The Junk Man

I am glad God saw Death and gave

Death a job, taking care of all who are tired, tired of living:

...tired of living:

When all the wheels in a clock are worn, and slow, and the connections loose, and the
The Junk Man

clock goes on tick-ing and tell-ing the wrong time from hour to hour.

and peo-ple a-round the house joke a-bout what a bum clock it

is, how glad the clock is when the big Junk Man drives his wa-gon up to the

house and puts his arms a-round the clock and says:


"You don't belong here, you got to come along with me."

How glad the clock is then when it

feels the arms of the Junk Man close around it, (tired of living:)

and carry it away.

(circa 3'00")