

The Beautiful South, His Time Ran Out

I was about to write a song about the fear and the doubt
But my pen ran out
It captured the emotions of a lover and a lout
But my pen ran out
So the picture wasn't painted and the story wasn't told
No one knows the author 'cause the record never sold
And I know they never will until he's bitter and he's old
His time ran out

I was gonna share my blues with a nation full of blues
But my pen ran out
I was gonna spread the news of the way I always lose
But my pen ran out
So I'll keep an envelope with all the words I should have said
Hide it in a tiny box underneath my bed
And written on the outside will be 'open when he's dead'
And written on the outside will be 'open when he's dead'

His time ran out, his time ran out
His time ran out, his time ran out