

Ben Harper, Cryin' Won't Help You Now

You sit there and call me a liar and a cheat
I just wish you'd pin a rose on me
Now you won't even come out and take a bow

Crying won't help you now
Crying won't help you now

So now your poets
Have all put down their pens
The only songs to sing
Are those sung again

Lonely just doesn't look good on you somehow
Crying won't help you now
Crying won't help you now

Now I jsut keep on starring
Into the black eyes of the truth
We'll have to learn to live up on our own somehow

Crying won't help you now
Crying won't help you now
Crying won't help you now
Crying won't help you now