## **Sleep The Clock Around**

## **Mates of State**

And the moment will come when composure returns Put a face on the world, turn your back to the wall And you walk twenty yards with your head in the air Down the Liberty Hill, where the fash ion brigade Look with curious eyes on your raggedy way And for once in your life you've got nothing to say And could this be the time when somebody will come To say, "Look at yourself, you're not much used to anyone"

Take a walk in the park, take a valium pill Read the letter you got from the memory girl But it takes more than this to make s ense of the day Yeah it takes more than milk to get rid of the taste And you trusted to this, and you trusted to that And when you saw it all come, it was waving the flag Of the United Stat es of Calamity, hey! After all that you've done, boy, I know yo u're going to pay

In the morning you come to the ladies' salon To get all fitted out for The Paperback Throne But the people are living far away from the place Where you wanted to help, your a bit of a waste And the puzzle will last till somebody will say "There's a lot to be done while your head is still young" If you put down you r pen, leave your worries behind Then the moment will come, and the memory will shine

Now the trouble is over, everybody got paid Everybody is happy, they are glad that they came Then you go to the place where yo u've finally found You can look at yourself sleep the clock aro und