

Matthew Ebel "When Consequences Come"

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When I was young I used to cry
and looking back I don't know why
I bore it like the world upon my back.
I know that I was not alone
facing hearts of stone about to crack.

They came at me with taunts and jibes,
but thankfully the guns and knives
were always someone else's hell to bear.
I guess I'll never understand
why pain makes me a man
and I don't care.

I was always singing on the inside.

You can't wait forever-
It's only now or never
-later's just when consequences come.
You play what you've been booking,
you eat what you've been cooking.
You can't keep the devil on the run.
Later's just when consequences come.
Well I'll never be that boy again
but I thank God that I'm the man
that boy became, he's part of who I am.
I made it out alive
but so many don't survive to say the same.

So roll the dice,
take your chances, pay the price
'cause every rock you throw
is coming back at you.
My guns are made of lengthy songs
but others sing through homemade bombs.
I'm glad I picked the sweeter tune.

I was always singing on the inside.

It's never too soon to say I'm sorry.
It's never too late to say I'll be your friend.
It's never too late to tell someone not to worry.
'Cause you never know if never's going to be the end.

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