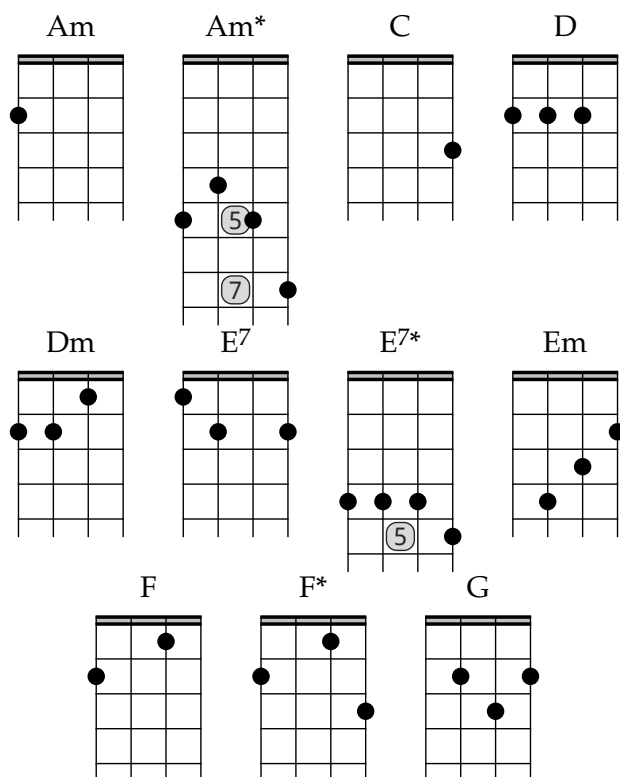


At the Races (That Clock) - Marian Call



Intro

Am x2

Verse 1

That clock, that clock she's a cruel mistress
 She'll kick you out of bed
 She'll roll you out the door before you're ready
 She'll get busy when you want some
 gettin friendly
 She's fast and slow, though she swears
 she's steady
 And the clock she's always right
 Oh the clock she's always right

Verse 2

That clock, that clock she's a cruel pacecar

A rabbit on a string
 Oh the chase stokes your adreneline
 And it's a thrill to race her for a spin
 But you can't beat her, just beat yourself again
 The clock'll wind you up, boy
 That clock'll run you down

Bridge

But I know that clock and I think she likes you
 I swear I saw her wink
 Yeah I know that clock, she's got a thing for you
 Maybe go by her a drink
 She likes planes and trains and hittin' the races
 Smidge'a engine grease upon her face
 She's sweet if you can match her pace, yeah
 I bet you could be friends
 Oh, I bet you could be friends

Outro

Oh, you want her in your side-car in any case
 'Cause that clock she always wins
 Oh that clock she always wins
 Oh the clock she always wins