

# Gene Clark, Tears Of Rage

We carried you in our arms  
On Independence Day,  
And now you&#039;d throw us all aside  
And put us on our way.  
Oh what dear daughter &#039;neath the sun  
Would treat a father so,  
To wait upon him hand and foot  
And always tell him, &quot;No&quot;?  
Tears of rage, tears of grief,  
Why must I always be the thief?  
Come to me now, you know  
We&#039;re so alone  
And life is brief.

We pointed out the way to go  
And scratched your name in sand,  
Though you just thought it was nothing more  
Than a place for you to stand.  
Now, I want you to know that while we watched,  
You discover there was no one true.  
Most ev&#039;rybody really thought  
It was a childish thing to do.  
Tears of rage, tears of grief,  
Must I always be the thief?  
Come to me now, you know  
We&#039;re so low  
And life is brief.

It was all very painless  
When you went out to receive  
All that false instruction  
Which we never could believe.  
And now the heart is filled with gold  
As if it was a purse.  
But, oh, what kind of love is this  
Which goes from bad to worse?  
Tears of rage, tears of grief,  
Must I always be the thief?  
Come to me now, you know  
We&#039;re so low  
And life is brief.