

Turn down the clock

Brieve Morison

Turn down the clock

A little lower

It's ticking is bothering me

I know it's talking to you babe

But its face is looking at me

Hand down a book from the shelf

This table needs straightening up

Hand me down the atlas

There's something I want to look up

Turn down the clock a little lower

Its ticking is bothering me

I know it's talking to you babe

But its face keeps looking at me

Well I think I will open a window

One that gives onto the street

I know the noise is loud

But it gets right into my feet

Turn down the clock a little lower

Its ticking is bothering me

I know it's talking to you

But its face is looking at me

I think I'll take the car for a walk

Just to give the tyres a scorch

And if I'm not back by midnight

You can turn down the light on the porch

Turn down the clock