

## Dry Eye

Paul Brandt

Pulled down that cardboard box from the attic  
The one with the letters from you  
Put on those old records while I was at it  
The ones that we fell in love to  
Thought we were over what a crazy notion  
I should have realized  
I'd lose the fight against this flood of emotion  
Welling up from deep inside

There's not a dry eye in the house tonight  
Just a raging river of heartache and pride  
There's not a memory that doesn't cut like a knife  
Of me letting you just walk out of my life  
Every teardrop is a visible sign  
Of me missing you coming out  
There's not a dry eye in the house  
Every picture of when we were together  
Tear stained and falling apart  
Chances I didn't take, regrets and mistakes  
I know them all by broken heart

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