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She Cries

Reference number PT0200

There's a couple of things I've learned
On the many roads I've taken:
Flames are not what get you burned
It's the cold and the ice.
Here's a piece of advice
I got from a little bird:
The flames can get you stirred
It's the cold that leaves you shaken.

I don't like to philosophize,
I just want to tell a story.
Always leave when a woman cries,
Never look in a woman's eyes
You'll get stuck with a high and rising fever ,
And then you can't leave her.
Please, don't wait, man.
It's almost too late, man.

She cries and you want to hold her .
She lies and you want to run away,
But just give her a minute,
I promise you're in it to stay.

She smiles and you'll stay forever.
She screams, well, that's the price you pay,
But there's no one can make you forget how you feel;
For all she can take, you've got more there to steal,
So you don't mind a bit of surprise...
And she cries.

I don't like to admit I'm wrong,
I believe in guts and glory.
But it's time I should change my song
I've been here just a bit too long.
Always thought I was much too strong for hating,
And still I keep waiting.

And while I'm resolving,
That door keeps revolving.
She cries and you want to hold her;
She lies and you're half way out the door,
But you never can do it,
She'll make you go through it once more.

She smiles and you'll stay forever,
She sings:
Oh, she's got you now for sure.
And each time that you swear that you will not give in,
She'll throw you a stare that'll show you can't win.
It's amazing how hard each man tries,
But she cries.

All of a sudden,
You fall for her charms.
You promise you'll stop all her tears.
All of sudden, she's back in your arms,
And the walls start closing,
And blocking out the light,
And changing all your dreams,
And right before your eyes:

She cries!
And I don't know the answer!
She spies and there's no place I can hide!
When I look in the mirror, there's nothing but fear here inside!
I run, and still she is right behind me;
I fall the chasm is too wide,

So I'm stuck in this world of her magic mystique,
Where I'll never be more than her toy of the week,
But each time I prepare my goodbyes,
She catches me looking;
And she opens the floodgates!

And she cries...