

## No Time

Dr. Feelgood

No time for making my moves, no time  
No time for hitting the grooves, no time

Summer comes and summers gone  
Winter sings it's very sad song  
The saddest part of all it seems  
How we lose most of our dreams

No time for making my moves, no time  
I got no time for hitting the booze, no time

The clock it turns at a rapid pace  
And takes us to another place  
The train it goes from here to there  
Just left me standin' here

No time for making my moves, no time  
I got no time for hitting my grooves, no time

I had the blues this mornin'  
I cried all day  
I guess you lose the blues in the mornin'  
If you cry the blues away

I got no time for hitting my grooves, no time  
No time for making my moves, no time  
No time and nothin' to lose  
I got no time for hittin' the booze, no time

Lets go man, hmmm I got no time  
I got no no no no n n n no no time, no time