

Sheer Terror

"Time Don't Heal A Thing"

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Hello, how are ya babe. It's been a long, long time. I'd only just bought 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, and I figured "what the hell?" Time heals nothing but the razors mark across my wrist, and it's my blood that flows so freely from this pen. "For all the times we've had; the good, the bad, the inbetween. 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. And 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'm crawling back again. Time heals nothing - it doesn't heal a fucking thing. It don't heal time, it don't heal time. And 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. Maybe, just maybe I wanted to see what's become of you. Or maybe, just maybe, I just wanted to say goodbye

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