

Big City Babies Don't Cry

The Supremes

The show opened the Sunday
He closed it on Monday
And Broadway sang no lullaby

How sick the fool is
The neon moon is

Big city babies don't cry

When your fate gave the part out
You sure played your heart out
The curtain came down with a sigh

The swell of wind
No time for pity

Big city babies don't cry

My fair lady
Where will you go?
Somewhere, waiting
Another show

I guess a rehearsal
Is still in reversal
And somewhere I lay, we can cry

But in Manhattan
Tears stain your satin
Excuse me, there's something in my eye

Big city babies don't cry

(No, no baby, no don't you cry)
Don't cry (no, no baby, no don't you cry)
Baby don't cry (no, no baby, no don't you cry)
Don't cry (no, no baby, no don't you cry)
Don't cry (no, no baby, no don't you cry)