

# Fish, Script For A Jesters Tear

So here I am once more in the playground of the broken hearts  
One more experience, one more entry in a diary, self-penned.  
Yet another emotional suicide, overdosed on sentiment and pride  
Too late to say I love you, Too late to restage the play  
Abandoning the relics in my playground of yesterday  
I'm losing on the swings, I'm losing on the roundabouts  
Too much, too soon, too far to go  
Too late to play, the game is over  
Yet another emotional suicide overdosed on sentiment and pride  
I'm losing on the swings, I'm losing on the roundabouts  
The game is over  
Too late to say I love you, Too late to restage the play  
The game is over  
I act the role in classic style  
Of a martyr carved with a twisted smile  
To bleed the lyric for this song  
To write the rites to right my wrongs  
An epitaph to a broken dream  
To exorcise this silent scream  
A scream that's borne from sorrow  
I never did write that love song  
The words just never seemed to flow  
Now sad in reflection  
Did I gaze through perfection  
And examine the shadows on the other side of morning  
And examine the shadows on the other side of mourning  
Promised wedding now a wake  
The fool escaped from paradise will look over his shoulder and cry  
Sit and chew on daffodils and struggle to answer why?  
As you grow up and leave the playground  
Where you kissed your prince and found your frog  
Remember the Jester that showed you tears,  
The script for tears  
So I'll hold my peace forever when you wear your bridal gown  
In the silence of my shame, the mute that sang the siren's song  
Has gone solo in the game, I've gone solo in the game  
But the game is over  
Can you still say you love me