

Faron Dawe, Crying Shame

Today was so slow
Not going too fast
We had some trouble
That didn't pass.

Yelling and screaming
Kicking up sand
I felt your pain from
Back of your hand.

Where is my angel, crying shame?
When is tomorrow full of blame?
Where is my saviour, crying shame?
And why does each answer sound the same?

Scene from the window
City and sky
I know that you're out there
Somewhere tonight.

Send me a phone call
Or bring me a sign
To tell me that I'm still
Fresh on your mind.

Where is my angel, crying shame?
When is tomorrow full of blame?
Where is my saviour, crying shame?
And why does each answer sound the same?

Its been five hours
Since you walked away
Will I get to see you
After today?

The truth is I'm sorry
For sinning again
Lies catch up sooner
In the end.

Where is my angel, crying shame?
When is tomorrow full of blame?
Where is my saviour, crying shame?
And why does each answer sound the same?