

Clockwork

Sleeping at Last

C# Fm
There is glass between our touch,
C# Fm
phantom limbs of former love...
F# Fm F# Fm Ebm C#
and the truth is that I am so terrified

C# Fm
that the callous is deeper than
C# Fm F#
the surface of our skin
F# Fm F#
and it takes us twice as long,
Fm Ebm C#
it takes us twice as long to heal.

C# Fm
we ll lift up the ground to see
C# Fm F#
the system of roots beneath.
Fm F#
gears turn, endlessly,
Fm F#
to bring the world back to life
Ebm C#
like clockwork, when it dies.

C# Fm
the cadence of beating hearts,
C# Fm
the click of its moving parts
F# Ebm
grows louder and louder
F# Fm F#
from this restless earth...

Fm F# Fm F#
future gardens wait patiently below
Fm F# Ebm
and somehow we smell them blossom
C#
through the snow.

C# Fm
still unsatisfied,
C# Fm
we chase what we re denied.

C# Fm
as generations wait,
C# Fm F# Fm
we can't resist the taste of possibility.
F# Fm F#
gears turn, endlessly,
Fm F#
to bring us back to life again.
Ebm C#
like clockwork, we begin.