

Burton Cummings, Permissible To Cry

Runnin' out of steam now,
I don't have the energy I once could have bragged of
Runnin' out of friendships
It seems that the years bring a house so divided
Runnin' out of contacts
Is this what they mean when they talk about 'lonely'...?
Runnin' out of answers
I made my own bed but I don't understand it
All I know is that things are movin' mighty fast
Don't mind the change but I can't go it alone
All I wanna know is that some days it's permissible to cry.

Wanted to be a tough guy
Never talked much 'bout what I was feelin' inside me
I never let my guard down
Couldn't tell a friend from a casual acquaintance
I played them all like chess men
The better the game the more moves I was using
I talked a lot of nonsense...
You get the most noise from the emptiest barrels...
All I know is that things are movin' mighty fast
Don't mind the change but I can't go it alone
All I wanna know is that sometimes it's permissible to cry.

Sometimes I'm feelin' like I'm all wrong
The simple things are takin' too long
Sometimes I'm feelin' like I'm all wrong
About to waste another day
Sometimes I'm feelin' like I'm all wrong
And I been comin' over too strong
And the things that I was sayin'
Didn't matter anyway.