Murphy Peter "Time Has Got Nothing To Do With It"

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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 yearns

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

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

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