

Time, if he could travel time
He would have been on time
Instead of making rhyme
He didn't need a band
He was a mountain man
Oil, the national turmoil
They hide it in the soil
A singer and his spoil
Just singing thanks
I've got my own gas tanks
And there's no time for the man
Who has sung his bars
And there's no time
And there's no time for the man called Czar
Blues, extraordinary blue
Ten million porthole views
They're saying on the news
The Russians just said "No
You can't go"
And there's no time for the man
Who has sung his bars
And there's no time
And there's no time for the man called Czar