

Annie Lennox, The Hurting Time

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