

## **The Clock Family** (Syrano)

Let me tell you the story of the Clock Family, oh  
A model household which sometimes, you know  
Just questions about  
The time and their boring daily life without a doubt.

Mister Clock is too busy to see his children grow  
And lets his wife lose her youth in a kitchen.  
He just provides for their requirements  
And equally, rents a house in a suburb of quality.  
He is always behind on a file,  
Stays late at the office with a colleague on fire.  
He has already forgotten since a long time  
What means sincerity and doesn't feel guilty for his crime.  
Mister Clock runs away from hours which will catch up  
And whisper to him each night that the reaper is approaching.  
His hair become white and, on a shelf, an old cup  
Under the dust reminds him how he is aging.  
Poor Mister Clock.

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Mrs Clock is always smily, makes the best cakes ever  
And keeps her house clean in case of but nobody visits her.  
She's lonely, has educated two kids. Now she bores  
And spends her time scouring and hoping for bids.  
She stays busy to not think  
That she doesn't have sex anymore and has built nothing.  
Mrs makes the dinner and serves exactly the same portions,  
Goes to bed and knocks herself down with medications.  
Poor Mrs Clock.

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The Clock kids have a screen as a nanny  
When they cry their parents dry their tears with money.  
For them, sports and discussions are not attractive.  
At school, they take a treatment cause they are hyperactive.  
A family like another which lies in the gatherings  
With a fake facade. Then they come back criticizing  
How other feign happiness, how they just give  
Them fears and regrets over what they live.

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Let me tell you the story of the Clock Family, oh  
A model household which sometimes, you know  
Just questions about  
The time and their fucking daily life without a doubt.

Run little family away in the hurry.  
Run little family away in the hurry.