

Crosby, Stills & Nash, You Don't Have To Cry

In the mornin' when you rise
Do you think of me, and how you left me cryin'?
Are you thinkin' of telephones, and managers,
And where you got to be at noon?
You are living a reality I left years ago
It quite nearly killed me.
In the long run it will make you cry.
Make you crazy and old before your time.
And the difference between me and you.
I won't argue right or wrong,
But I have time to cry, my baby
You don't have to cry,
I said cry my baby, you don't have to cry
I said cry my baby, you don't have to cry

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