Cream, World Of Pain

Outside my window is a tree.
Outside my window is a tree.
There only for me.
And it stands in the grey of the city,
No time for pity for the tree or me.

There is a world of pain
In the falling rain
Around me.

Is there a reason for today?
Is there a reason for today?
Do you remember?
I can hear all the cries of the city,
No time for pity for a growing tree.

There is a world of pain
In the falling rain
Around me.

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And it stands in the grey of the city,
No time for pity for the tree or me.

There is a world of pain
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