

What Sorrow Cannot Say

Psyche

Glass piano play slow jazz
To the magic of her youth
The songs she heard on the radio
When she was looking for the truth
A smoky cafe, and the dream began
The music would swing and sway
A dance in motion would catch in her eye
What sorrow could not say

Well I can't tell you, it would make a difference
I can't say, I know how to explain
When the sun comes through in the morning
It'll dry your tears away
I can understand your sense of desperation
I can understand why you hold it inside
The rain will come down to wash away on the street
What sorrow cannot say