

Hawksley Workman, Big Wet Tears

They're gonna be big wet tears
When they finally come

And they're
They're gonna be loud as bombs
When they hit the ground

Start rolling down your shirtsleeves babe,
There's gonna be a tidal wave
The flood is breaking through the gate
And we both live where no one's safe

And underneath our feathers fine
I could be yours, you could be mine
If only through these troubled times
We'll help each other toe the line

And they're
They're gonna be big wet tears
I've held them so long

And they're
They're gonna be big wet tears
I hope you can come

Oooooooooo...

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