

## Cry Hell

## Black Pistol Fire

Cry hell about the sin of a preacher man  
Cry hell about the things that you can't change  
Found trouble when the truth had to run and hide  
Tell mamma if you can't tell a lie

Holding out for something more  
Paradise from the cheap seats don't get me wrong  
You can hardly even notice  
Holding out for something more  
Beat me to the punch

It's coming up Roses, Roses  
Well I wish you well  
Wish you well upon you're ride tonight

I'm done thinking for myself, but I know I can't  
Cry hell and feel the back of a worried hand  
Can't pay all the debt that I still owe  
My fingers working right down to the bone

Holding out for something more  
Paradise from the cheap seats don't get me wrong  
You can hardly even notice  
Holding out for something more  
Beat me to the punch

It's coming up Roses, Roses  
Well I wish you well  
Wish you well upon you're ride tonight

It won't be long before I'm  
I'm back inside your arms  
It won't be long before I'm  
I'm back inside your arms  
Sorrow I killed you once before  
Beat me to the punch

Darling your coming up Roses, Roses  
Well I wish you well  
Wish you well upon you're ride tonight