

## Ryan Adams

### "29"

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I was a poor little kid in the lungs of New York  
Like a motherless son of a bitch  
Loaded on Ephedrine, looking for downers and coke  
Like a sun that just wouldn't set out on the horizon

Singing and dancing to them night time songs

I took a train and came up from Carolina  
I was looking for something to do  
Nothing I found could ever quite occupy me  
And with nothing to gain there's always nothing to lose

Singing and dancing to them night time songs  
Cry me a river till the morning comes

I should've died a hundred thousand times  
Teetering stoned off the side of buildings  
Nobody loved me and nobody even tried  
You can't hang on to something that won't stop moving

Singing and dancing to them night time songs

I got arrested down south for hitting a clerk  
I spit in his face, the bastard knocked me out  
He leered at my lady and then he touched her face  
Thank God, she had the money to bail me out

Singing and dancing to them night time songs  
Cry me a river till the morning comes

Bar room boogie just like in the movies  
Go on put it to me, shake it till the rattles come on  
Take me where the morning don't come

I had a dog named Jet, when I was a kid  
Until one day he wandered off and died  
One night I went in the yard and dug him up  
And he laid in the box just like a pile of bones

Singing and dancing to them night time songs

I used to get loaded and baby I'd drive your car

It seemed like there was always a cop  
Coming up behind me and following close as he could  
Eventually he'd just trail off

Loaded and cruising to them night time songs  
Cry me a river till the morning comes

Bar room boogie just like in the movies  
Go on put it to me, shake it till the rattles come on  
Take me where the morning don't come

I think I died a hundred thousand times  
Mixing liquor with them mystery pills  
Mystery pills and heroin mixed into cocaine  
Face down, lyin' on the riverside

Most of my friends are married and making them  
babies  
To most of them I already died  
And whatever it is about you, I've always hated  
Is something about myself I just couldn't hide  
And I'm going, going, baby, I'm almost gone

So cry me a river to the other side of the morn

To where the morning don't come  
To where the morning don't come  
To where the morning don't come  
To where the morning don't come

To where the morning don't come  
To where the morning don't come  
To where the morning don't come  
To where the morning don't come

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