

# Jim Johnston, My Turn To Cry

Words and music: jim johnston

You're such a mystery,  
I can't figure you out.  
That's how it's supposed to be.  
Sometimes you wear me out,  
Intentionally, -that's what it's all about.  
Am I a fool to still play by the rules when we fight?  
Some say I'm too late to try... love's not who's wrong or right  
Sometimes it's my turn to cry.  
Once the hurt has cleared,  
The blues can't get in the way.  
I know I want you here.

I try to tie you down, emotionally.  
Then we go back around.  
You're such a mystery,  
I can't figure you out.  
That's how it's going to be.  
Am I a fool to still play by the rules when we fight?  
It's never that easy to try,  
But love's not who's wrong and right.  
This time it's my turn to cry.  
When I took your hand I thought I'd understand you one day.  
It's never that easy to try.  
But I care about you and me, so maybe it's my turn to cry.  
You're such a mystery.