

Never Cries by Harry Chapin

"And The Baby Never Cries"

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Well, I've sung out one more evening, and I'm wrung out, feeling beat. I walk on out the door once more to an empty city street. A Good guitar will serve you well when you're living in the lights but it's never going to warm you in the middle of the night. And so I come and go with her in whispers. Each and every time she says she dies. When she is reborn again I kiss her. And the baby never cries. She works in the daytime, she leave her baby with a friend. I sing every evening, I only see her now and then. I come to her at midnight, when 'bout half the world's asleep, and she puts me back together, in the hours before I leave. Her apartment is down on Perry Street, there's a tree in her backyard. Her old man had left her, he just took off for the coast, and I caught her on the rebound when I needed her the most.

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