A Stone Would Cry Out

Sam Roberts

The cinematic after effects of alcohol
Have led me to believe
That there's nothing more beautiful
Than a face as it starts to fade
From your memory
What had once been clear as the day
Obscured by the shade
And I was always the thorn to your rose
A long string of disappointing days
Led me to concede that I'd been losing sleep
And I'm tired and frayed at the seams
And things are changing in me
It's been two hard months
Since I could call you my own, it cuts to the bone
Is there anything that I can do
When I've been turned into stone?
But I was always the thorn to your rose
Some doors are better left closed
You move like a rolling wave
One that don't fade when it's gone
Beyond a doubt it gets so hard
That a stone would cry out
I know there's a lesson in here
But it's so hard to find
I've been searching my mind
A little pearl of wisdom for the later years
When the thread of this life starts to unwind
I never had to fight for my love
But that's over I know
It's just how it goes
I never had to fight for my love
But that's over I know
It's just how it goes
And you move like a rolling wave
One that don't fade when it's gone
Beyond a doubt it gets so hard, it gets so hard
That a stone would cry out
Some doors are better left closed
Some say this place makes it hard to hold your head up

Some days this face makes me feel like I've been set up

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