

## A Fisherman with a Clock

Wheatatus

I was walking down the dock, I met a fisherman with a clock  
I asked him do you have the time, to read me back some lines  
In a tiny little verse I wrote when I was sailing on a boat  
I had to write them on my shirt about a love that starts to hurt  
but feels like a miracle when it starts  
With stars and sparkling hearts, splashed all over the internet  
and everybody knows I bet  
That there's unicorns in France and fairies who love to dance  
They point at the devil in the weeds, I think he's after me  
But this is love (who do you love? Who? Who?)  
The fisherman pulled a knife, like he would fight me for his life  
He'd fought all the monsters in the sea so he wasn't scared of me  
I don't read out loud for free he said, so what's in it for me  
then Fred  
I told him he can have the rhyme and everything that's mine  
If he agreed to be the voice who would read out loud the choice  
That a girl I knew once made, and if he knew he's be afraid  
But I kept the truth under my hat and he agreed to read it back  
And that was how we struck the deal for him to put away his steel  
and read of love  
(Who do you love? Who? Who?)  
(Who do you love? Who? Who?)  
Here I am, lying down on the driveway with the kittens and the  
moon is out  
There's snow all on the ground  
We were inside they were restless coz I think they miss their mother  
so I took them out to play, I couldn't sleep in there anyway  
and they danced and snowy crystals lit by moonlight in the midnight  
floating all around, kicking snow up from the ground midnight  
darkness and the sparkle,  
it was there that I could see that you were gone for good, and  
I understood.  
That the moon light and the silence and the snowflakes and any  
magic wasn't good enough.  
I wasn't good enough for you to stay.  
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