**Time to Burn**  
*By Nancy McCallion and Kevin Schramm*  
  
The “for sale” sign is in the yard, the babies all are grown  
I been working way too hard and now I’m all alone  
I bought this mortgage long ago, I never took my turn  
But that car is warming up outside  
And now would be the time to burn  
  
When I was just eighteen years old I thought I met my man  
I did the way my mama did and never took a stand  
But now my mama’s in her grave never to return  
My man has found a sweet young thing  
And now would be the time to burn  
  
There’s dirty dishes in the sink and clothes across my bed  
I’ll write my name in all this dust and leave this life for dead  
Tonight I’ll make some memories to feed this ache and yearn  
So step right up and break my heart  
‘Cause now would be the time to burn  
  
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From It's Only a Story, The Mollys*