

Kill Your Idols

"Time Don't Heal A Thing"

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"Hello. How are ya babe" it's been a long, long time.
I've only brought some stamps, cigarettes and a bottle
of wine. I know I'm probably the last person that you
wanted to hear from, but so much time has passed, I
figured "what the hell". Time heals all wounds but the
razors mark across my wrist, and it's my blood that
flows so freely from this pen. For all the time we had
the good, the bad, the in between I'll probably never
know a better day, no I never will. And when it fell
apart, it broke my will, it broke my heart. Now I pass the
time with cheap talk, cheap wine and cheap thrills.
Time heals nothing but the scars across my hands and
knees, and I'm afraid that I am crawling back again.
Time heals nothing-it doesn't heal a thing. It don't heal
time, time don't heal a thing.... I'm not expecting you to
take me back or take me in. I know it's far too gone for
everything to mean anything anymore. Maybe, just
maybe I wanted to see what's become of you. Or
maybe I just wanted to say goodbye....

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