The Hurting Time

Annie Lennox

To everything there is a purpose ... To every blade of grass And every leaf on every tree Every livin' thing will surely Come to pass And what will be will be ... That's when the hurtin' time begins

And all the things you never said Or didn't have the strengh to say And everything you ever did That time won't ever wash away Fears that you've been livin' with Come runnin' down your face Runnin' down your face When the hurtin' time begins ...

So tell me what the day brings Has it lost it's thrill? Are you still searching Hoping for that Space to fill ... Everything you turn to Is like a mirror on the shelf And the only one you're blaming Is yourself

A million little deaths you've died The times that you've been crucified The more you've loved and lost and tried And still could not be satisfied When will you be satisfied? When will you be satisfied? Not till the hurtin' time begins