

Clock Goes Round

Kirsty MacColl

The clock goes round and round
And I get so tired of this old town
But I still hang around though I know that there's nothing to do
Seems every monday morning
I'm late for work, I get another warning
I don't think I'd stay around here if it wasn't for you

All the friends I had at school
Went their separate ways
Some I don't miss, some I do
But when I see them we've got nothing to say
Every weekday goes so slow
Weekends go too fast
Must make up my mind to go
Before another year goes past

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Same old faces every night
Every day it rains
Repetition drives me crazy
I just can't stand it all over again

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I'm saving my cash to get out of here
You can come too
You don't get me down like the others do

Seems to me I wake up bored
Seven days a week
I need a chance to speak my mind
Before I've got no mind to speak
Can't believe the friends I've seen
Think they're doing fine
It's not enough for me
And I know that I'm just wasting time

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