

Steve Earle, The Boy Who Never Cried

Long ago and far away
In a land no map can find
There lived in long forgotten days
A boy who never cried
He was his mother's only child
So she never wondered why
Until the news spread far and wide
Of a boy who never cried
From fabled lands the pilgrims came
To behold the silent child
In ancient tones they sang his name
Over every lonely mile
There were those who came in reverence
There were those who stood outside
And whispered low in quatrains dim
Of a boy who never cried
Days grew long and short until
The seasons turned to years
The child grew strong and fairer still
With a face unstained by tears
And every maid and lady fair
Held her breath when he passed by
For their mothers bid them all beware
Of a man who never cries
He lived alone for all his years
And then on the day he died
He shed a single precious tear for a boy who never cried