

Christy Moore

"No Time For Love"

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You call it the law, we call it apartheid, internment,
Conscription, partition and silence.
It's the law that they make to keep you and me where
They think we belong.
The hide behind steel and bullet-proof glass, machine
Guns and spies,
And tell us who suffer the tear gas and the torture
That we're in the wrong.

CHORUS

No time for love if they come in the morning,
No time to show tears or for fears in the morning,
No time for goodbye, no time to ask why,
And the sound of the siren's the cry of the morning.

They suffered the torture they rotted in cells, went
Crazy, wrote letters and died.
The limits of pain they endured - the loneliness got
Them instead.
And the courts gave them justice as justice is given by
Well-mannered thugs.
Sometimes they fought for the will to survive but more
Times they just wished they were dead.

CHORUS

They took away Sacco, Vanzetti, Connolly and Pearce in
Their time.
They came for Newton and Seal, Bobby Sands and
some of
His friends.
In Boston, Chicago, Saigon, Santiago, Warsaw and
Belfast,
And places that never make headlines, the list never
Ends.

CHORUS

The boys in blue are only a few of the everyday cops on

The beat,
The C.I.D., Branchmen, informers and spies do their
Jobs just as well;
Behind them the men who tap phones, take photos,
Program computers and files,
And the man who tells them when to come and take
you to
Your cell.

CHORUS

All of you people who give to your sisters and brothers
The will to fight on,
They say you can get used to a war, that doesn't mean
That the war isn't on.
The fish need the sea to survive, just like your people
Need you.
And the death squad can only get through to them if
First they can get through to you.

CHORUS

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