

The Clockyard

Abney Park

There was a young boy in a clock yard
Building himself from the pieces he found
Screwing on what's been left on the ground
Hoping to finish enough one day to leave

The years flew by and some gears fell off
Fears and rust and tears he doffed
And bravely searched, while parts he scoffed, but soon he found
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There was a young man in a clock yard
Building himself from the pieces he found
Screwing on what's been left on the ground
Hoping to finish enough one day to leave

The years flew by and some gears fell off
Fears and rust and tears he doffed
And bravely searched, while parts he scoffed, but soon he found
--

There was a grown man in a clock yard
Building himself from the pieces he found
Screwing on what's been left on the ground
Hoping to finish enough one day to lead

He thought to himself, "If I wait too long
To find the pieces I need, then my chance might be gone
What I need might be outside the gate
But I will never know, if I continue to wait."

And then he had a dream:

An old man cried in a clock yard,
Giving up on the scrap that he found on the ground,
"I can't build myself from this scrap all around!"

The man woke up and said, "I must leave.
I must leave.
I must leave.
I must leave."