

# Attica Blues, Tender

From paper to pen, from pen to paper  
Breathe these whispered words  
From what was once, to what now has to be  
Breathe these whispered words  
And when the blue ink dries, and when we both have cried

Only tender teardrops will remain...

When night-time falls and the air draws cold  
Candles flicker, flames, I close my eyes dreaming you are here

Waiting for your shadow, to appear  
And what seems strange once our words fade away, is that

Only tender teardrops will remain  
Only tender teardrops will remain

I felt the wind behind me, I turned but you weren't there  
I felt the wind behind me, I turned but you weren't there, now

Only tender teardrops will remain...