

# Time Has Got Nothing to Do with It

Peter Murphy

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 years  
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  
Oh, time has got nothing to do with it  
Time has got nothing to do with it  
Oh, 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 there  
Where 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  
Oh, 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  
Oh, time has got nothing to do with it  
Time has got nothing to do with it  
Oh, time has got nothing to do with it  
Time has got nothing to do with it, time

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