

# 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 strength 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

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