

Skynyrd Lynyrd

"Cry For The Bad Man"

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CRY FOR THE BAD MAN

He walks so tall to be so small,

I've never met a man stranger.

Lives his life for the dollar sign

and to deal with him is dang'rous.

Well, he knocked me down but I'm on my feet,

now I'm so much wiser.

I'd rather quit that to go back home,

than to deal with the money miser.

Ah oo, let's cry for the bad man.

Ah oo, I sing a song for the bad man.

Well, you treat me right, baby, I'll treat you right,

that's the way it's supposed to be

but I put my faith down in my friend

and he almost put an end to me.

Well, I work seven days a week,

eight when I'm able.

When you take my money from me

you take food from my momma's table.

Ah oo, let's cry for the bad man.

Ah oo, I wrote a song for the bad man.

Ah oo, let's cry for the bad man.

Ah oo, I wrote a song for the bad man.

Well, you treat me right, baby, I'll treat you right,

that's the way it's supposed to be

but I put my faith down in my friend

and he almost put an end to me.

Well, when you take my money, baby,

when you hurt my family

it's like walkin' through the swamps with no shoes

and step on a snake, it's deadly.

Ah oo, let's cry for the bad man.

Ah oo, I wrote a song for the bad man.

Ah oo, let's cry for the bad man.

Ah oo, I wrote a song for the bad man.

- Gary Rossington, Allen Collins & Ronnie Van Zant

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