

Whippoorwill

Clock Opera

There's a hole in the house no fairground ride will fill.

No time can kill

Since you went away

And if I don't climb it, maybe no one will

I could hide until

There's nothing left to say But I won't let it go

Why won't I let it go?

I won't let it go

Why won't I let it go?

I won't let it go

Why won't I let it go?

But the whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill knows

There's a hole in the house no holiday can change

No wood can frame

Since you went away

Like a conversation scrubbed out on a page

On an unlit stage

Nothing left to say But I won't let it go

Why won't I let it go?

I won't let it go

Why won't I let it go?

I won't let it go

Why won't I let it go?

But the whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill knows I can feel its hands around my neck

I can feel its fingers on my eye

I can feel it hang across my leg

I can feel it anywhere I hide

There's a hole in the house no fairground ride will fill. There's a hole in the house no fairground ride will fill.

But the whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill There's a hole in the house no fairground ride

will fill. There's a hole in the house no fairground ride will fill. There's a hole in the house no fairground ride

will fill. There's a hole in the house no fairground ride will fill. There's a hole in the house feels like a lone car

still. Like an unpaid bill. Since you went away.

And your face is frozen, but I hear you still. Hidden in a whippoorwill calling it out again. But I won't let it go

Why won't I let it go?

I won't let it go

Why won't I let it go?

I won't let it go

Why won't I let it go?

But the whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill knows I can feel its hands around my neck

I can feel its fingers on my eye

I can feel it hang across my leg

I can feel it anywhere I hide There's a hole in the house no fairground ride will fill. There's a hole in the house
no fairground ride will fill.

But the whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill I can feel its hands around my neck

I can feel its fingers on my eye

I can feel it hang across my leg

I can feel it anywhere I hide There's a hole in the house no fairground ride will fill. There's a hole in the house
no fairground ride will fill.

But the whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill But the whippoorwill, whippoorwill,

whippoorwill, whippoorwill But the whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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