

## **Broken Clocks**

Guitar note: Capo 3rd fret. Top E down to D, Bass E down to C

Wind me up  
And wipe my face  
The wheels and springs are all in place  
On a whim I'll slow and stop  
That's how it is with broken clocks  
Tap and hold it to your ear  
there's something's going on in here  
But what it is that makes it tick  
Remains a riddle left unpicked

Once a day I'll get it right  
Upon that you can rely  
The problem is I don't know when  
And so the clock is wrong again

From pocket chain to mantle piece  
The big hand and the small hand each  
Do the time and break the rocks  
That's how it is with broken clocks  
The pendulum with every swing  
Less accurate precision brings  
The working parts might turn around now  
But the broken clock is running down

Once a day I'll get it right  
Upon that you can rely  
The problem is I don't know when  
And soon the clock is wrong again

Every night beside the bed  
I pass the hours in bold and red  
You can hit the snooze, I'll take the knocks  
That's how it goes with broken clocks  
Sometimes when I run too fast  
I try to get back to the past  
But the way is always somehow blocked  
That's how it is with broken clocks

Once a day I'll get it right  
Upon that you can rely

The problem is I don't know when  
And so the clock is wrong again