

The Mission, Cry Like A Baby

Well I can't take it, take it anymore
Everyone I know is a pimp or a whore
As ugly as sin and as sleazy as hell
Everyone I know has got trash to sell
From the mouth's of babes come the words of the wise
Please don't ask me to apologise
Load up your gun to play Russian roulette
I'll take another drag on your funny cigarette
And I'll cry like a baby

Rally the troops, the battle lines are drawn
The darkest hour comes before dawn
Don't you talk to me of self respect
Cos all I hear is cause and effect
I've got no bridges left to burn
Got no place left to turn
I'm a shooting star ready to crash
Don't want your credit I'll just take your cash
And I'll cry like a baby

Crawl back under your stone hide your face in shame
Look to yourself cos I'm too easy to blame
The smell of burning martyr, stench of decay
I'll trample over you if you get in my way
And I'll cry like a baby