

**Brian James****"When You Gonna Figure It Out?"**

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Another judgement day.  
Another passion play.  
Another price to pay.  
All for pity's sake.

Don't want him callin' on your phone.  
Don't want him comin' to your home.  
Say you just want to be alone  
In a Greta Garbo way.

And you call yourself a purist  
Cuz you cry out loud  
Like you're crying now

But I say you're just a tourist  
In the land of love.  
Come on and give it up

When you gonna figure it out?

So you met him at a party and you took him on home  
And for the next six weeks you were never alone.  
Told you that he loved you, told you you were right  
Showed you he was hungry in the middle of the night

And you said you always wanted him to follow his  
dreams  
And "Don't go changing just to try to please me."  
But when those dreams led him out the door  
Decided you don't really want to love him no more

Well front on this. Front on this.  
You don't own the man with your body and bliss  
And what you call love, trust and affection  
Seems to be coming from the wrong direction

Sound likes grasping, sounds like pain  
Sounds like the opposite of communicate  
And if you keep going with a heart so closed  
May find yourself with your own hand to hold

And you call yourself a purist  
Cuz you cry out loud  
Like you're crying now

But I say you're just a tourist  
In the land of love.  
Come on and give it up

When you gonna figure it out?

So you say you got hurt went to find yourself another  
Looking for a girlfriend, looking for a lover  
Liked the way she smiled, liked the way she'd flirt  
Liked the way she looked in that little black skirt.

So you took her on home, thought the party'd never  
end  
But now there's too much time with her mother and  
friends  
Shopping on the tv, talking on the phone  
Leaving you to puzzle over dinner alone

Well front on this. Front on this.  
You don't own the girl with your gold and gifts  
And what you call love, trust and relations  
Seems to be coming from a time more ancient

Sound likes grasping, sounds like hate  
Sounds like the opposite of communicate  
And if you keep hunting with a heart so cold  
May find yourself with a life time alone

When you gonna figure it out?

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