

# John Waite, Price Of My Tears

In the real world  
All that gold  
All that silver prove  
Is that the powerful own the truth  
With their heckle and jeckyll smiles  
Down to nickels and dimes  
The lawyers will sue  
What those bastards won't do  
But sometimes with you  
I can leave this place  
And fall into your sky  
And sometimes with you  
I can lose myself  
Without an alibi  
Salvation and clues  
I get from you  
And I shoot out the lights  
In a room with a view  
Bought and paid for  
With the price of my tears  
Na na na na na na yeah  
On the tv  
There's a sitcom about success  
About winning and nothing less  
Little caesars with suits and ties  
With their dollar sign eyes  
Canned laughter and lies  
They're everything I despise  
But sometimes with you  
I can fall into your sky

And I can fade  
And sometimes with you  
I can leave myself  
And join in your parade  
Salvation and clues  
Are the things I want  
The things I get from you  
Sometimes I withdraw  
With the echo of you  
Inside of myself  
To a room with a view  
Its bought and paid for  
With the price of my tears  
So I lay down my heart  
When I lay down with you  
In a world of possessions  
You're my only clue  
Why I stay here  
When the price is my tears  
Na na na na na na yeah  
The price of my tears  
Yeah  
Everything comes clear  
The price of my tears  
Year after year  
Yeah  
The price of my tears  
Na na na na na na  
The price of my tears