

Juliet

Stevie Nicks

It was way too hard
It was way too tough
On this she had not bargained
But she was like some missionary
Dancing to the beat of some man's ancient drum

And she tries hard to tell this story
But it's a hard one to tell
She consults her book of miracles

Cry and the wind says fly on
Well, now you're on your own
You're back out on the road again for a million reasons
Well, you're back out on the road again

And you try to tie together some connections
You get some ribbons and some bows
And get back out on the road again

So you found a queen without a king
Oh yes, and everyone here loved her
No one was wrong

But you're a little bit like her
You're just a little bit like her
A little bit like her, a little bit like Juliet

Turn to the blue crystal mirror well as always it is truthful
Oh, well you see it in the reflection of the real blue lamp
Well, tie the connection, get some ribbons, and some bows
Get back out on the road

But when they were good
They were really good
Really good, stranger

So you found a queen without a king
Oh yes, and everyone here loved her
No one was wrong

You're a little bit like her
You're just a little bit like her
A little bit like her, a little bit like Juliet

Let the crisis become a bridge
And cross that bridge tomorrow
Well, let the time that goes between, baby
Well, let it let go of the sorrow

She says, "the sky is crying," he says, "no, the sky is blue"
He says, "the sky is not crying," he says, "the sky is blue"
She says, "the sky is crying," he says, "the sky is blue"
Can you get into that?

The sky is crying
He says, "no, the sky is blue"
And can you get into that?

Can you get into that?

She says, "the sky is crying," he says, "the sky is blue"