How Cruel

Joan Armatrading

Some people want to see my blood gush out And others want to watch while I cry I heard somebody say once I was way too black And someone answers she's not black enough for me

I bite my tongue and it bites me back I bought a house and the neighbors moved I had a dog but it was stolen

Some people say that it's coming And I'll get it It must be something I have no control of They'll put the skin of the fruit on the ground And I'll slip and fall

Oh how cruel to make a girl cry Oh how cruel to make a girl cry Oh how cruel to make a girl cry

I have no hope in hell and I won't get to heaven Too many lies or not enough sinnin'

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