

# The Classic Crime, When The Time Comes

When the time comes put my feet in the water  
it's not as warm as I expect  
will I go down like a preachers son?  
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 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