

The clock tick tocks, it never takes a break.

Unless it breaks.

How awful it must feel, putting on a never ending performance.

And not for it's own benefit, but for some tardy executives.

Clock, I'll watch you, not only when you're on seven.

One, four, eight or eleven.

We'll call it a date, and never be late.

And while my heart bump pumps, and your hands tick tock.

It won't matter the time.

It won't matter the wine.



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