

Summer Tears

Hammers of Misfortune

And in Winter she cried
December tears
And in Summer she cried
August tears
And in Autumn she cried
November tears
And in Springtime she cried
April tears

On the fat of the land
The sacred calf, the fatted lamb

Cry Cassandra, while you can

The salted earth, a grain of sand
These salty eyes don't understand
Soon there won't be time to cry
Buried up to her film-projector eyes

And in Winter she cried
December tears
And in Summer she cried
August tears
And in Autumn she cried
November tears
And in Springtime she cried
April tears

But now she hasn't any tears to spare
So she doesn't cry at all

Sing Cassandra, all night long

now she knows what eyes are for
now she knows what tears are for
now she knows that summers gone
now she'll squander tears no more

Cry Cassandra all night long