

Dylan Bob

"Cry A While"

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(Words and Music by Bob Dylan)

Well, I had to go down to see a guy named Mr.
Goldsmith
Nasty, dirty, double-crossin', back-stabbin' phony I
didn't have to, want to have to deal with
But I did it for you and all you gave me was a smile
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn to cry awhile

I don't carry dead weight, I'm no flash in the pan
All right, I'll set you straight, can't you see I'm a union
man
I'm lettin' the cat out of the cage, I'm keepin' a low
profile
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry
awhile

Feel like a fightin' rooster, feel better than I ever felt
But the Pennsylvania line's in an awful mess and the
Denver road is a-goin' to melt
I went to the Church house, every day I go an extra mile
Well, I cry for you, now your turn, you can cry awhile

Last night, 'cross the alley, there was a poundin' on the
wall
It must have been Don Pasquale makin' a 2 a.m. booty
call
To break a trusting heart like mine was just your style
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn to cry awhile

I'm on the fringes of the night fighting back my tears I
can't control
Some people they ain't human, they ain't got no heart
or soul
But I'm a-cryin' to the Lord, tryin' to be meek and mild
Yes, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry
awhile

Well the preacher's in the pulpit and the babies in their
cribs
I'm longin' for that sweet fat that sticks to your ribs

I'm goin' t' buy me a barrel of whisky, I'll die before I
turn senile
Yes, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry
awhile

Well, you bet on the horses, they ran the wrong way
I always said you'd be sorry and that would be the day
I might need a good lawyer, could be your funeral, my
trial
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry
awhile

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