

# 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  
&gt;

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  
&gt;