

Script For A Jesters Tear

Fish

So here I am once more in the playground of the broken hearts
One more experience, one more entry in a diary, self-penned.
Yet another emotional suicide, overdosed on sentiment and pride
Too late to say I love you, too late to restage the play
Abandoning the relics in my playground of yesterday

I'm losing on the swings, I'm losing on the roundabouts
Too much, too soon, too far to go
Too late to play, the game is over

Yet another emotional suicide overdosed on sentiment and pride
I'm losing on the swings, I'm losing on the roundabouts
The game is over

Too late to say I love you, too late to restage the play
The game is over

I act the role in classic style
Of a martyr carved with a twisted smile
To bleed the lyric for this song
To write the rites to right my wrongs
An epitaph to a broken dream
To exorcise this silent scream
A scream that's borne from sorrow

I never did write that love song
The words just never seemed to flow
Now sad in reflection
Did I gaze through perfection
And examine the shadows on the other side of morning
And examine the shadows on the other side of mourning
Promised wedding now a wake

The fool escaped from paradise will look over his shoulder and cry
Sit and chew on daffodils and struggle to answer why?
As you grow up and leave the playground
Where you kissed your prince and found your frog
Remember the jester that showed you tears,
The script for tears

So I'll hold my peace forever when you wear your bridal gown
In the silence of my shame, the mute that sang the siren's song
Has gone solo in the game, I've gone solo in the game
But the game is over

Can you still say you love me