

# Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, No Tears Left

Stephen Stills

So things have gotten weird for you  
The foolish do the things they do  
Mostly talk right at you without speaking

They're deaf and blind and they cannot think  
But now they want to be your shrink  
Probing for the missing link and freaking

And it's all about how you got strange  
Indifferent to their fear of change  
And feeling strong enough to get you peaking

(It's my life)

And I ... I have no tears left

(It's my life)

And I ... well, I ain't done yet

What do I have left

And you rage at their transparency  
And total insincerity  
That love is why they have to try and help you

But mostly it's about control  
They're terrified that you might go  
And find out for yourself what they can't teach you

Generations that go through this  
The young are punished for their disregard  
For every fool who might want to lead them

But living in the here and now  
Will cleans the waste of the sacred cows  
That clutters up the past you might be seeking

So go ahead and rage and fight  
Insist on finding your own light  
As wisdom cannot be confused by freedom

(It's my life)

I ... I have no tears left

(It's my life)

I ... well, I ain't done yet

(It's my life)

I got no tears left

(It's my life)

Well, I ain't done yet

What the hell do I have left