

# I Am Your Clock

## Lard

I am your clock  
I am your religion  
I am your shotgun mechanical bride  
Nothing is done without my approval I own you, I own you  
I decide how long you sleep  
And how much rest  
You are ever allowed I decide what you desire  
I deny you time to think  
I am the mirror, constant humiliation  
That follows and shadows you wherever you go And blocks out the light  
At the end of every tunnel you try  
Be on time  
Be on schedule Always feel like you're always late  
Always feel like you're always late  
And need more scolding and punishment Do not daydream  
Do not dilly-dally  
Do not fall behind  
Wings are flapping right behind you You 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 again The pain gets a little worse every time  
Crash, crumple, crash, crumple  
Do not pass go, do not collect  
Your dignity and your self respect Give up, it's over  
Give up, it's over  
No time allowed to try something you like  
The bills were all due yesterday You've failed, you're through  
You've failed, you're through First 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 have These days having a baby  
Is like what having a BMW used to be  
While they're asleep  
Play these new age cassettes To transmit subliminal messages  
I like mom, I like school  
I like to study, I like rule I 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 hair This is what happens to boys and girls

Whose penmanship is messy  
Be neat like the others  
Follow orders Obey 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 you If 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 slot Despise 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 fail And you don't want to find out the hard way  
How our society treats  
The misfits  
The ones who make mistakes Bad failure  
Bad failure  
Homeless depression  
Mental hospitals, murder Born 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 thing It's called Video Baby  
From Creative Programming Incorporated  
Offering all of the enjoyment  
And none of the commitment I 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 embrace Peek in the wrong door  
I slam it on your fingers  
Go back, adventure is not allowed  
Go back, not allowed I leave you exhausted  
Henpecked and afraid  
Never enough bounty  
Never enough nerve To reach out for something better  
Than the grind you call your life The hatch of your hamster cage is open  
But guess who waits just outside the door  
Stay on your treadmill  
Keep running on that wire wheel Briefcase in hand  
Money rains down just out of reach  
You'll burn out soon enough  
It's all part of the plan When 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 happened Find how time flew  
Right past you  
Free at last to wonder what happened  
Free at last, I bid you goodbye On 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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