

Enemy, The

"No Time For Tears"

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The morning after, the revolution
P.C 1525 told me there was no real solution
Bruised ribs and a ripped up jacket
Money all in the road
Sat down with a big fat mac
Screaming 'what about my way home

We're gonna get out the city
We're gonna get out the way
We've got cash in the kitty
We're gonna get on a plane
Gotta get on
Gotta get on

There's no time for tears
When you live in the real world
There's no time for tears
When you live in the real world

Gettin' back to a empty flat
Hacked up and even more
Screwed up wrappers from a take away dinner
Scattered all over the floor
This isn't glamorous
It's not rock and roll
This is England on a Saturday night
This is a nation's soul

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