

Tears Of Rage

Gene Clark

We carried you in our arms
On Independence Day
And now you'd throw us all aside
And put us on our way Oh, what dear daughter 'neath the sun
Would treat a father so
To wait upon him hand and foot
And always tell him, "No"? Tears of rage, tears of grief
Why must I always be the thief?
Come to me now, you know
We're so alone and life is brief We pointed out the way to go
And scratched your name in sand
Though you just thought it was nothing more
Than a place for you to stand Now, I want you to know that while we watched
You discover there was no one true
Most everybody really thought
It was a childish thing to do Tears of rage, tears of grief
Must I always be the thief?
Come to me now, you know
We're so low and life is brief It was all very painless
When you went out to receive
All that false instruction
Which we never could believe And now the heart is filled with gold
As if it was a purse
But oh, what kind of love is this
Which goes from bad to worse? Tears of rage, tears of grief
Must I always be the thief?
Come to me now, you know
We're so low and life is brief

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