

Jacob's a fine boy
But his parents don't get along
They hardly talk, when they do
Thinks he's done something wrong
He heard all the screaming
As he lay down to bed
He should have been sleeping
But he listened instead
They say, "He's fine, it's not his fault
Between the lines he somehow got caught
And in our game it's more like war
I just don't think I love you anymore"
He picked up the phone
His tears touched the receiver
His grandmother answered
Down in Tempe
He told her the story
That his daddy was leaving
She tried to convince him
It was nothing he'd done
She said, "You're fine, it's not your fault
Between the lines, you somehow got caught"
And in their game it sounds more like war
I just don't think she loves him anymore
Jacob's a father
And his kids are in teens
He's done what he could
To make meager ends meet
When it comes down to family
It's the primary goal
To keep the thing working
No matter the toll
His sons heard them screaming
About something he said
He opened the door
And invited them in
He said, "Now sons, it's not your fault
Between the lines you somehow got caught
So when you're hurt, you lean on the crutch
But I still love your mother very much"
He said, "Now sons, it's not your fault
Between the lines you somehow got caught
So when you're hurt, you lean on the crutch
But I still love your mother very much"
When you're hurt
Lean to me