

# Metrognome

## Embers

Time on your hands  
You do it all the day  
Shuffle your feet  
And turn on the news  
To hear what they might say

They made a machine  
And you found your device  
They're lighting the fuse  
There's no need to worry  
Your world will be alright

Time for a smoke  
A pint and a joke  
You muddle on through  
Silently screaming  
"What can I do?"

Till time trips you out  
Looking about  
Blows you away  
High as a kite  
On a windy day

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written by BARDENS LATIMER, PETER SKIVING BARDENS, ANDREW LATIMER GORDON

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