

## Tide Of Tears

The Parlor Mob

Safe in the arms that hold your every move  
They've been waiting here for you  
You've been weighing down the time  
In a place they tried to forget  
In a face they'd grow to regret  
They pulled down the shades  
Crawling Lord they're crawling  
Would you catch them where they're falling  
Do you hear them when they're calling

The water down here swells with the seeds of decay  
Through the years  
Have the sins of our fathers swept our love  
For each other away  
In the tide of tears

So as snakes in suits conduct their interviews  
Bodies floating down the avenue  
And it's our sickness to blame  
Ain't no party blue or red  
Where innocence for naught is shed  
It's our choices it's our voices to be heard  
Drowning Lord they're drowning  
And the good Lord is frowning  
The dark clouds are surrounding  
We must decide

But while there's life there's hope for change  
As a culture we've got to rearrange  
Ain't no blind eye left to turn  
Lying Lord they're lying  
And the children keep dying  
Their mothers are crying  
You know we should be trying