

No Time

Hep Stars

You wake up at the break of day
And what do you see
People rushing all around
Unconsciously
They pour into the subways
In never ending queues
To get to their employment
No time to lose

No time
They've got no time to call their own
Can't stop to wonder if the day is sunny
'Cause time to them means money
No time
They've got no time to call their own
I wonder when they'll start believing
This life was meant for living

It's the same the whole world over now
Money is king
It forces honest people
To do strange things
Like slaving in a factory
Or sweating down a mine
There's not a thing I wouldn't do
To make a dime

No time
They've got no time to call their own
So wrapped up in their fight for hidden treasure
They don't have time for pleasure
No time
They've got no time to call their own
I wonder when they'll start believing
This life was meant for living

No time
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