

Don't Look Now

Show Of Hands

I hear the knocking of a clock
Look through the pages of my book
And realise I havent read one word there

Beneath the hills the sun has died
The day grows dark I rest inside
My room of ancient sleepless death
'Til I hear it

The cry that wakes me every night
That numbs my ears and stops my sight
Dries the tears behind my eyes
A child cries

You watched me fade as you grew old
My dreams are ash and the fires are cold
Buried under the passing years
With all my hopes and all my fears

For a man has grow but the boy is dead
Who taps the window and shakes the bed
And clings so tightly round my neck
Reminding
I hear the knocking of a clock