Bob Dylan
"Cry A While"

Well, I had to go down and see a guy named Mr. Goldsmith
A nasty, dirty, double-crossin', back-stabbin' phony I didn't wanna have to be dealin' with
But I did it for you and all you gave me was a smile
Well, I cried for you - now it's your turn to cry awhile

I don't carry dead weight - I'm no flash in the pan
All right, I'll set you straight, can't you see I'm a union man?
I'm lettin' the cat out of the cage, I'm keeping a low profile
Well, I cried for you - now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Feel like a fighting rooster - feel better than I ever felt
But the Pennsylvania line's in an awful mess and the Denver road is about to melt
I went to the church house, every day I go an extra mile
Well, I cried for you - now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Last night 'cross the alley there was a pounding on the walls
It must have been Don Pasquale makin' a two a.m. booty call
To break a trusting heart like mine was just your style
Well, I cried for you - now it's your turn to cry awhile

I'm on the fringes of the night, fighting back tears that I can't control
Some people they ain't human, they got no heart or soul
Well, I'm crying to The Lord - I'm tryin' to be meek and mild
Yes, I cried for you - now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Well, there's preachers in the pulpits and babies in the cribs
I'm longin' for that sweet fat that sticks to your ribs
I'm gonna buy me a barrel of whiskey - I'll die before I

turn senile
Well, I cried for you - now it's your turn, you can cry
awhile

Well, you bet on a horse and it ran on the wrong way
I always said you'd be sorry and today could be the day
I might need a good lawyer, could be your funeral, my
trial
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry
awhile

Visit Bob Dylan page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.