

Lard, I Am Your Clock

I am your clock
I am your religion
I am your shotgun mechanical bride
nothing is done without my approval

I own you
I decide how long you sleep
And how much rest
You are ever allowed

I decide what you desire
I deny you time to think
I am the mirror of constant humiliation
That follows and shadows you
Wherever you go
And blocks out the light
At the end of every tunnel yo try
Be on time
Be on schedule
Always feel
Like you're always late
And need more scolding and punishment

Do not daydream
Do not dilly-dally
Do not fall behind
Wings are flapping right behind you
You know what's coming next
As I swoop down like a hungry owl
And sink my talons into your back
And drag you back to square one again
The pain gets a little worse every time
Crash
Crumple
Do not pass go
Do not collect
Your dignity and your self respect

Give up
It's over
Now time allowed
To try something you like

The bills were all due yesterday
You've failed
You're through
First we form our habits, then they form us

We dress up as someone else every day
Gingerbread houses
Fireplace surprises
What tastes the best
The witches won't let you have

These days, having a baby
Is like what having a BMW used to be
While they're asleep
Play those New Age cassettes
To transmit subliminal messages
I like Mom
I like school
I like to study
I like rules

I am the school teacher
Who yelled at you for not paying attention
And shame you in front of the entire class
And dragged you around the room by the hair
This is what happens to boys and girls
Whose penmanship is messy
Be neat, like the others
Follow orders
Obey what is put in front of you
Imagination is the ultimate sin
You can't be creative the rest of your life
Your counselor wants a word with you
If you liked school, you'll love work
Resign yourself to a job you'll hate
Get a hobby-but keep it in the garage

Shove yourself into a slot
Despise your ideas
Despise your ideas
Your boss knows best
We can't all do what we want to do
Always settle for what you're told to expect
Do not take chances
You might fail
You might fail
You don't want to find out the hard way
How our society treats
The misfits who make mistakes

Bad
Failure
Bad
Failure
Homeless
Depression
Mental hospitals
Murder

Born on the cutting room floor
Die in the bin by the door
Hypothermia of the spirit
Why do people chase
So many useless toys
In search of the perfect baby sitter

"For just \$19.95 and just thirteen minutes of your busy day,
You can have the full, rich experience of of parenthood
Without the mess of the real thing. It's called 'Video Baby.'
Creative Programming, Inc., offer all of the enjoyment-
And none of the commitment."

I am your calendar
There is no escape
I am why you're afraid
To respect yourself
I led you down garden path after path
With carrots on a stick
I'll let you taste but never embrace
Peek in the wrong door, I slam it on your fingers
Go back
Adventure is not allowed
Go back-not allowed!
I leave you exhausted, henpecked and afraid
Never quite enough money
Never enough nerve

To reach out for something better
Than the grind you call your life

The hatch of your hamster cage is open
But guess who waits just outside the door
Stay on your treadmill
Keep running on that wire wheel
Briefcase in hand
Money rains down just out of reach
You'll burn out soon enough
It's all part of the plan
When you're no longer useful
You can finally retire
To the glue factory of your choice
Free at last
To scratch your head
Wondering what happened
Free at last
I bid you goodbye
On your own
To wait to die