

Phillip Thomas

"Unheard Cry"

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[From the album Private Parts & Pieces VIII: New England]

Pretty baby, in your cradle, smiling sickly,
Hushed and still

Mama loves you, oh how she loves you
But when you cry now, she cannot hear.

And the lights go out on the carousel
Infant innocent, so long, farewell.

Little sad eyes, looking for playthings,
But there's no brother to play with you.

Stern faces gathered, distant voices murmur,
But no one touches, no one comes near.

And the lights go out on the carousel
Infant innocent, so long, farewell.

Hours pass slowly, restless turning,
For there's no mother to heal your pain.

Fading surely, you are returning, but will it
First be a from a broken heart?

And the lights go out on the carousel
Infant innocent, so long, farewell.

And the lights go out on the carousel
Infant innocent, so life...farewell...

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