

DIMMOCK - © Cyndi Cresswell Cook

It's such a long light
at Hancock and Dimmock
when you live on the edge
can't drive just stopped
as your heart's revving
Life is just a ticking clock
at Hancock and Dimmock
It's now the near night
that darkens the whole block
and I see all the numbers
descending in time
and my hands tremble so
and then the DJ and I
hear his late talk
and I count all the minutes
and hours of time
and my mind races

as I turn up the radio
It's such a long light
at Hancock and Dimmock
when you live on the edge
can't drive just stopped
as your heart's revving
Life is just a ticking clock
at Hancock and Dimmock
what our forefathers
carved on stone blocks
not to worry – they measured
oh, minutes and hours
but let time ring and oh
and all the bell towers
heard from Squaw Rocks
oh the resounding message
that chimes for the day
and tolls for Qu-in-cy as

I turn up the radio

It's such a long light

at Hancock and Dimmock

when you live on the edge

can't drive just stopped

as your heart's revving

Life is just a ticking clock

at Hancock and Dimmock

an arm reaches out of the car ahead of me

flicks a cigarette

I watch the sparks bounce upon the pavement

oh, the light's green...

It's such a long light at

at Hancock and Dimmock

when you live on the edge

can't drive just stopped

as your heart's revving

Life is just a ticking clock

at Hancock and Dimmock

I miss the long light at

Hancock and Dimmock

'cause I live on the edge

can't drive just stopped

as my heart's revving

Life is just a ticking clock

at Hancock and Dimmock