

Tide Of Tears

The Parlor Mob

Safe in the arms that hold your every move
They've been waiting here for you
You've been weighing down the time
In a place they tried to forget
In a face they'd grow to regret
They pulled down the shades
Crawling Lord they're crawling
Would you catch them where they're falling
Do you hear them when they're calling

The water down here swells with the seeds of decay
Through the years
Have the sins of our fathers swept our love
For each other away
In the tide of tears

So as snakes in suits conduct their interviews
Bodies floating down the avenue
And it's our sickness to blame
Ain't no party blue or red
Where innocence for naught is shed
It's our choices it's our voices to be heard
Drowning Lord they're drowning
And the good Lord is frowning
The dark clouds are surrounding
We must decide

But while there's life there's hope for change
As a culture we've got to rearrange
Ain't no blind eye left to turn
Lying Lord they're lying
And the children keep dying
Their mothers are crying
You know we should be trying