

Wasted Tears

Hugh Cornwell

Look around, at the world, now that you're a big girl
I can see tears in your eyes
Well I've been there myself, it's not good for your health
That's the main thing I surmise

Just when you think that heaven is there
All of your friends say life isn't fair
Just when you think that God's on your side
All of a sudden, the news hurts you inside
And that's the taste of wasted tears

There are people who laugh, there are people who cry
Everyday, I am another one
But my heart it goes out to those people who doubt
Can they all be sinners, everyone?

Just when you think that heaven is there
All of your friends say life isn't fair
Just when you think that God's on your side
All of a sudden, the news hurts you inside
And that's the taste of wasted tears

I love the falling rain but I hate my pounding brain
I love the passing year
But I hate the taste of wasted tears
I hate the taste of wasted tears

Anybody can say the world gets better each day
Does it really? Can you show it me?
'Cause the sky can look black as you look down the track
Can the train get past the falling leaves?

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I love the falling rain but I hate my pounding brain
I love the passing year
But I hate the taste of wasted tears
I hate the taste of wasted tears, tears