

Roberta Flack

"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
Drinking up the night
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 youth
Trying to be brave
Running from the truth

Autumm 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 just
A little while
Tired little girl
She does the best
That she can
Trying to be gay
For a sad young man

While a grimy moon
Blossoms up above
All the sad young men
They play
At making love

Misbegotten moon
Shine
For sad young men
May your gentle light
Guide them home again
All the sad
Sad sad young men

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