

Peter Murphy, Time Has Got Nothing To Do With

Time Has Got Nothing to Do with it
Make me a mannered, a mannered thing
Carved of wood, a life force thing
Give it an arm, that points to the earth
And a hand, that points at me
No matter where I stand
No matter where I stand
And knows all that we can't see
The clock cannot be turned
With remorseful years
Time has nothing to do with it
You would see, you would see
If you were three again
And did it all the same
Fate drives you insane
Fate drives you insane
And did you throw you in the road
Put your face to shame
Did you think your mouth could teach
Make you think you think
It's got a lot to do with
It's got a lot to do
Let's get nothing, nothing askew
Time has got nothing to do with it
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Change is insane with eyes that blame
And morals that blank the lines
Of transmissions new
If only we knew
It's not all happening here
There blanks are scarce
And blindness is forgot
Is forgot
The perfect plan
Is not the man
Who tells you
You are wrong
Time has got nothing to do with it
Time has got nothing to do with it
Disappear into the clear
And visions understood
Wrestle now and shout the vow
The illusion is the pain
The illusion is the pain
Time has got nothing to do with it
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Time has got nothing to do with it
Time