

Tears

Christian Kane

Midnight's making her way
Through the lonely hotel,
So close that someone
Never heard her breathe.
Say's she's only lookin'
For the man from Haytown City,
The one who sang her a melody so sweet.
And she cries at night
Every time he packs up and moves along.
She says that she is his and only his.
She looks upon the moon
Like a great big paper moon...
A teardrop-
That's all it ever is.