

Jerry Lee Lewis

"Ivory Tears"

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When loneliness lays
Her hurting hands on me,
There's a place I always can go
I'll pour out my soul, to my old piano
And I let those old ivories cry for me

Ivory tears, ivory tears,
My old piano cries for me,
Ivory tears, ivory tears,
Dripping from every melody

Some lonely people,
They turn to the jukebox,

Others turn to whiskey and wine

But, when it's crying time for me,
Well, I turn to my ol' piano
And I let those old ivories
Cry for me

Ivory tears, ivory tears,
My old piano, it's crying, crying
Ivory tears, ivory tears,
Dripping from every melody

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