

# Cry

Cass McCombs

No gold for bards  
No laurel enough to bushel into a bed  
You tell me one thing and do the other- that's weird!

No more cliche songs  
Nothing less  
Than every once  
Of your heart  
Though horses could easily pull me apart  
No rhetoric and no gold for bards

Digging for carrots in the moonlight like an immigrant  
Tearing through plastic bags like an addict  
You tell me one thing and do the other- that's weird!

Are you still listening?  
I can't do nothing for you, can't you see I have no feet?  
We're like two peas in a pod- Netflix and die

Go on and cry  
Go on and cry

You're lost for the search for Agartha  
You're lost up your own ass  
Lost in the oil rainbow's blue purple shine  
Lost in bad poetry  
Lost in logic  
Lost in a racist bourgeois town

They say the remedy for heartache  
Is to drink actual gypsy tears  
Is always adds up to the price of salt, why?

Go on and cry  
Go on and cry

The ancients wrote it in the earth  
And the good spirits all are drunk

Go on and cry  
Go on and cry