

Time Has Got Nothing To Do With It

Peter Murphy

Make me a mannered, a mannered thing
Carved of wood, a life force thing
Give it an arm, that points to the earth
And a hand, that points at me

No matter where I stand
No matter where I stand
And knows all
That we can't see

The clock cannot be turned
With remorseful yearns
Time has nothing to do with it

You would see, you would see
If you were three again
And did it all the same
Fate drives you insane
Fate drives you insane

And did you throw you in the road
Put your face to shame
Did you think your mouth could teach
Make you think you think

It's got a lot to do with
It's got a lot to do
Let's get nothing, nothing askew

Time has got nothing to do with it
Oh, time has got nothing to do with it
Time has got nothing to do with it
Oh, time has got nothing to do with it

Change is insane with eyes that blame
And morals that blank the lines
Of transmissions new
If only we knew

It's not all happening there
Where blanks are scarce
And blindness is forgot
Is forgot

The perfect plan is not the man
Who tells you you are wrong
Time has got nothing to do with it
Oh, time has got nothing to do with it

Disappear into the clear
And visions understood
Wrestle now and shout the vow
The illusion is the pain
The illusion is the pain

Time has got nothing to do with it
Oh, time has got nothing to do with it

Time has got nothing to do with it
Oh, time has got nothing to do with it
Time has got nothing to do with it, time