

# Bob Dylan, Cry Awhile

Well, I had to go down to see a guy named Mr. Goldsmith  
Nasty, dirty, double-crossin', back-stabbin' phony I didn't 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, everyday 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 trusted 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 fightin' back tears that 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 babiis 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 today could be the day  
I might need a good lawyer, could be a funeral mad trial  
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile