

# 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