

# I Have No Time

**Bert Jansch**

I have no time to spend with you  
You talk of nothing, what can you do  
You live like kings and you know it's true  
That if famine crossed the waters that'll be the end of you. I've heard of people who till the earth  
Who saw their seeds for all they're worth  
Who cry for rain all summer long  
And weep for the day when winter's passed and gone. If cherry trees bore fruit of gold  
The birds would die, their wings would fold  
They'd sing no more their song of love  
Nor await the morning sun that lights the sky above. If war returns like it did before  
A kiddy's penny would be no more  
They'd cry for love and their candy too  
But a kiddy's wants are nothing 'till killin' days are thru'.

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