

# Whistle Clock

## Assembly of Dust

Laughing bright eyed in the grass  
I smelled your scent as your body passed  
dreading Monday at Sunday noon  
you'll be returning here none too soonThe touch of a supple woman  
The love of a dog  
soaking in simple pleasures  
Like a crack in the fogI saw pressure come pouring out  
I cut you open and let it out  
Then comes the piston stroke again  
compressing muscle like oxygenThe purr of a perfect lover  
The curve of a song  
soaking in simple pleasure  
like a crack in the fogYou may serve them roses  
you may serve their delight  
but when the working day closes  
I sing you sweetly goodnightYou duck your head when the Banchee screams  
and pray for days shorter than they seem  
then comes the whistle clock again  
you wanna leave but your legs can't bendStill serving roses  
serving roses and red

Lyrics provided by  
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