

Rusted Root, Cry

My mood is much darker than fear
It's older than anger
It's infant and primal
It's bubbly and grotesque
It's in between what I know

And so I ask,

Why should I cry
Whycry

Let's go my no one love
You're the one, the one
I always wanted to be now
And ever since the break of dawn
You've been next to me
And my mood
You're greedier than sex
but sexier than greed

And so I ask,

Why should I cry
Why.cry

And all the sailors
They go down
To where the woman lies
And she is dreaming of another
Place in time.
A place in time where she can ask.
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