

The Weight Of A Rock

Marnie Stern

Some say the clock is the memory framed
Some know the memory by what it is named
He has closed his eyes
He has given up hope
He is bound to the sky
On a tethered rope
He is the weight of a rock
He is the weight of a rock
And he wonders why
The frame of the clock comes scratching by.

Some say the clock is the memory framed
Some know the memory by what it is named

I am the weight of the rock
I am the frame of the clock (repeat 3)
He is the weight of a rock
And he wonders why (repeat 1)