

This Time

The Saints

I'm talking to you but you're in a trance
You're Talking to me but I ain't got a chance
'Cause you'd rather sit with your radio
You lie in the sun and you read magazines
You think that you know everything on the scene
But you're hagning 'round only fooling yourself

This time I let you go
Next time I let you know
It's high time that I told you so, this time

So we sit around and I stare at the wall
And you don't care if I go on and on
As long as I say what you want to hear, girl

So you read your books and I crawl 'round the floor
The radio's on but you want more
So we take a walk through/to the discoteque

This time I let you go
Next time I let you know
It's high time that I told you so
This time, this time
This time I let you go
Next time I let you know
It's high time that I told you so
This time, this time