

Better Than Ezra, Cry In The Sun

You cleaned out your room and under your bed,
lay a picture long forgotten.
With a hand to your head,
you sigh out loud as your memory rushes over and
buries you.

A summer rain storm,
but the shed was dry
with a girl from Carolina.
And you held her so tight,
for the warmth that the rain denied,
as the timer slowed to a flash.
So alive, you listen to them when they say...

[To Chorus:]

Cry in the sun.
When the devil beats his wife.
If you cry, cry, cry in the sun...
Hope I never see the price of my freedom.
We'd dance and sing out,
and trace the moon,
as it crawled across the night sky.
And covered in dew, a lover's pact:
Well, here's to now and don't look back.
And oh, how I tried to heed the words written here.

[To Chorus:]

Cry in the sun.
When the devil beats his wife.
If you cry, cry, cry in the sun...
Hope I never see the price of my freedom.

[BRIDGE:]

For every one yeah
There's a person, place or time,
that brings you back and makes you feel alive.
Before your reason clouds your eyes,
When you could rule the world if you wanted to...
yeah.

Well, I hear you're living far away.
And that life's treated you well.
You know that we were young,
And this picture's old.
But I still can hear you say,
Through the pounding of the rain.
And oh, if you try,
Tell me, can you hear them say...

[To Chorus:]

Cry in the sun.
When the devil beats his wife.
If you cry, cry, cry in the sun...
Hope I never see the price of my freedom.