Faron Dawe, Crying Shame

Today was so slow Not going too fast We had some trouble That didn't pass.

Yelling and screaming Kicking up sand I felt your pain from Back of your hand.

Where is my angel, crying shame? When is tomorrow full of blame? Where is my saviour, crying shame? And why does each answer sound the same?

Scene from the window City and sky I know that you're out there Somewhere tonight.

Send me a phone call Or bring me a sign To tell me that I'm still Fresh on your mind.

Where is my angel, crying shame? When is tomorrow full of blame? Where is my saviour, crying shame? And why does each answer sound the same?

Its been five hours
Since you walked away
Will I get to see you
After today?

The truth is I'm sorry For sinning again Lies catch up sooner In the end.

Where is my angel, crying shame? When is tomorrow full of blame? Where is my saviour, crying shame? And why does each answer sound the same?