

## The Weary Little Clock

There once was a weary, little clock  
Who was tired of hearing  
That same - ol' tick-tock.

Tick-TOCK  
Beat the clock on the wall.  
Tick-TOCK  
Echoed the one down the hall.  
Tick-TOCK  
Ticked the one near the bed.  
Tick-TOCK  
Chimed the one overhead.

Tick-tock, tick-tock  
Around the clock  
Morning, night and noon  
Tick-tock, tick-tock  
Always the same old tune.

It got to the point  
He would cover his ears  
And there were times  
He just burst into tears.

This poor, weary clock  
Was losing his mind  
So he went out looking  
Determined to find  
Another click,  
Another sound.  
He looked up at the sky  
And put his ear to the ground.

He listened to the birds  
He listened to the bees  
And even to the rustle  
Of the leaves.  
But those sounds were not  
What he had in mind.

So he kept on listening  
Hoping to find  
Something pleasing  
To his ear -  
Something that he  
Would really like to hear.

On hearing THIS  
There arose a loud clatter  
Those other clocks  
Began to chatter.

Said one, "What's the matter  
With the way I tock?  
After all, I am a clock!  
We've been tick-tocking this way  
For a long, long time  
It's what we like  
IT SUITS US FINE!"

These clocks were so angry -  
So up in arms  
It's no wonder their loud ticking  
Set off their alarms.

Fortunately for him  
On that very same day  
He saw a boy with a stick  
Tapping away.

He listened closely  
And he could hear  
A tick that was pleasing  
To his ear.

He repeated the sound  
Tock-tick, Tock-tick  
Said he - I like that sound -  
That's the one I'll pick.  
It was then he gleefully shouted  
"No more tick-tocks!  
I'll leave that  
To all those other clocks."

Thereafter, he would go  
On his merry old way  
Tock-ticking - tock ticking  
Night and Day.

Tock - tick  
Tock - tick  
Tock - tick  
Tock - tick  
I like that sound -  
It's the one I'll pick.