The Clock Was Tickin

Brandon Flowers

The teacher had you write a letter, you were eight years old
About the man that you'd become and the positions you'd hold
But this was long before you and Jackie Geronimo
Met in the Prelude Park at midnight
Now when it came to bells and whistles, Jackie did not lack
And when she kissed you on the kisser, boy, you kissed her back
Now you tell her that you love her and she cuts you slack
When you drink with your buddies on the weekend
And the weeks fly by and the years roll on
You spend your whole life droppin'
Nickels in the bucket, wakin' up at dawn
And while Jackie bestowed the joys of fingerlickin'
The clock up on the wall was tickin'
You got yourself a job cleanin' hospital floors
But Jackie had a baby, then she had five more
They'd pay you just enough to drag your ass to the store
To buy bread, milk and Better Homes and Gardens
Jackie flips the pages and she dreams little dreams
A cottage in the country built with real wood beams
There's a baby in the bedroom, he's startin' to scream
She holds him though he probably won't remember it
And the weeks fly by and the years roll on
Sometimes dreams are all you got
To keep you goin' when the day gets long
And you gave up so many just to make a livin'
That clock up on the wall was tickin'
Now the kids are all grateful when they left the nest
And Jackie wasn't perfect but she did her best
You seize the opportunity to get you some rest
But you can't sleep on account of screamin' grandkids
The golden years are meant to leave a gleam in your eye
You're startin' to discover it's a great big lie
They'll work you like a dog 'til you quit or you die
But you can't quit 'cause Jackie needs the benefits
And the weeks fly by and the years roll on
They say patience is a virtue
But the doctor says she don't have long
You stood up and tried your damnedest not to listen
But that clock up on the wall was tickin'

When they told you to clear the room, that's when it hit you
You watched as the caravan took your sweetheart away
The arguments and fights and money troubles seem so worthless
As the kids throw yellow roses on her grave
And the weeks fly by and the years roll on
The house is quiet now and everythin' inside
It seems to know she's gone
There's a picture of you both sixteen years old just kissin'
And that clock up on the wall was tickin'
You always thought she had a chance
And it was somewhere hidden
Now you've come to the conclusion that she never did
Not a chance, that is

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