

## **Ropes, The**

### **"Cry to the Beat"**

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It's a cold night out there  
All these people are unaware  
As unaware as I once was  
Until the day that I woke up  
And everything was gone  
I turn the music on

And I cry to the beat  
As I try not to remember all those damn good  
memories  
I cry to the beat  
And remember every single little damn good memory  
Why do I have such a damn good memory?

When it happens you'll be unprepared  
Thinking everything is nice and fair  
But sometimes happiness gets drunk  
And gets behind the wheel and does  
Lots of damage, lots of damage  
Yesterday's hell is today's heaven  
I know you won't listen  
You think it will never happen  
But when it does  
You'll turn the music on  
And you'll cry to the beat

As you try not to remember all those damn good  
memories  
You'll cry to the beat  
And remember every single little damn good memory  
Why do you have such a damn good memory?

The lucky ones won't relate to this song

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