

# Ticker Don't Tock

## Bitter Ruin

I don't think I can fly  
But I, but I believe in you  
I don't spend what I lack  
But I, but I believe that you're coming back

Don't fly much  
Don't try much, but I wait on you  
Hard earn it  
Don't burn it, I don't even ask

Oh ink your map  
Ink your map

I don't think I will break  
But I can feel a malfunction

I'm Sturdy  
Learned early, but these days I'm broke

Oh take my pound  
No need for flesh to hold a hollow mould  
When everybody says it should be beating like a drum well

My ticker ain't tocking (ooh ooh)  
I can't believe you're walking (ooh ooh)

It don't sing  
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba  
No beating no

Da dum, da dum, da dum  
It don't sing  
Da dum, da dum, da dum, no

I'm eating leaner cuts and meeting up with peers from the years gone by  
To try'n' find  
Love, Love, Love

Oh lace up your shoes  
Messenger of many miles to walk before my brain accepts the news

But I've discovered my ears  
And what they really like to do is hear a friendly voice  
No need for  
Drums that have a beating past  
And suddenly the pulse is lost and stillness comes at zero cost and

My ticker ain't tocking (ooh ooh)  
I can't believe you're walking (ooh ooh)

Oh, come-by boy, come-by boy  
You have been out 'thinking'  
For too long boy, too long boy  
You must be cold  
Oh, come-by boy, come-by boy  
You have been out 'thinking'  
For too long boy, too long boy

You must be cold  
Oh won't you come home?

My ticker ain't tocking (ooh ooh)  
I can't believe you're walking (ooh ooh)