

Patty lives up in the attic now
Her feet rarely touching the ground
Haunted by waltzes with Harry
Harry's hat hanging here in the hall

Memories fading for patty now
There's nothing and no one to trust
Just the tick and the tock
Of the damnable clock
As the world that she does turns to dust

Patty stays up in her attic now
In silence except for the sound
Of the tick and the tock
Of the damnable clock
While the world that she knows disappears

Drinking in riddles
Waving to trains
Waving to trains that no longer run
Thinking in riddles
And waving to trains
Waving to trains that no longer run