The Watchmaker

Steven Wilson

The watchmaker works all day and long into the night
He pieces things together despite his failing sight
Though all the cogs connect with such poetic grace
Time has left its curse upon this placeEach hour becomes another empty space to fill
Wasted with the care and virtues of his skill
The watchmaker buries something deep within his thoughts
A shadow on the staircase of someone from beforeThis thing is broken now and cannot be repaired
Fifty years of compromise and aging bodies shared
Eliza dear, you know, there's something I should say
I never really loved you, but I'll miss you anywayWell, you were just meant to be temporary
While I waited for gold
We filled up the years and I found that I liked
Having someone to hold
But for you I had to wait
Until one day it was too lateCogs and levers mesh
We are bound in death
Melt that silver down
I'm still inside youCogs and levers mesh
We are bound in death
Melt that silver down
I'm still inside youCogs and levers mesh
We are bound in death
Melt that silver down
I'm still inside you

Songwriters
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