

Dish Carpens - Time

tom:
Intro: Cm A

The pressure's on before my eyes
The pressure's on before me

And ever since it started off
I haven't had much choice

Time for this and time for that
Have I any freedom?

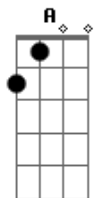
Here I am, hands tied up
Waiting for a chance

But every time I try to run the schedule's all around me
And every time I try to break free the clock starts ticking on me

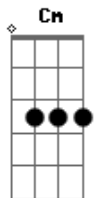
Time? always so selfish
Time? gotta be used to it
Gotta be used to it? Got to be used

(D Bm G E)

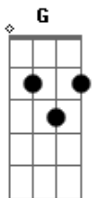
Acordes



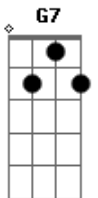
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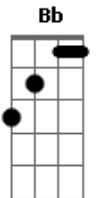
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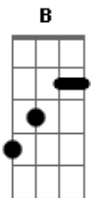
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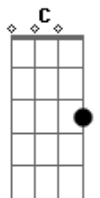
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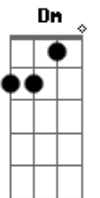
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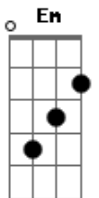
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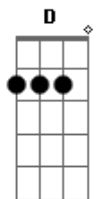
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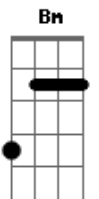
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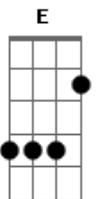
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Why on earth do I feel
The months are all against me?

The very first day of March
Soon becomes December

The words and deeds from yesterday
Seem lost in this strange vortex

I wonder if I can resist
If fighting is an option

As everybody tries to tell me what and when to do
When shall I have own control o'er things regarding my life?

Time? knows we are tired
Time? we'd better take care
We'd better let go? Better give in

(D Bm E D E A)

[Solo] Bb B C Dm Em
Bb B C Dm Em
D A D A D A G D
D A D A D