

## „Metronome“

Time on your hands  
You doodle the day  
Shuffle your feet  
And turn on the news  
To hear what they might say

They've made a machine  
A new fangled device  
They're lighting the fuse  
There's no need to worry  
Your world will be alright

Time for a smoke  
A pint and a joke  
You muddle on through  
Silently screaming  
"What can I do?"

Till time trips you out  
Larking about  
Blows you away  
High as a kite  
On a windy day