

# Marianne Faithfull, A Waste Of Time

Another waste of time  
Another sort of step along the way  
A waste of time  
A waste but an interest in delay  
Was it all of a waste  
Or was it fun  
People fly far away

A waste of time  
Almost not too clear a lesson not to play  
Exercise perhaps in sensual decay  
Hard to love and to see how the land lay  
How to love, what to say

Gliding across thin ice  
With nothing left to say  
Gliding across thin ice  
With nothing left to say  
Gliding across thin ice  
With nothing, nothing left to say

A waste of time  
At least some company along the way  
Great visions  
Perhaps too fast too bright but anyway  
And I'll be what you be  
You wanna say  
You think you wanna say  
Gliding across thin ice  
With nothing left to say  
Gliding across thin ice  
With nothing left to say  
Gliding across thin ice  
With nothing, nothing left to say

How to love and to see how the land lay  
How to laugh, what to say  
Gliding across thin ice  
With nothing left to say  
Gliding across thin ice  
With nothing left to say  
Gliding across thin ice  
With nothing, nothing left to say