

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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