

The Beautiful South, Tears

Tears have rolled down many good cheek
So when it comes down to your turn
Don't be afraid of admitting you're weak
Cause these are tears that you earn

Strangers, new neighbours, they'll both understand
Who hasn't been there? Hold up your hand
Strangers, neighbours, none of them planned
Tears are the wage of this land

When raindrop first fell to the ground
It seemed like the brightest idea
Even though teardrops were already around
No one yet linked them with tear

Raindrop you notice when stood under trees
Pin-drop you can hear if down on your knees
But if teardrop anyone sees
It's time, gentlemen please

Scars you know take longer to heal
Whilst tears you'll not see again
So which do we try so hard to conceal
The ones that make fools of us men
Bricklayer, teacher, firefighter or vet
One thing in common, the hankies they've wet
But hidden away in the bedroom I bet
Tears in public, not yet
Drums have rolled for hundreds of years
Since we've blown one another to bits
Generals and soldiers still holding their ears
Cause drumbeat and teardrop don't mix

When teardrops fall everyone in the band
Makes out their music's slipped from the stand
Leaving the singer, his head in his hands
Public emotion, be damned