

# No Time For Tears

The Enemy

The morning after, the revolution  
P.C 1525 told me there was no real solution  
Bruised lips and a ripped up jacket  
Money all in the road  
Sat down with a big fat mac  
Screaming 'what about my way home

We're gonna get out the city  
We're gonna get out the way  
We've got cash in the kitty  
We're gonna get our way  
Gotta get old  
Gotta get old

There's no time for tears  
When you live in the real world  
There's no time for tears  
When you live in the real world

Gettin' back to a empty flat  
Hacked up and even more  
Screwed up wrappers from a take away dinner  
Scattered all over the floor  
This isn't glamorous  
It's not rock and roll  
This is England on a Saturday night  
This is a nation's soul

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