

I Ain't Got Time

Steve Forbert

I ain't got time to hang around bars
Or for games of pinball with the boys
My days start at dawn and my wild years are gone
And my own kids are playing with toys

He's back at home in his parents' big house
He's not even supporting a car
Says he's got problems, it's true that he does
But they're not what he's thinking they are

Tax time is back an' he ain't saved a dime
Though his only expense has been beer
People he knows say, "Well, shame about Joe
But he will grow up one of these years"

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He's always uptight when there's deep feelings aired
Hell, it's just 'cause he's scared of his own
Hates to face up to the truth that's inside
Of that heart that he passes for stone

Can't ever make the commitments it takes
To keep anything lasting for long
Just like those jobs and the women he's known
But it's never been him that was wrong

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He's waiting right now for a rock 'n' roll band
To employ him and take him away
And send him a list of the places he'll be
And determine his next month of days

And if they don't call you can find him downtown
Or at home in his old childhood room
His number's the same, only wait if you call
For he sleeps ev'ry day until noon
For he sleeps ev'ry day until noon