

Cry

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Hiding my depression from my housemates
I don't know them well enough yet to cry in the kitchen
Showerhead or the empty bed
I yell down the hallway, "I'm going to the store"
But instead I walk to the local football field
And I walk around in circles, find a quiet corner

And cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry

Open your eyes, run back, baby
But they'll think that I'm a liar if I come home empty-handed
Go, use your head, buy another loaf of bread
When I walk back through the door I'll say, "You can never have
too much bread"

And try not to cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry

I make them food, I make them love
I say, "Okay, no, you should get an early night"
I stop and I wait, stuck in the mining state
I close the kitchen door and hold onto the sink

And cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry, cry
Oh cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry