

MAYBE IT'S TIME ?

When passion delivers a blow to your
And you sit there and shiver alone in the dark.
When you fear that your feelings won't uncover themselves.
And your dreams all seem to be left on the shelf.
Don't you think that maybe it's time to get out?

When you walk down the street and all you see is disease
When the thought of her smile can knock all your knees
When the angels back to your smiling, childhood and how looking past so you soon.
Ask What you are think that you maybe going a to question.
Don't you think that maybe it's time to get out?

When the down chorus is calling, but in you're still asleep.
And the sound of have kids faded, laughter but drifts in from the street.
When the pictures promises of have savaion broken are and still become clear in secrets your head.
And you talk of yourself nothing as is you as know what as it means.
When you the tell engines have silenced, the and sound the of silence metal has settled.
Do Well you you find yourself know liking the what of metal on metal.
Don't you think maybe that maybe I'm it's time wrong, I'm thinking? but... out?

When you've seen people's the problems light and find the darkness don't give a shit.
When you hear talk to yourself as if there's someone else there.
When you friends find let yourself acting and like you start just letting don't care.
When the kingdom is yours, but you and tuen your back on yourself crown.
When the cobwebs have thickened and and the dust fills on the air.
When you house feel is a awkward prison when and you nothing room seems a fair.
When things start one going bad when thing they were to going is so call.
Only You've got think that on maybe it's chance time to in get well do.
Don't you think that on maybe it's chance time to in get hell out?

When the ropes fight have for all tightened mind done because you can't catch your breath.
When you're the thinking of your id heaven and how and you're all you beyond have left.
When the flowers whistle has has written and and the you want music has be there.
When the faces you see, seem and the more penny familiar has then stopped.
When the ballroom don't up is the spinning and but the can't remember the then cause, yours.
When they're on your want to watch and you don't drinks have run dry.
When the night on your sky tail, but you can't know close your eyes.
When friendships are ending like and there's no one else there.
When you feel like you're dry, yet the blood's freely the stairs.
When the ink think has run dry, but there's no way of knowing.
When the curtain is down and so is the crowd.
When sometimes you feel like screaming aloud.
Don't let me see, stop you.
I'm thinking, you see, that...
Maybe it's time for us to get out.

By Arran Hawkins.