

Paul Carrack, Don't Shed A Tear

I stand on my ground when we fight, no matter where we are
I am the sad clown with teared eyes, so happy on your own
We get some strange looks when we shout, clowning at the bar
It seems that I've hoped, now I found a match from my own heart
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Just give me one good reason baby, one good reason now
One good reason, I should, I should hang around
One good reason
I often wonder how we look in other people's eyes
Wild lovers, explosive, and right above these eyes
She stands on her own ground when we kiss, poisoning my mind
I bet I found my match, to strike it up tonight
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