

## Summer Tears

## Hammers of Misfortune

And in Winter she cried  
December tears  
And in Summer she cried  
August tears  
And in Autumn she cried  
November tears  
And in Springtime she cried  
April tears

On the fat of the land  
The sacred calf, the fatted lamb

Cry Cassandra, while you can

The salted earth, a grain of sand  
These salty eyes don't understand  
Soon there won't be time to cry  
Buried up to her film-projector eyes

And in Winter she cried  
December tears  
And in Summer she cried  
August tears  
And in Autumn she cried  
November tears  
And in Springtime she cried  
April tears

But now she hasn't any tears to spare  
So she doesn't cry at all

Sing Cassandra, all night long

now she knows what eyes are for  
now she knows what tears are for  
now she knows that summers gone  
now she'll squander tears no more

Cry Cassandra all night long