

Dr. Feelgood, No Time

(cale)

No time for making my moves, no time
No time for hitting the grooves, no time

Summer comes and summers gone
Winter sings it's very sad song
The saddest part of all it seems
How we lose most of our dreams

No time for making my moves, no time
I got no time for hitting the booze, no time

The clock it turns at a rapid pace
And takes us to another place
The train it goes from here to there
Just left me standin' here

No time for making my moves, no time
I got no time for hitting my grooves, no time

I had the blues this mornin'
I cried all day
I guess you lose the blues in the mornin'
If you cry the blues away

I got no time for hitting my grooves, no time
No time for making my moves, no time
No time and nothin' to lose
I got no time for hittin' the booze, no time

Lets go man, hmmm I got no time
I got no no no no n n n no no time, no time