

# J.J. Cale, No Time

(J.J. Cale)

No time for making my moves, no time  
No time for hitting my groove, no time  
Summer comes and summer gone  
When I sing the very same song  
Set apart of all the scene  
How we long for all our dreams  
No time for making no moves, no time  
No time for hitting no grooves, no time  
The clock it turns at a rapid pace  
Takes us to another place  
The train it goes from here to there  
Just left me standing here  
No time for making my moves, no time  
No time for hitting my grooves, no time  
I had the blues this morning I cried all day  
I guess you lose the blues in the morning If you cry 'em away  
No time for making my moves, oh no time  
No time for hitting my grooves, no, no time