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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