

# Tears Falling Down on Me

Carole King

Vera comes home on Sunday morning after hanging with the boys all night  
Laughing and drinking with them, thinking she's one of them  
And that makes everything alright  
She vaguely remembers going out in the parking lot  
With the stone mason's son  
Who had his way with her, then walked away when he was done  
Sometimes she thinks about leaving - she tells herself, someday  
You know, her daddy said she'd never amount to much  
Of anything anyway

Oh, tears falling down on me  
Oh, tears falling down on me  
No, that ain't the way it's supposed to be  
Oh, tears falling down on me  
Oh, tears falling down on me

I've cried so many tears over man's unkindness to man  
People say that's the way it is, but we gotta do what we can  
Why does it have to be that way, I just don't understand  
Rain falling from my eyes, rain falling from the sky  
And I don't know why

A pack of jokers get their jollies beating up on a black king  
There's outrage in the city for a while  
But do you think it'll really change anything  
Get rid of the gates, free the people  
And let the games commence  
We gotta take our power back  
And use it in ways that make sense

Oh, tears falling down on me  
Oh, tears falling down on me  
If I could, I would change the course of history  
Oh, tears falling down on me  
Oh, tears falling down on me

Oh, tears falling down on me  
Oh, rain washing over me  
Oh, tears falling down on me  
Oh, pain washing over me

Rain, wash it away, rain, wash it away  
Wash the pain away, rain, wash it away

Oh, tears falling down on me  
Oh, tears falling down on me