

Thomas Anders, Cry For Help

She's taken my time.
Convince me she's fine.
But when she leaves I'm not so sure.
It's always the same.
She's playing her game.
And when she goes I feel to blame.
Why won't she say she needs me?
I know she's not as strong as she seems.
Why don't I see her cry for help?
Why don't I feel her cry for help?
Why don't I hear her cry for help?
I wandered around
the streets of this town
trying to find sense of it all.
The rain on my face,
it covers the trace
of all the tears I'd had to waste.
Why must we hide emotions?
Why must we never break down and cry?
All that I need is to cry for help.
Somebody please hear me cry for help.
All I can do is cry for help.
Cry for help is all I need.
All I need is a cry for help.
Cry for help is all I need.
All I need is a cry for help.
All that I need is to cry for help.
Somebody please hear me cry for help.
All I can do is cry for help.