

Sorrow

Salter Cane

Passion was my first-born child,
I raised her pure, I raised her wild,
I took her where no child should ever go.
She burned the bridge, cut the trees,
ripped each root out on her knees,
every single door was left wide open.
And all the people of the town
tried to keep Passion down,
said that I should keep her locked and bound.
And I never heard it when she fell,
just found her shoes next to the well,
my Passion sleeping cold deep underground.

Blow wind, blow
But you will never blow away my sorrow.

My second child, I called her Love,
and I thanked the lord and the stars above
that Iâ€™d received a heart full overflowing.
And I built a house, wood and stone,
myself, my wife and child at home,
happy just smiling at the walls.
But late one night upon the road,
I could not find my way back home,
and I stepped into a cold and darkened doorway.
And I took a drink, maybe four,
took another five or more,
and thought I heard Passion calling for me.
For seven days and nights alone,
inside that gutter deep I crawled,
until I found that house upon that ground.
But when I got up close I saw
Love did not live there anymore
and no one knows where Love can be found.

Blow wind, blow
But you will never blow away my sorrow.

My last-born child, I called her Pain,
Sorrow was her middle name,

I built high walls to keep her safe from harm.

But late at night I climb the walls,
and there's this gap through which I crawl,
and I can see how strong my Sorrow grows.

Blow wind, blow

But you will never blow away my sorrow.

Blow wind, blow

But you will never blow away my sorrow.

Blow wind, blow

But you will never blow away my sorrow.

Blow wind, blow

But you will never blow away my sorrow.

Lyrics submitted by Alnico.

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