

One morning this sadness will fossilize,
And I will forget how to cry.
I'll keep going to work and you won't see a change,
Save perhaps a slight gray in my eye.

I will go jogging routinely,
Calmly and rhythmically run,
And when I find that a knife's sticking out of my side,
I'll pull it out without questioning why.

And then one warm summer night,
I'll hear fireworks outside,
And I'll listen to the memories as they cry, cry, cry.

I will be married to silence,
The gentleman won't say a word,
But you know, oh you know in the quiet he holds
Runs a river that'll never find home.

And then one warm summer night,
I'll hear fireworks outside,
And I'll listen to the memories as they cry, cry, cry.

Oh, one warm summer night,
I'll hear fireworks outside,
And I'll listen to the memories as they cry, cry, cry.
Cry, cry, cry; cry, cry, cry.