

# Clocks

## Bertie Blackman

Old brown clock ticking on my shelf  
    Take my mind to someplace else  
Little gold clock ticking by my bed  
Funny little people dancing 'round my head  
    Morning brings me things to do  
    Morning brings me thoughts of you  
Gentle sunshine through the curtain lace  
Some of which shining on your sweet face  
    Counting hours making days  
    Watching time throwing love away  
    Nothing golden never stays  
That's what I heard the poets say, mmm  
    Time is always taking me  
    Places I don't want to be  
But when the morning rise the moon  
    I know a bird day's coming soon  
    Counting hours making days  
    Watching time throwing love away  
    Nothing golden never stays  
That's what I heard the poets say, mmm  
    Morning brings me things to do  
    Morning brings me thoughts of you  
Gentle sunshine through the curtain lace  
Some of which shining on your sweet face

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