

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