

# She Cried

## Toad the Wet Sprocket

Solitaire, such a fateful game  
She turns her cards  
And writes her name on the napkin Now she turns another card  
She dreams about the house and romance  
He promised but won't deliver She waits alone  
With dried out hopes  
And dormant phone She waits for years  
And fantasies melt  
New ones appear  
But they won't help And again she catches him  
Eye pulls away  
With light too dim She calls his name and runs around  
But he was faster  
All alone in a bad part of town She waits again  
With dried out hopes  
And things she made for him A little ride, a little fun was all  
He held her tight  
Got tired and then let go Got the strain on her heart  
She believed a lying black heart  
Painted with promises  
Then he left her on the floor  
With only the mirror to curse Should have known better  
Should have known better  
Should have known How she cried  
How she cried  
How she cried  
How she cried  
How she cried How she cried  
How she cried  
How she cried  
How she cried What can you say to her  
This time it's much too late How she cried  
How she cried  
How she cried  
How she cried How she cried  
How she cried  
How she cried  
How she cried

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