

# Kristy Thirsk, When Doves Cry

(Nelson)

dig if you will the picture, of you and i engaged in a kiss  
the sweat of your body covers me, can you, my darling, can you picture this?  
dream if you can a courtyard, an ocean of violets in bloom  
animals strike the most curious poses, they feel the heat, feel the heat between me and you  
how can you just leave me standing, alone in a world that's so cold?  
maybe i'm just to demanding, maybe i'm just like my father, too bold  
maybe you're just like my mother, she's never satisfied  
why do we scream at each other? this is what it sounds like when doves cry  
touch if you will my stomach, feel how it trembles inside  
you've got them butterflies all tied up, don't make me chase you, even doves have pride  
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this is what it sounds like when doves cry  
don't cry  
this is what it sounds like when doves cry