

Soon Enough

City and Colour

Years from now,
They will make water from the reservoirs of our idiot tempers.
Soon enough, work and love
will make a man out of you.
Through and through.
Your gentleman father would pray for a daughter,
as he walked from room to room
saying "Women are winning the tournament of hearts.
Somebody's got to lose...
" Soon enough, work and love
will make a man out of you.
Through and through.
Soon enough.