

## 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 fashion 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 sense 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 States of Calamity, hey!  
After all that you've done, boy, I know you'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 your 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 you've finally found  
You can look at yourself sleep the clock around