

Tim Finn, Tears Inside

You, sleeping on your bed of nails,
Weeping an ocean beyond the pale,
Strange, sorrow is your greatest skill,
You're suffering from overkill.

(chorus)

On your way you cannot hide,
From the howling wind and the roaring tide,
You might get hurt but your fear will subside,
When you at last escape from the tears inside.

Choose whether to laugh or to cry,
Menace and promise mingle in your eye,
Wait, it's only a matter of time,
You know everything will be fine.

(chorus)

Rain falls down and the seas run high,
When you're by my side we can rise above it,
Let me dry all the tears inside.

(chorus)