

House of Clocks

Al Stewart

I once had a gilded clock
Constructed in a la Belle Epoque
The hour hand broke, now it won't turn back
So long, so long, so long

I once had a sundial too
But green and wild my garden grew
The undergrowth obscured the view
So long, so long, so long
Not a word could make her stay
The East wind blows the sun away
I lost her on St. Swithin's day
Oh why?

I grew up in a house of clocks
And late at night I'd sometimes walk
Listening to their rhythmic talk
So long, so long, so long

Clocks that sang in ringing chimes
To take the measure of the times
Clocks that spoke in wordless rhymes
So long, so long, so long

Not a word could make her stay
The wine is split and flows away
I lost her on St. Swithin's day
Oh why?