

# Weeping

Josh Groban

I knew a man who lived in fear  
It was huge, it was angry,  
It was drawing near.  
Behind his house a secret place  
Was the shadow of the demon  
He could never face.

He built a wall of steel and flame  
And men with guns to keep it tame  
Then standing back he made it plain  
That the nightmare would never ever rise again  
But the fear and the fire and the guns remain.

It doesn't matter now it's over anyhow  
He tells the world that it's sleeping  
But as the night came round I heard  
It slowly sound  
It wasn't roaring, it was weeping  
It wasn't roaring, it was weeping.

And then one day the neighbours came  
They were curious to know about the smoke and flame  
They stood around outside the wall  
But of course there was nothing to be heard at all  
"My friends," he said, "We've reached our goal  
The threat is under firm control  
As long as peace and order reign  
I'll be damned if I can see a reason to explain  
Why the fear and the fire and the guns remain."

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