

Learn To Cry

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It's twelve o'clock, the TV's on and I'm just sittin' around
I'm restless and blue, but I can't figure out why
As the drunks on the park benches are putting their blankets down
I'm thinking boy, you'd better learn to cry

Well I could go to sleep or else recourse to alcohol
I could break up some of this room or just go outside
I could turn up some old hit so loud I can't hear it anymore
Sayin' boy, you'd better learn to cry
Boy, you'd better learn to cry

Girlfriends and wives punctuate your silence somehow
In darkened rooms in flickering black and white
She says all the actors in this movie are probably dead by now
You're thinkin' boy, you'd better learn to cry
Boy, you'd better learn to cry

A familiar face with a loving smile greets you every day
And failure seeps a little deeper through your life
Yeah sure you gave some girl your heart, but you never used it anyway
Sayin' boy, you better learn to cry
Boy, you'd better learn to cry