

John takes a seat so he can wind his watch
Not working anymore but it's so good to touch

It's the only solid evidence of what he's done and seen
It helps him to remember his past life was not a dream
It used to tell the time when he was young
But time means nothing now
He has a clear view of the sun

John stopped me on the street today
He didn't have that much to say
I said I had to get to work but he begged me to stay

There was a look in his eyes I'd never seen before
I couldn't walk away I knew I wouldn't see him anymore
He bummed a smoke looked off into space awhile
Then he looked into my eyes and unleashed a fleeting
Smile

Dennis it's so good to see you
You have no idea
Just how bad it's getting on the street
I try to hide away
But they find me every day
And I'm so tired of the heat

Yesterday I heard the news
They sent me a letter
Said it was suicide
But I know better