

# 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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Time has got nothing to do with it  
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  
Time has got nothing to do with it  
Time has got nothing to do with it  
Time has got nothing to do with it  
Time has got nothing to do with it  
Time