

# The Little Bell

## Broadcast

The little bell lies on the ground  
Although it tries it cannot sound  
It used to ring across the air  
Its sweetened tone would linger thereBut from a careless hand it rocked  
Its shell is only made of crock  
Although it lies there split in two  
It still tries to ring out to youNow deep inside my wooden clock  
There is a tick but not a tock  
Although into the room it chimes  
It only tells me half the timeWhy do you leave me so confused?  
I'll miss my bus, my job I'll lose  
Oh, what is wrong, my wooden clock  
It breaks my heart to see you stop

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