

Ben Harper, Crying Won't Help You Now

You sit there and call me a liar and a cheat
I just wish you'd pin a rose on me
Now you won't even come out and take a bow
Crying won't help you now
Crying won't help you now
So now your poets
Have all put down their pens
The only songs to sing
Are those sung again
Lonely just doesn't look good on you somehow
Crying won't help you now
Crying won't help you now
Now I just keep on starrin'
Into the black eyes of the truth
We'll have to learn to live up on our own somehow
Crying won't help you now
Crying won't help you now
Crying won't help you now
Crying won't help you now