

# Steve Kilbey, No Time At All

You fell through the ceiling  
Into the party below  
Somewhere south of the border  
Where they grow the blow

And all your good ideas  
Celebrated mistakes/Celebrating the stakes [0:45]  
Calculated, she wakes  
In the fall  
It's no time at all

Filming a documentary  
About drugs in the jungle  
You become a sloth  
When you steal a little sample

And all your brilliant plans  
Fixed your horoscope  
Transfixed, she gropes for the call  
In no place at all

At a ruined resort  
With your time-share cutie  
How you had a blast  
What a little beauty

And all your serious attempts  
All your limitations  
She makes your invitations seem small  
There's no you at all

Plundering some artifacts  
You cut yourself a deal  
On the steps of the temple  
Where sacrifices kneel

And all your marvelous hunches  
Fill their vapid hearts  
Rapidly she darts down the hall  
It's no life at all (yeah)