

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 thingâ!.
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 goodbyeâ!.

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