

# Electric Soft Parade, Holes In The Wall

There's not enough time  
There's no room in this town  
To try and move  
You've dried me up for now

Don't kill what's left of  
You'll never know it's there  
I try to argue  
But now your skin is bare

And I could try to make you mine  
But I haven't got the time  
To waste it all on someone like you

Don't kill what's left of  
You'd never know it's there  
And I try to argue  
But now your skin is bare

And I could try to make you mine  
But I haven't got the time  
To waste it all on someone like you

Ooh

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But I haven't got the time  
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