

## The Clock

## The Go-Betweens

Candles and tambourines shine in the dusk  
Monkeys and Spoonful float through the musk  
Why when you come here  
Does the rainbow turn black?  
Spitting and burning, the vision attacks  
But then the clock turns and its now  
and its you  
Ghosts from the river beg to get in  
Staining my windows with pictures of sin  
Sometimes the night time steals all your light  
Then in the morning the birds lift and fly  
But then the clock turns and its now  
and its you