

## **The Cavedogs**

### **"Sorrow (Boots Of Pain)"**

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Wind of sorrow, song of pain  
Make tomorrow an easy thing  
She's up on a hillside flogging the dead  
Says I'm not gonna' go till it blackens my head  
Bring on sorrow,  
Have to borrow

Banish Color and the sane  
Ignore the Sabbath and pray for rain  
She's up in the evening playing a game  
She don't want to know that it's nicely arranged  
Bring on sorrow,  
I will follow

Draw the curtains, prone on the floor  
Like to kill with a kiss  
"Quadrophenia" blasts down the walls  
Of you and all other kids  
So don't bring up sorrow to me  
Don't dream up sorrow to see  
Crown of sorrow, boots of pain  
By tomorrow a fashion thing  
I'm up on my highhorse calling her names  
I'm not one of you, cause I don't wear your pain  
She dreams up sorrow,  
Still I follow

(Instrumental Break)  
She dreams up sorrow,  
A dream she swallows  
Cool coffee lie on the floor  
Ashes floating are grim  
Gothic posters, heighten remorse  
Asleep she just dreams of him  
So don't bring up sorrow to me  
Don't play with what you can't see  
Don't dream of someone, not me  
Or bring back someone to see  
Don't leave it sorrow or me  
Don't play with what you can't see  
Bring out something in me  
Don't bring up sorrow to see

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