

Brian Rice, Crying Shame

It's a crying shame
The way we fall apart
Love's no fitting game
For he who's meek of heart
We fan the dying flame
With tender loving words
Too gentle
Too gentle to be heard
The silence it will beat you to the ground
Will eat you up inside...no living sound
Could ever cause you pain as bad as this.
I am lying low
To see if I can find
A way of letting go
Of you but keep my mind
I am trying so
To deal with the absurd
But can't find. can't find the words
The silence it will beat you to the ground
Will eat you up inside...no living sound
Could ever cause you pain as bad as this.
No roll of drums
But silence comes
To take your place
And fill the empty space
You left to me
The silence it will beat you to the ground
Will eat you up inside... no living sound
Could ever cause you pain as bad as this