

Hands Tied

The Suicide Machines

I've got my hands tied behind my back,
You know doing what I wanna do has become so hard.

As time goes by, I've less and less time to do what I wanna do,
And how time flies when you're having a good time,
having a good time.

You and I know that all the things we do will crumble into dust
,
In thin air they'll disappear, yeah time moves on and it waits
for no one.

I just can't find enough time for myself.

It's just our luck to get so lucky,
We never have to grow up,
But this time's mine
and I won't waste time saying things are fucked up.