

# No Time

## New Riders of the Purple Sage

Nelson-Hunter  
No time left to fuck around, my resume is due  
My name is written in the sand alongside the likes of you  
I got no time to hug the ground, discuss what might be true  
At least you smoke my favorite brand, most good people do.  
When the bullet left the gun  
Ain't no time left to duck  
Do not ask what must be done  
Get in and drive the truck.  
Can't be heard above the band, let's head outside and talk  
I'll take you by the hand to the place they call Hanging Rock  
It used to be the hanging tree till someone chopped it down  
They built themselves a rockery on consecrated ground.  
When the bullet left the gun  
Ain't no time left to duck  
Do not ask what must be done  
Get in and drive the truck.  
Adam and Eve they blacked my eye, climbed up the backyard fence  
One of them was born to die, the rest claimed self-defence.  
No time left to learn the ropes or mop no runny noses  
Share a feast of shattered hopes, no time to smell the roses  
Put your foot down on the gas and catch those funny cars  
Take a left-turn at my ass and head home to the stars.  
When the bullets left the gun  
Ain't no time left to duck  
Do not ask what must be done  
Just get up and drive the truck.  
No time left to fuck around, my resume is due  
My name is written in the sand alongside the likes of you  
I got no time to hug the ground, discuss what might be true  
At least you smoke my favorite brand, most good people do.  
When the bullet left the gun  
Ain't no time left to duck  
Do not ask what must be done  
Get in and drive the truck.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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