

Constantines, The "Soon Enough"

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Years from now, they will make water,
from the reservoirs of our idiot tempers.

Soon enough, work and love will make a man out of
you.
Through and through.

Your gentleman father would pray for a daughter,
as he walked from room to room.
Saying "Women are winning the tournament of hearts,
somebody's got to lose..."

Soon enough, work and love will make a man out of
you.
Through and through.
Through and through.

Years from now, they will make water,
from the reservoirs of our idiot tempers.
Years from now, they will make water,
from the reservoirs of our idiot tempers.

Soon enough, work and love will make a man out of
you.
Soon enough, work and love will make a man out of
you.
Through and through.
Soon enough, work and love will make a man out of
you.
Through and through.

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