

# Captain Clock

Jinjer

He keeps on moving his mustache  
Gets you fussy, makes you rush  
He's got no legs but he walks  
He's got no mouth but talks  
Tick tack, click clack  
He pulls a trigger, pulls it back  
My time, your time is under attack  
We run on a circle track

A bossy three-handed man  
Who gives me a triple slap in my face  
Years of tension, a second of slack  
He is so tiny but hard to embrace

From the top of the world he shows you  
No respect, don't regret, we're screwed  
If time is gold, we are broke for good  
Hopeless beggars, dance to this beatific flute

By towers supported  
On a human wrist resorting  
There's no word "retired"  
For the soldier with the shoulder straps

Phlegmatic eyes dilated  
Trickin' tick-tacktics underrated  
Time to eat, time to sleep  
Time to go back to your soil crib  
Time to go back to your soil crib

Oh what a mechanical miracle  
Global dictator, massive superior  
Like a winding toy that sits at the porch  
This bull-headed boy  
Is a watchman on the life-time verge

From the top of the world he shows you  
No respect, don't regret, we're screwed  
If time is gold, we are broke for good  
Hopeless beggars, dance to this beatific flute

Striking, beating, sweeping our lives away  
The more we struggle  
The more we lose our precious days  
Hearts are swinging to the rhythm of imminence  
Should we never grab a tail of what we cannot own?  
Our time is a snail, running faster than any wind, any wind can blow  
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Oh, any wind can blow  
Striking, beating, sweeping our lives away  
Striking, beating, sweeping our lives away