

Neal Morse, All The Young Girls Cry

She was seventeen years, three months and seven days when she met THE ONE
The novel that was her life had just begun
But after six weeks it was already A. D. meanin' after death
And chapter two was all just remorse and regrets

CHORUS:

Now it's so much for believing
So much for the lie
But that's alright - all the young girls cry
Kiss him for the last time
Kiss your heart goodbye
But that's alright - all the young girls cry

She always thought if she could color her world she'd color it in blue
She always felt she felt too much - that much is true
But inside she was clean and pure; insecure as the driven snow
But that's before he made his tracks and let her go

CHORUS

And she won't be the same
At least not for the rest of today.....

CHORUS (to end)