

Clockwork

Carbon Leaf

A monster used to chase me
Used to jump from the top of my stairs
I used to sit in the rain on the wet leaves
On top of the shed roof
(If my mother knew)The clock on the wall has a good time with my time
The rain storming brainstorm is on its way
The pale color of the door that's seen everything before
But just from only one sideNo warning, history rears it's ugly head
(Stepped on it's tale)
Still running from what I chase
The lesson learned has come so frailThe clock has fallen and the cuckoo's calling
And the Blackbirds congregate and shuffle
Their wings, I'm on the wire and they call me a liar
But this time I'm going to singBig words escape, fake, rape, escape
Just how I feel my textureless history
I store in a textured bag
(It's painted, real fine)Your serious laughing, infectious clapping
Still a beat behindLet's get to the root of the matter I have no roots
No matter I'll grow my own
Quitting's easier time is greasier
Slipping from the metronome
Big words bad time, yeah, yeah, yeah

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