

# 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