

Billie Holiday, WEEP NO MORE

Gordon Jenkins / Tom Adair

I'm just about fed up

I've finally had my fill

Of sitting around and crying in my beer

I've drunk the bitter cup

I've downed the bitter pill

While waiting for the silver lining to appear

I'm going to stack my blues up

On the very highest shelf

I'm going to pack my blues up

And get wise to myself

(Weep no more, my baby)

(Weep no more, my baby)

Weep no more

I'm going to weep no more

I'm putting an end to this lonesome game

(It's such a lonesome game this crying)

Cry no tears, I'm going to cry no tears

Each time that I happen to hear his name

(I hear his name)

I'm going out on the town

This hopeless torch I will drown

'Cause I'm tired of running around

(Running around)

With just a memory

Weep no more, I'm going to weep no more

Till somebody weeps

(Until somebody weeps) For me