

## Cry

Rusted Root

My mood is much darker than fear  
It's older than anger  
It's infant and primal  
It's bubbly and grotesque  
It's in between what I know

And so I ask,

Why should I cry  
Why...cry

Let's go my no one love  
You're the one, the one  
I always wanted to be now  
And ever since the break of dawn  
You've been next to me  
And my mood  
You're greedier than sex  
but sexier than greed

And so I ask,

Why should I cry  
Why...cry

And all the sailors  
They go down  
To where the woman lies  
And she is dreaming of another  
Place in time...  
A place in time where she can ask...