

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
There s a baby in the bedroom, he s starting to scream
She holds him though he probably won t remember

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on
Sometimes dreams are all you got to keep you going when the day gets long
And you gave up so many just to make a livin
That clock up on the wall was tickin

Now the kids are all grateful when they left the nest
And Jackie wasn t perfect but she did her best
You cease the opportunity to get you some rest
But you can t sleep on account of screaming grandkids

The golden years are meant to leave a gleam in your eye
You re starting to discover it s a great big lie
They work you like a dog til you quit or you die
But you can t quit cause Jackie needs the benefits

And the weeks fly by and the years roll on
They say patience is a virtue but the doctor says she don t have long

You stood up and tried your damndest not to listen
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...