

# Steve Lukather, Never Let Them See You Cry

No place left to hide  
Fire and smoke on all sides  
And you can't tell the sky  
From the skeletons, anymore  
But there's no time to wait to be saved  
The wasteland will spread like the plague  
And you'll wind up in somebody's cage  
Without a door  
Could've been me or you  
But if the foot fits the shoe  
It just might be a deadly dance

Paint your face  
Pound your drum  
But don't forget  
To load the gun

Say your prayer  
And drink your wine  
But never let  
Them see you cry

And so how will you know  
When compromise offers no hope  
Take a tip from that tv show  
And head for the hills  
Cause it's not like there's something to lose  
It's only the truth  
And it hasn't exactly been used  
And it never will  
This is not something strange  
Don't expect it to change  
And everything will be just fine