

Ephraim Lewis

"Sad Song"

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Back room parlor lonely sits and cries
See her with her head in hands
But nothing at all in her eyes
Always listening for the telephone
But it only rings wrong numbers
Or whenever she's not at home

Thinking life would pass her by
She opens up her arms to reach for the sky
Broken dreams, they never came true
So now she paints herself a sad song
And colors it blue

Late night cafe's closing on the street
He's turning out to hide in doorways
Any corner that others sleep
Empty bottle spirits, he has known
A vision of a quiet face
Together they look like home

Thinking life would pass him by
He opens up his arms to reach for the sky
Broken dreams, they never came true
So now he paints himself a sad song
And colors it blue

Memories fading photograph of years ago
When life had passed them by
They opened up their mouths to scream at the sky
My dreams, they never came true
So we will paint ourselves a sad song
And color it blue

Color it blue

Don't blame the passerby
Don't blame the passerby
Don't blame the passerby

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