Days, Weeks and Moths

The Brian Jonestown Massacre

I haven't got the time to worry, ain't got the time to cry
Got to keep on fighting baby till they lay me down to die
My momma told me, oh, so long ago
Don't let nobody fuck you over, don't let nobody lay you low

I ain't got no time to worry, just got the time to cry
See I do have this child here, we have to feed I and I
I may break now to think it over, see what we'll see
About [?] what must be must be