

Stacey Earle, Tears That She Cries

Oh Gearle well here you go again
Today what world are you living in
Why does your world just tickle you pink
Or is it as blue as an ocean where all your little boats sink

While little Ms. Denial is sittin' in high cotton
All goes well as long as forgotten
Go wipe off your walls, then pick up your tin pans
Run to the sink, now wash off your hands

And up on your high horse
Well, is your ride just too short
The same little Gearle wouldn't jump off the front porch
So afraid we might see eye to eye
And I'll see that gleam were just tears that she cries

All the tears that she cries
That rain on parades
And trickle on down
Someone open the gate
'Til the streets all run dry
And the whole town is saved
While under the ground
Through the ocean with rage
Why who's making waves
I said not I
It was the gearle with the gleam in her eyes

While sleeping beauty gets her sleep tonight
She wakes up in the morning and everything is snow white
But only one thing in her garden will still grow
My, what could it be, sure smells like a rose

But she will soon snatch it there straight from its stem
And a thorn will then prick her just like a pin
And as the water then fills up her eyes
She is making up all those tears that she cries

All the tears that she cries
That rain on parades
And trickle on down
Someone open the gate
'Til the streets all run dry
And the whole town is saved
Why under the ground
To the ocean it raged
Why who's making waves
I said not I
It's the gearle with the gleam in her eyes
Who's making waves
I said not I
It's the gearle with the gleam in her eyes