

Christopher Cross, Poor Shirley

Poor Shirley
She must hide her tears
For nobody wants to see them
Surely it will break her heart
Time passes as she waits for a friend
We'll take all the doubtful ones in the fight
And make them hold off till the spring
Take hold of their hallowed souls
And save them from pain, yea yea
All of the pain
Save ourselves from all of the pain
Dearly held are the friends
Left in the years and lost in the war
Dearly held are the loves
Save for the ones you lose on your own
We'll take all the doubtful ones in the fight
And make them hold off till the spring
Take hold of their hallowed souls
And save them from pain, yea yea
All of the pain
Save ourselves from all of the pain
Yes, we will save
Stars We'll light up the lonely nights, harbor lights
Making us believe in the love
So struck by the hope of the harmony
Leaving the sorrow gently

Poor Shirley
She must hide her tears
For nobody wants to see them
Surely she will win a heart
Time passes as she waits for the wind
We'll take all the doubtful ones in the fight
And make them hold off till the spring
Take hold of their hallowed souls
And save them from pain, yea yea
All of the pain
Save ourselves from all of the pain
Yes we will save ourselves from all of the pain
Yes we will save ourselves from all of the pain
Save ourselves from all of the pain
Yes we will save
Save ourselves from all of the pain
Yes we will save ourselves
From the pain and the sorrows
Yes we will save ourselves
From the pain and of the sorrows
Save ourselves
Save ourselves
Save ourselves from all of the pain
Save ourselves from all of the pain
Save ourselves from all of the pain