I Am Your Clock

Lard

I am your clock
I am your religion
I am your shotgun mechanical bride
Nothing is done without my approvalI own you, I own you
I decide how long you sleep
And how much rest
You are ever allowedI decide what you desire
I deny you time to think
I am the mirror, constant humiliation
That follows and shadows you wherever you goAnd blocks out the light
At the end of every tunnel you try
Be on time
Be on scheduleAlways feel like you're always late
Always feel like you're always late
And need more scolding and punishmentDo not daydream
Do not dilly-dally
Do not fall behind
Wings are flapping right behind youYou know what's coming next
As I swoop down like a hungry owl
And sink my talons into your back
And drag you back to square one againThe pain gets a little worse every time
Crash, crumple, crash, crumple
Do not pass go, do not collect
Your dignity and your self respectGive up, it's over
Give up, it's over
No time allowed to try something you like
The bills were all due yesterdayYou've failed, you're through
You've failed, you're throughFirst we form our habits then they form us
We dress up as someone else every day
Gingerbread houses, fireplace surprises
What tastes best the witches won't let you haveThese days having a baby
Is like what having a BMW used to be
While they're asleep
Play these new age cassettesTo transmit subliminal messages
I like mom, I like school
I like to study, I like ruleI am the school teacher who yelled at you
For not paying attention
And shamed you in front of the entire class
And dragged you around the room by the hairThis is what happens to boys and girls

Whose penmanship is messy
Be neat like the others
Follow ordersObey what is put in front of you
Imagination is the ultimate sin
You can't be creative the rest of your life
Your counselor wants a word with youIf you liked school, you'll love work
Resign yourself to a job you'll hate
Get a hobby but keep it in the garage
Shove yourself into a slotDespise your ideas your boss knows best
We can't all do what we want to do
Always settle for what you're told to expect
Do not take chances you might failAnd you don't want to find out the hard way
How our society treats
The misfits
The ones who make mistakesBad failure
Bad failure
Homeless depression
Mental hospitals, murderBorn on the cutting room floor
Die in the bin by the door, hypothermia of the spirit
Why do people chase so many useless toys
In search of the perfect baby sitter?For just 19.95 and just thirteen minutes out of your busy day
You could have the full rich experience of parenthood
Without the mess of the real thingIt's called Video Baby
From Creative Programming Incorporated
Offering all of the enjoyment
And none of the commitmentI am your calendar, there is no escape
I am why you're so afraid to respect yourself
I led you down garden path after path
With carrots on a stick
I'll let you taste but never embracePeek in the wrong door
I slam it on your fingers
Go back, adventure is not allowed
Go back, not allowedI leave you exhausted
Henpecked and afraid
Never enough bounty
Never enough nerveTo reach out for something better
Than the grind you call your lifeThe hatch of your hamster cage is open
But guess who waits just outside the door
Stay on your treadmill
Keep running on that wire wheelBriefcase in hand
Money rains down just out of reach
You'll burn out soon enough
It's all part of the planWhen you're no longer useful
You can finally retire
To the glue factory of your choice

Free at last to scratch your head
Wondering what happenedFind how time flew
Right past you
Free at last to wonder what happened
Free at last, I bid you goodbyeOn your own, to wait to die
On your own, to wait to die
On your own, to wait to die
On your own, to wait to die

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