

# Ellis Paul, I Won't Cry Over You

Maggie looks out her window,  
Sees a cab in the street  
Lets out a point-blank whistle,  
It stops with a screech  
She picks up the last box,  
That sits in the corner  
She turns around to take  
A mental photograph  
She says to herself,  
&quot;I think a toast is in order,&quot;;  
And she holds up  
An invisible wine glass

(chorus)  
&quot;Here's to the fool I was  
Here's to the bride I could never be  
I've gotta know what's truth and what's fiction  
I gotta feel like my love's got conviction  
So tell me truth  
'Cause I got me suspicions  
And I tell you if it's the last thing I do  
I won't cry over you . . . &quot;;

Maggie sits in the kitchen  
of Miss Bethany Jones  
Whose pouring the coffee  
and gathering stones  
&quot;You gave him ultimatums  
They did not even scare him  
He'd walk a plank  
before he'd step down the aisle  
Take care of yourself, girl  
He's the one who's gotta change him  
Let him ponder bachelorhood for a long while&quot;;

(chorus)

'Cause I'm done with that  
I'm done with crying  
Seems like it's the only thing  
that I've been trying

They're taking it down  
to the heart of the matter  
Talking the big picture  
like it's a little tiny thing  
Smaller than a bread box  
Thinner than a whisker  
They split like an atom  
then the telephone rings

He says,

(chorus)

&quot;I just had to call you  
I feel like I've been spinning my wheels  
I just had to tell you how I feel

I'm not asking you to  
If only you'd listen  
Don't cry &quot;