

## Cry a While

Bob Dylan

Well, I had to go down and see a guy named Mr. Goldsmith  
A nasty, dirty, double-crossin', back-  
stabbin' phony I didn't wanna have to be dealin' with  
But I did it for you and all you gave me was a smile  
Well, I cried for you - now it's your turn to cry awhile

I don't carry dead weight - I'm no flash in the pan  
All right, I'll set you straight, can't you see I'm a union man  
?  
I'm lettin' the cat out of the cage, I'm keeping a low profile  
Well, I cried for you - now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Feel like a fighting rooster - feel better than I ever felt  
But the Pennsylvania line's in an awful mess and the Denver road is about to melt  
I went to the church house, every day I go an extra mile  
Well, I cried for you - now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Last night 'cross the alley there was a pounding on the walls  
It must have been Don Pasquale makin' a two a.m. booty call  
To break a trusting heart like mine was just your style  
Well, I cried for you - now it's your turn to cry awhile

I'm on the fringes of the night, fighting back tears that I can't control  
Some people they ain't human, they got no heart or soul  
Well, I'm crying to The Lord - I'm tryin' to be meek and mild  
Yes, I cried for you - now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Well, there's preachers in the pulpits and babies in the cribs  
I'm longin' for that sweet fat that sticks to your ribs  
I'm gonna buy me a barrel of whiskey - I'll die before I turn senile  
Well, I cried for you - now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Well, you bet on a horse and it ran on the wrong way  
I always said you'd be sorry and today could be the day  
I might need a good lawyer, could be your funeral, my trial  
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile