

The Divine Comedy, Timestretched

There's not enough hours in the day
To say all that I want to say
There's not enough days in the week
And weeks go by quicker than drunks knock back liquor
There's not enough weeks in the month
To do all that needs to be done
There's not enough months in the year
And years disappear like the bubbles in my beer

Timestretched

There's not enough lines on the stave
To capture the music I crave
There's not enough strings to my bow
And even the barmen know extracts from Carmen
There's not enough notes in this scale
It feels like I'm chasing my tail
There's not enough beats in the bar
And bars get too busy with folks asking "is he?"