

# 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 meNo matter where I stand  
    No matter where I stand  
        And knows all  
    That we can't seeThe clock cannot be turned  
        With remorseful yearns  
Time has nothing to do with itYou would see, you would see  
    If you were three again  
    And did it all the same  
        Fate drives you insane  
Fate drives you insaneAnd did you throw you in the road  
    Put your face to shame  
    Did you think your mouth could teach  
Make you think you thinkIt's got a lot to do with  
    It's got a lot to do  
Let's get nothing, nothing askewTime 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 itChange is insane with eyes that blame  
    And morals that blank the lines  
        Of transmissions new  
If only we knewIt's not all happening there  
    Where blanks are scarce  
        And blindness is forgot  
Is forgotThe 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 itDisappear into the clear  
    And visions understood  
        Wrestle now and shout the vow  
        The illusion is the pain  
The illusion is the painTime 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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