

The Classic Crime "When The Time Comes"

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When the time comes I put my feet in the water
It's not as warm as I expect
Will I go down like a preachers son?
Or will I come back up like a world war vet?

Will I watch my brothers die?
Speak true words into their lives?
Will I hold them close and tell them why
The life they led was sacrifice?

I don't know much
But I know about love
And how it hurts me to give up
It hurts me to give up

When the time comes I put my hands on the table
They are examined for what they are
A long life line that's been cut short
By the road, the time, the battle scars

What I would give to be back home
Where the sunsets over the water
Someone save me from these preachers sons
Save me from their daughters

Still I don't know much but
But I know about love
And how it hurts me to give up
It hurts me to give up

Why do we always say we're fine
When it's obvious we lie
Why don't we ever tell the truth
What do we got to lose?

And I don't know much
But I know about love
And how it hurts me to give up
It hurts me to give up

And I don't know much
But I know about love

And how it hurts me to give up
It hurts me to give up

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