted by Cypress Abraham Salady

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