Constantines, Soon Enough

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.

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