

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young

"No Tears Left"

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Stephen Stills

So things have gotten weird for you

The foolish do the things they do

Mostly talk right at you without speaking
They're deaf and blind and they cannot think

But now they want to be your shrink

Probing for the missing link and freaking
And it's all about how you got strange

Indifferent to their fear of change

And feeling strong enough to get you peaking
(It's my life)

And I ... I have no tears left

(It's my life)

And I ... well, I ain't done yet

What do I have left
And you rage at their transparency

And total insincerity

That love is why they have to try and help you
But mostly it's about control

They're terrified that you might go

And find out for yourself what they can't teach you
Generations that go through this

The young are punished for their disregard

For every fool who might want to lead them
But living in the here and now

Will cleans the waste of the sacred cows

That clutters up the past you might be seeking
So go ahead and rage and fight

Insist on finding your own light

As wisdom cannot be confused by freedom
(It's my life)

I ... I have no tears left

(It's my life)

I ... well, I ain't done yet

(It's my life)

I got no tears left

(It's my life)

Well, I ain't done yet

What the hell do I have left

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