

Carole King, Tears Falling Down On Me

Vera comes home on Sunday morning after hanging with the boys all night
Laughing and drinking with them, thinking she's one of them
And that makes everything alright
She vaguely remembers going out in the parking lot
With the stone mason's son
Who had his way with her, then walked away when he was done
Sometimes she thinks about leaving - she tells herself, someday
You know, her daddy said she'd never amount to much
Of anything anyway

Oh, tears falling down on me
Oh, tears falling down on me
No, that ain't the way it's supposed to be
Oh, tears falling down on me
Oh, tears falling down on me

I've cried so many tears over man's unkindness to man
People say that's the way it is, but we gotta do what we can
Why does it have to be that way, I just don't understand
Rain falling from my eyes, rain falling from the sky
And I don't know why

A pack of jokers get their jollies beating up on a black king
There's outrage in the city for a while
But do you think it'll really change anything
Get rid of the gates, free the people
And let the games commence
We gotta take our power back
And use it in ways that make sense

Oh, tears falling down on me
Oh, tears falling down on me
If I could, I would change the course of history
Oh, tears falling down on me
Oh, tears falling down on me

Oh, tears falling down on me
Oh, rain washing over me
Oh, tears falling down on me
Oh, pain washing over me

Rain, wash it away, rain, wash it away
Wash the pain away, rain, wash it away

Oh, tears falling down on me
Oh, tears falling down on me