

Attica Blues "Tender"

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From paper to pen, from pen to paper
Breathe these whispered words
From what was once, to what now has to be
Breathe these whispered words
And when the blue ink dries, and when we both have
cried

Only tender teardrops will remain...

When night-time falls and the air draws cold
Candles flicker, flames, I close my eyes dreaming you
are here
Waiting for your shadow, to appear
And what seems strange once our words fade away, is
that
Only tender teardrops will remain
Only tender teardrops will remain

I felt the wind behind me, I turned but you weren't there
I felt the wind behind me, I turned but you weren't
there, now

Only tender teardrops will remain...

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