

The children sit upon the stairs  
High above a valley of tears  
Don't let them see you crying that way oh no  
Oh no Joe Porterhouse  
Is not gone forever  
He'll be back another day  
Don't let them see you crying that way

Please don't wake him let him sleep  
It's a moment she can keep  
Like an old bus ticket or a photograph  
Resting on the mantelpiece  
While for the wicked there is no peace  
She says it's not his time to go  
Why we were nearly lovers years ago  
Now what is left for me  
Among the broken branches of the family tree

Heart like an anchor  
Arms like cable  
He stood all alone on an iron turntable  
Don't let them see you crying that way oh no

The sun beats down  
It's cracking the flags  
Boys who should know better  
Are stamping out fags  
Don't let them see you laughing that way

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