

## Failure

Sixpence None The Richer

The clock in the hall is louder now  
I don't know what to do about it  
As I hear it make its metronomic rounds  
There's nothing I can do about it  
With its constant tick, like the footsteps of someone approaching

I don't want to meet  
She's a messenger with the message my journey is over  
And I failed to make it

Time's not my friend anymore  
My dreams at night are stranger now  
And I don't know what to do about it  
In every scene you're taken away from me  
And there's nothing I can do about it

I am running from the footsteps of someone approaching  
I don't want to meet  
She's a messenger  
With the message my journey is over  
And I failed to make it  
Time's not my friend anymore