

Christopher Cross

"Poor Shirley"

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Poor Shirley

She must hide her tears

For nobody wants to see them

Surely it will break her heart

Time passes as she waits for a friend

We'll take all the doubtful ones in the fight

And make them hold off till the spring

Take hold of their hallowed souls

And save them from pain, yea yea

All of the pain

Save ourselves from all of the pain

Dearly held are the friends

Left in the years and lost in the war

Dearly held are the loves

Save for the ones you lose on your own

We'll take all the doubtful ones in the fight

And make them hold off till the spring

Take hold of their hallowed souls

And save them from pain, yea yea

All of the pain

Save ourselves from all of the pain

Yes, we will save

Stars We'll light up the lonely nights, harbor lights

Making us believe in the love

So struck by the hope of the harmony

Leaving the sorrow gently

Poor Shirley

She must hide her tears

For nobody wants to see them

Surely she will win a heart

Time passes as she waits for the wind

We'll take all the doubtful ones in the fight

And make them hold off till the spring

Take hold of their hallowed souls

And save them from pain, yea yea

All of the pain

Save ourselves from all of the pain
Yes we will save ourselves from all of the pain
Yes we will save ourselves from all of the pain

Save ourselves from all of the pain
Yes we will save
Save ourselves from all of the pain
Yes we will save ourselves
From the pain and the sorrows
Yes we will save ourselves
From the pain and of the sorrows
Save ourselves
Save ourselves

Save ourselves from all of the pain
Save ourselves from all of the pain
Save ourselves from all of the pain

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