

# No Time Flat

Kevin Devine

Your skin's in my mouth,  
but I'm thinkin' about  
thousands of things  
That don't got your name.

So, I'm distant and weird;  
we stop and you're all ears.  
But how can I say,

"I've just been thinking that it's harder every year  
to find excuses that'll keep me in the clear;  
the arbitrary lines I impress in the sand,  
the proof that piles in my trash can  
while the skin on my hands is looking older every day.  
The lies I've told have turned to leather on my face.  
The love I've lost has turned to needles in my heart.  
But I'm to blame for all the bad parts.  
They're the choices I've made, hey hey."

I swear when I turn my face away,  
and I watch the debates. So, I can't see see straight  
Take abortion away, and both sides are just the same,  
so I'm not sure why I vote,  
'cause I just don't know  
what difference it makes.

It seems to me we get the same shit from them both.  
Reform don't work; I think it's time we tried revolt,  
but I don't got the guts to jump up and go first,  
so I just shout until my throat hurts,  
and I curse and I curse  
And while we fucked up in Iraq.  
You say support the troops; I do.  
I want them all brought back,  
and every building that you bombed raised from the ground.  
And pull your contractors the fuck out.  
And if you really go and reinstate the draft,  
you'll straight away just split the country straight in half,  
so try arresting everyone who sends their draft cards back.  
I'll be returning mine in no time flat.

In a sense we're the same,  
struggling to save face.  
It's a question of scope:  
how far you're willing to go  
to make rights of your wrongs,  
despite the risk involved.  
It's a question of faith,

'Cause if we wait until we've all been burned to ash  
to tell the truth about the shit buried in our past,  
we'll split a taxi to that firepit way down south.  
So, let's rise up and open our mouths.

'Cause you remind me that it's harder every year  
to find excuses that'll keep me in the clear;  
the arbitrary lines I impress in the sand,

the proof that piles in my trash can.

And if you really go and reinstate the draft,  
you'll straight away just split the country straight in half,  
so try arresting everyone who sends their draft cards back.  
I'll be returning mine in no time flat.