Are you telling me it's over disintegrating lost and there's nothing I can do

Refere you drop another workel bomb can I arm muself

Before you drop another verbal bomb, can I arm myself With Cezanne's 16 shades of blue

As my heart is slowly ripping into pieces
Disconnecting from the circuits of my mind
"You'll get over it" you say "in time"
In time?
If the clocks are black absorbing everything but
A remembering how we made it that
Clocks are black

You say "get over it if 50 is the new black, hooray this could be you r lucky day"
But my cables they are surging almost over loading as you disengage

Could your heart be slowly ripping into pieces
Disconnecting from the circuits of your mind
"We'll get over it" you say "in time"
In time?
If the clocks are black absorbing everything but
A remembering how we made it that
Clocks are black

"That's it you're done.
You've screwed up your life"
Before you've begun
There are those who say
I am now too old to play

See over there at 33 she fears she'll lose her job Because they hear the ticking of her clock At only 15 I said 15, they say her future's bleak She should have started this at 3

As her heart is slowly ripping into pieces
Disconnecting from the circuits of her mind
"She'll get over it" you say "in time"
In time? stop Father Time
If the clocks are black absorbing everything but
A remembering how we made it that
How our clocks are black

Before you drop another verbal bomb Can I arm myself With Cezanne's 16 shades of blue