

# Black, Everythings Coming Up Roses

All the way from America  
holding out your hand.  
You pinned your colours to the mast,  
pinned them high up in the sky.  
Look what you do to me,  
my hands keep thumping waltz in triple time.  
She wrote,  
all the way from America  
arriving just as planned,  
passing through the blocks and alleyways,  
the avenues, I'm crying.  
Look what you do to me,  
look what your tender hands have done this time.  
And I say,  
don't take the silence too hard,  
don't take the silence too hard,  
your absence lasts through every passing year.  
Don't take the silence too hard.  
All the way from America  
straining with my eyes  
to see the hours stretched out before me  
as I cross the ocean line.  
Look what you do for me,  
my hands are ruby warm and I feel fine.  
And I sail  
to the home of erotica  
pictured on the stand,  
kneel down and pray you take no burdens  
out of the promised land,  
into the mystery.  
Your eyes are full of tales of idle hands.  
She says,  
don't take the silence too hard,  
don't take the silence too hard,  
your absence lasts through every passing year,  
don't take the silence too hard.  
(solo)  
All the way from America  
holding out your hand.  
You pinned your colours to the mast,  
pinned them high up in the sky.  
Look what you do to me,  
my hands keep thumping waltz in triple time.  
Don't take the silence too hard,  
don't take the silence too hard,  
don't take the silence too hard,  
don't take the silence too hard,  
Don't take,  
don't take,  
don't take,  
don't take,  
don't take the silence too hard.  
---&gt;&gt; Enrique Morano &lt;&lt;---