

It's four o'clock, the rain has stopped,  
he's in too deep here and out of luck  
Nowhere he can go

And his old friends, they left the spot  
because of the little time he's got  
I'd bet they ever warned him though

If you can't give her her space  
we're afraid it's too late  
You got to let her go now  
or we can't help you, brother

All he thinks, "the love is gone  
the broken-hearted they must be strong"  
You still got us

Well there's this yearning in the stomach  
pain and doubt 'bout why she done it  
and pride that tells him to shut up

If you're willing to fight  
then you'll make it alright  
you just got to let her go now  
or we can't help you, brother