

# Frente!, No Time

you know you never know yourself  
all the years you've lived  
you could be someone else  
and all the times you've been alone  
all the lies you told  
now haunt your perfect spacious home

and now there's no time  
and now there's no time  
it's not such a crime  
to say you don't love her

all those awkward silences over breakfast  
as you fumble with your toast  
you know the magic's gone for good  
little things get on your nerves  
that never worried you before

and now there's no time  
and now there's no time  
it's not such a crime  
to say you don't love her

and you swore  
it would never happen to you  
and you said  
you'd always be so true  
ba-da-ah-ah-ah-ah-ahh...

and now there's no time  
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it's not such a crime  
to say you don't love her