Don't Say a Word

Crooked Fingers

Don't say a word.
Don't tell me what you heard
There's something tonight,
Thats killing soft and slight.Here it comes again,
Lining up to place its bid.
To take a little peice of her and throw it away,
'Till there aint anything left.No need to lie,
Don't tell her that it's allright.
Theres tears in the wine
Now falling down from her eyes
Theres some awful things,
To eachother that we can do.And that people think that something good can come from them,
Well people then they're just fools.They say you learn,
The more it burns,
But what good does that do?
If what you learn, don't help to bring,
The one you lost back to you?There ain't no easy way to lose the heart,
You call your own.
And there aint no easy way to make you feel okay,
But baby you're all that you own.Don't make a move,
There's nothing now you can do.
Those tears in the wine.
Have burrowed down in her spine.
Here they come again,
Fallin like a driving rain
To take a little peice of her and wash away,
Till nothing left can be saved.They say you learn,
The more it burns,
But what good does that do?
If what you learn, don't help to bring,
The one you lost, back to you?There aint no easy way to lose the heart, you called your own.
And there aint no easy way to make you feel okay,
cuz baby you're all that you own.
And there aint no easy way to make it feel okay,
cuz baby you're all that you own.

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