

The Clock

The Go-Betweens

Candles and tambourines shine in the dusk
Monkeys and Spoonful float through the musk
Why when you come here
Does the rainbow turn black?
Spitting and burning, the vision attacks
But then the clock turns and its now
and its you
Ghosts from the river beg to get in
Staining my windows with pictures of sin
Sometimes the night time steals all your light
Then in the morning the birds lift and fly
But then the clock turns and its now
and its you