

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