

Jane Monheit

"Ballad Of The Sad Young Men"

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Sing a song of sad young men, glasses full of rye
All the news is bad again, kiss your dreams goodbye
All the sad young men sitting in the bars
Knowing neon lights missing all the stars

All the sad young men drifting through the town
Drinking up the night, trying not to drown
All the sad young men singing in the cold
Trying to forget that they are growing old
All the sad young men choking on their words
Trying to be brave, running from the truth

Autumn turns the leaves to gold, slowly dies the heart
Sad young men are growing old that's the cruelest part
All the sad young men seek a certain smile
Someone they can hold for a little while
Tired little girl does the best she can
Trying to be gay for her sad young man

While the grimy moon watches from up above
All the sad young men play of making love
Misbegotten moon shine for sad young men
May your gentle light guide them home tonight
All the sad young men

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