

# Quindon Tarver, When Doves Cry

How can you leave me standing  
alone in a world that is so cold?  
Maybe I'm just too demanding.  
Maybe I'm just like my father: too bold.  
Maybe I'm just like my mother.  
She's never satisfied.  
Why do we scream at each other?  
This is what it sounds like when doves cry.  
Yes, they cry, oh they cry.

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alone in a world that's so cold?  
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This is what it sounds like  
When doves cry.

This is what it sounds like  
This is what it sounds like  
This is what it sounds like  
Oh ah, oh ah

Dream, if you can, a courtyard, an ocean of violets in bloom.  
Animals strike curious poses.  
They feel the heat, the heat between me and you.  
Maybe I'm just like my mother.  
She's never satisfied.

She's never satisfied.  
Why do we scream at each other?  
This is what it sounds like when doves cry.

Doves cry

You know that they cry  
You know that they cry  
You know that they cry  
You know that they cry  
You know that they cry  
How could you leave me standing  
( You know that they cry )  
alone in a world that's so cold?  
( You know that they cry )  
Maybe I'm just too demanding.  
( You know that they cry )  
Maybe I'm just like my father: too bold.  
( You know that they cry )  
Maybe I'm just like my mother.  
( You know that they cry )  
She's never satisfied.  
( You know that they cry )  
Why do we scream at each other?  
( You know that they cry )  
This is what it sounds like  
When doves cry.