

Stevie Holland

"Juliet"

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It was way too hard...it was way too tough...
On this she had not bargained
But she was like some missionary dancing to the beat
of some
Man's ancient drum
And she tries hard to tell this story...but it's a hard one
to tell
She consults her book of Miracles...
Cry...and the wind says fly on
Well now you're on your own
You're back out on the road again for a million reasons
Well you're back out on the road again
And you try to tie together some connections...
You get some ribbons and some bows and get back out
on the road again

So you found a queen without a king
Oh yes, and everyone here loved her...no one was
wrong
But you're a little bit like her
You're just a little bit like her
A little bit like her...a little bit like Juliet

Turn to the blue crystal mirror...well as always it is
truthful
Oh, well you see it in the reflection of the real blue lamp
Well tie the connection...get some ribbons and some
bows...get back
Out on the road
But when they were good...they were really
good...really good stranger

So you found a queen without a king
Oh yes, and everyone here loved her...no one was
wrong
You're a little bit like her
You're just a little bit like her
A little bit like her...a little bit like Juliet

Let the crisis become a bridge...and cross that bridge
tomorrow

Well let the time that goes between, baby...
Well let it let go of the sorrow
She says "The sky is crying." He says "No, the sky is
blue."
He says "The sky is not crying," he says "The sky is
blue."
She says "The sky is crying." He says "The sky is blue."
Can you get into that?
"The sky is crying..." He says "No, the sky is blue..."

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