

Dry Eye

Paul Brandt

Pulled down that cardboard box from the attic
The one with the letters from you
Put on those old records while I was at it
The ones that we fell in love to
Thought we were over what a crazy notion
I should have realized
I'd lose the fight against this flood of emotion
Welling up from deep inside

There's not a dry eye in the house tonight
Just a raging river of heartache and pride
There's not a memory that doesn't cut like a knife
Of me letting you just walk out of my life
Every teardrop is a visible sign
Of me missing you coming out
There's not a dry eye in the house
Every picture of when we were together
Tear stained and falling apart
Chances I didn't take, regrets and mistakes
I know them all by broken heart

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