

Clocks

Brandon Flowers

G C D C Am D

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

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

C D
And the weeks fly by and the years roll on
G G/F# Em D C
You spend your whole life dropping nickels in the bucket, Wakin up at dawn

Am B Em D/C
And while Jackie bestowed the joys of fingerlickin
D C C/B C/A G
The clock up on the wall was tickin

G
You got yourself a job cleaning hospital floors
C
But Jackie had a baby, then she had five more
D C
They'd pay you just enough to drag your ass to the store
Am D
To buy bread, milk and Better Homes & Gardens

G
Jackie flips the pages and she dreams little dreams
C

A cottage in the country built with real wood beams

D

C

There s a baby in the bedroom, he s starting to scream

Am

D

She holds him though he probably won t remember

C

D

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on

G

G/F#

Em

D

C

Sometimes dreams are all you got to keep you going when the day gets long

Am

B

Em

D/C

And you gave up so many just to make a livin

D

C

C/B C/A G

That clock up on the wall was tickin

G

Now the kids are all grateful when they left the nest

C

And Jackie wasn t perfect but she did her best

D

C

You cease the opportunity to get you some rest

Am

D

But you can t sleep on account of screaming grandkids

G

The golden years are meant to leave a gleam in your eye

C

You re starting to discover it s a great big lie

D

C

They work you like a dog til you quit or you die

Am

D

But you can t quit cause Jackie needs the benefits

C

D

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on

G

G/F#

Em

D

C

They say patience is a virtue but the doctor says she don t have long

Am

B

Em

D/C

You stood up and tried your damndest not to listen

D

C

C/B C/A G

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 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

â€¦ â€¦ â€¦ â€¦ ...

Have a chance, that is...