

# Wipe The Clock

Uncle Tupelo

Hunted down  
Someone said, no story, no gain  
Wipe the clock right now  
I despise what you crave

I remember you  
When you wore a different face  
Never heard a story of anyone  
Who drove the blacktop insane

Leaning on a stoplight  
Waiting for eventual change  
What's it matter right now  
It's not so easy to gauge

Every time  
That you ask for more  
It's the sound that makes the colors go blind

And everything comes in threes  
But your face shows two  
Lost in the watershed  
Way out of tune

Ain't it hard  
When the spirit doesn't catch you  
Gravity's the winner  
And it weighs you down  
It weighs you down