

## No Time

Hep Stars

You wake up at the break of day  
And what do you see  
People rushing all around  
Unconsciously  
They pour into the subways  
In never ending queues  
To get to their employment  
No time to lose

No time  
They've got no time to call their own  
Can't stop to wonder if the day is sunny  
'Cause time to them means money  
No time  
They've got no time to call their own  
I wonder when they'll start believing  
This life was meant for living

It's the same the whole world over now  
Money is king  
It forces honest people  
To do strange things  
Like slaving in a factory  
Or sweating down a mine  
There's not a thing I wouldn't do  
To make a dime

No time  
They've got no time to call their own  
So wrapped up in their fight for hidden treasure  
They don't have time for pleasure  
No time  
They've got no time to call their own  
I wonder when they'll start believing  
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