

Quindon Tarver "When Doves Cry"

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How can you leave me standing
alone in a world that is so cold?
Maybe Iâ€™m just too demanding.
Maybe Iâ€™m just like my father: too bold.
Maybe Iâ€™m just like my mother.
Sheâ€™s never satisfied.
Why do we scream at each other?
This is what it sounds like when doves cry.
Yes, they cry, oh they cry.

How could you leave me standing
alone in a world thatâ€™s so cold?
Maybe Iâ€™m just too demanding.
Maybe Iâ€™m just like my father: too bold.
Maybe I'm just like my mother.
Sheâ€™s never satisfied.
Why do we scream at each other?
This is what it sounds like
When doves cry.

This is what it sounds like
This is what it sounds like
This is what it sounds like
Oh ah, oh ah

Dream, if you can, a courtyard, an ocean of violets in
bloom.
Animals strike curious poses.
They feel the heat, the heat between me and you.
Maybe I'm just like my mother.
Sheâ€™s never satisfied.

Sheâ€™s never satisfied.
Why do we scream at each other?
This is what it sounds like when doves cry.

Doves cry

You know that they cry
You know that they cry
You know that they cry
You know that they cry

You know that they cry
How could you leave me standing
(You know that they cry)
alone in a world that's so cold?
(You know that they cry)
Maybe I'm just too demanding.
(You know that they cry)
Maybe I'm just like my father: too bold.
(You know that they cry)
Maybe I'm just like my mother.
(You know that they cry)
She's never satisfied.
(You know that they cry)
Why do we scream at each other?
(You know that they cry)
This is what it sounds like
When doves cry.

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