

Nightwish, I Want My Tears Back

I want my tears back

The treetops, the chimneys, the snowbed stories, winter grey
Wildflowers, those meadows of heaven, wind in the wheat

A railroad across waters, the scent of grandfatherly love
Blue bayous, Decembers, moon through a dragonfly's wings

Where is the wonder where's the awe
Where's dear Alice knocking on the door
Where's the trapdoor that takes me there
Where's the real is shattered by a Mad Marsh Hare

Where is the wonder where's the awe
Where are the sleepless nights I used to live for
Before the years take me
I wish to see
The lost in me

I want my tears back
I want my tears back now

A ballet on a grove, still growing young all alone
A rag doll, a best friend, the voice of Mary Costa

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