

Crying Shame

Screeching Weasel

You know I'm not the type for playing games
But listen, I don't love her anymore
The situation is a crying shame
But listen, I don't love her anymore

Now I'm no gentleman
But I ain't never been one to have [?]
And I don't make demands
But try to understand
I want nobody else but you

And doesn't knowing that turn you on?
And doesn't knowing that turn you on?

You know I'm not the type for playing games
But listen, I don't love her anymore
The situation is a crying shame
But listen, I don't love her anymore
Well, that ain't nothing but a wedding ring
A piece of metal on a finger
No one cares
Everyone knows it doesn't mean a thing
Cause we're just too sophisticated and debonair

Now I'm no gentleman
But I ain't never been one to have [?]
I've seen it in your eyes
Don't think that I don't realize
You know I'm meant for you

Woah, I want nobody else but you
Woah, I want nobody else but you
Woah, I want nobody else but you
Woah, I want nobody else but you
And you, and you