

# The Clock Was Tickin

Brandon Flowers

The teacher had you write a letter, you were eight years old  
About the man that you'd become and the positions you'd hold  
But this was long before you and Jackie Geronimo met in the Prelude Park at  
midnight

Now when it came to bells and whistles, Jackie did not lack  
And when she kissed you on the kisser, boy, you kissed her back  
Now you tell her that you love her and she cuts you slack  
When you drink with your buddies on the weekend

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on  
You spend your whole life dropping nickels in the bucket, wakin' up at dawn  
And while Jackie bestowed the joys of fingerlickin'  
The clock up on the wall was tickin'

You got yourself a job cleaning hospital floors  
But Jackie had a baby, then she had five more  
They'd pay you just enough to drag your ass to the store  
To buy bread, milk and Better Homes & Gardens  
Jackie flips the pages and she dreams little dreams  
A cottage in the country built with real wood beams  
There's a baby in the bedroom, he's starting to scream  
She holds him though he probably won't remember it

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on  
Sometimes dreams are all you got to keep you going when the day gets long  
And you gave up so many just to make a livin'  
That clock up on the wall was tickin'

Now the kids are all grateful when they left the nest  
And Jackie wasn't perfect but she did her best  
You seize the opportunity to get you some rest  
But you can't sleep on account of screaming grandkids

The golden years are meant to leave a gleam in your eye  
You're starting to discover it's a great big lie  
They'll work you like a dog til you quit or you die  
But you can't quit cause Jackie needs the benefits

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on  
They say patience is a virtue but the doctor says she don't have long  
You stood up and tried your damndest not to listen  
But that clock up on the wall was tickin'

When they told you to clear the room, that's when it hit you  
You watched as the caravan took your sweetheart away  
The arguments and fights and money troubles seem so worthless  
As the kids throw yellow roses on her grave

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on  
The house is quiet now and everything inside it seems to know she's gone  
There's a picture of you both sixteen years old just kissing  
And that clock up on the wall was tickin'

You always thought she had a chance and it was somewhere hidden  
Now you've come to the conclusion that she never did  
Not a chance, that is