

## Roger Creager

# "Crying, Moaning...Kind of Feeling"

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Roger Creager

Stand up straight walk tall and proud if you want the world to sing your praise.  
Don't let them see you sweat, don't let your eyes get wet, that's just the way I was raised.  
What would my mom and daddy say if they could see me now.  
You walked out and turned it all around.

(Chorus)

And since you've been gone, I've been drinking just a little bit more.  
My buddies clear out when I walk in through the front of that bar room door.  
They know what I want to talk about, when I pull your tear stained pictures out.  
I'm in a crying, moaning, whining, groaning, wishing you were back in these arms along again kind of feeling.

Draw the curtains, pull down the shades and turn the TV on.  
I hate for people to see me like this, but I hate being alone.  
I'm trying a new way of getting over you.  
I wish my friends were more sympathetic when I'm feeling blue.

And since you've been gone, I've been drinking just a little bit more.  
My buddies clear out when I walk in through the front of that bar room door.  
They know what I want to talk about, when I pull your tear stained pictures out.  
I'm in a crying, moaning, whining, groaning, wishing you were back in these arms along again kind of feeling.

(Repeat Chorus)

Crying, moaning, whining, groaning, wishing you were back in these arms alone again kind of feeling.

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