

The Coral, Sorrow Or The Song

In the beggar's house of wasted thoughts I saw you
You took my hand, led me to another land
Down past the old picture house we wandered
With no time to be proud, I have to decide now
If I should follow the sorrow or the song
Where do I belong?
The sorrow or the song?
The sorrow or the song?

How the thought of you clings to me like
How the thought of you clings to me like

A haunting school yard memory waiting
I'll have to wait turn, sit and watch them burn
The prison wall, the music hall, the tower clock
Is watching over town, I'll have to decide now

If I should follow the sorrow or the song
Where do I belong?
The sorrow or the song?
The sorrow or the song?