

Clocks

Brandon Flowers

G# C# Eb C# Bbm Eb

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

Eb

C#

But this was long before you and Jackie Geronimo met

Bbm

Eb

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

Eb

C#

Now you tell her that you love her and she cuts you slack

Bbm

Eb

When you drink with your buddies on the weekend

C#

Eb

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on

G#

G#/F#

Fm

Eb

C#

You spend your whole life dropping nickels in the bucket, Wakin up at dawn

Bbm

C

Fm

Eb/C

And while Jackie bestowed the joys of fingerlickin

Eb

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

Eb

C#

They d pay you just enough to drag your ass to the store

Bbm

Eb

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

Eb

C#

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

Bbm

Eb

She holds him though he probably won t remember

C#

Eb

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on

G#

G#/F#

Fm

Eb

C#

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

Bbm

C

Fm

Eb/C

And you gave up so many just to make a livin

Eb

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

Eb

C#

You cease the opportunity to get you some rest

Bbm

Eb

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

Eb

C#

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

Bbm

Eb

But you can t quit cause Jackie needs the benefits

C#

Eb

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on

G#

G#/F#

Fm

Eb

C#

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

Bbm

C

Fm

Eb/C

You stood up and tried your damndest not to listen

Eb

C#

C#/B C#/A G#

But that clock up on the wall was tickin .

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

C# **Eb**
And the weeks fly by and the years roll on

G# **G#/F#** **Fm** **Eb** **C#**
The house is quiet now and everything inside seems to know she s gone

Bbm **C** **Fm** **Eb/C**
There s a picture of you both sixteen years old just kissing

Eb **C#** **C#/B** **C#/A** **G#**
And that clock up on the wall was tickin

G#
You always thought she had a chance and it was somewhere hidden

C#
Now you ve come to the conclusion that she never did

Eb **C#**
â€| â€| â€| â€| ...

Bbm **Eb**
Have a chance, that is...