

Clocks

Moped

Old brown clock ticking on my shelf
 Take my mind to someplace else
Little gold clock ticking by my bed
Funny little people dancing 'round my head
 Morning brings me things to do
 Morning brings me thoughts of you
Gentle sunshine through the curtain lace
Some of which shining on your sweet face
 Counting hours making days
 Watching time throwing love away
 Nothing golden never stays
That's what I heard the poets say, mmm
 Time is always taking me
 Places I don't want to be
But when the morning rise the moon
 I know a bird day's coming soon
 Counting hours making days
 Watching time throwing love away
 Nothing golden never stays
That's what I heard the poets say, mmm
 Morning brings me things to do
 Morning brings me thoughts of you
Gentle sunshine through the curtain lace
Some of which shining on your sweet face

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