

Grandfather's Clock

Sam Cooke

tick tock, tick tock [x4]

now my grandfathers' clock
was too large for the shelf
so it stood 90 years on the floor
it was taller by half than the old man himself
though it weighed not a pennyweight more

now it was bought on the morn
of the day that he was born
and it was always his treasure and pride
but it stopped short never to go again
when the old man died

oh now my grandfather said
that of those he could hire
not a servant so faithful he found
for it wasted no time
and it had but one desire
atn the close of each week to be wound
and it kept in its place
not a frown on his face
and his hands never hung by its side
but you know that it stopped short
never to go again
when the old man died

now rang an alarm
in the dead of the night
an alarm that for years had been dumb
and we that his spirit
was 'plumming' for flight
that his hour for departure had come

still that clock kept the time
with a soft and muffled chime
as we solemnly stood by his side
but you know that it stopped short
never to go again
when the old man died

you know that it stopped short
never to go again
when the old boy died