

Nettie

Type O Negative

Nettie, no need to cry
Let me wipe those teardrops from your eyes
In the dark bathed in cathode ray blue
Miss Red Hook of 1922
Weeping silently for the pain of others
Every night a tearful rosary
A victim of the curse of empathy
Her reward for compassion is to suffer
Nettie, no need to cry
Let me wipe those teardrops from your eyes
My shortcomings, I know caused her grief
Still she loves me, this I can't believe
Responding not with anger but a prayer
Heaven's just southwest of Cobble Hill
True, I am the son of an angel
Maternally, not one woman compares
Nettie, no need to cry
Let me wipe those teardrops from your eyes
If you fall, I will catch you
When you're lost, I'll be there soon
Far away, but of course near
When you're sad, I'm always here
Thank you for saving me from my self
Your compassion became its own hell
Unequally beautiful inside and out without a doubt
Nettie, no need to cry
Let me wipe those teardrops from your eyes
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