

# TV On The Radio, Crying

Laugh in the face of death under masthead  
Hold your breath through late breaking disasters  
Next to news of the trite

The codes and the feelings that meant to be noble  
Like coke in the nose of the nobles  
Keeps it alight

And the wrath and the riots  
And the races on fire  
And the music for tanks with no red lights in sight

Got you cryin'  
Cryin'  
Oh, whyin'  
Oh, my my my

Gold is another word for culture  
Leads to fattening  
Of the vultures  
Till this bird can barely fly

And Mary and David smoke dung in the trenches  
While Zion's behaviour never gets mentioned  
The writings on your wall

And the blood on the cradle  
And the ashes you wade through  
Got you callin' God's name in vain  
Leaved the damned to damn it all

It's got you cryin'  
Cryin'  
Oh, whyin'  
Oh, my my my

Broken nose, colored glasses  
Can't see for the thorns  
And you just can't stand no more  
What a clumsy kind of low

Time to take the wheel and the road  
From the masters  
Take this car, drive it straight into the wall  
Build it back up from the floor

And stop our cryin'  
Oh, cryin'  
Oh, whyin'  
Oh, my my my

Our cryin'  
Our cryin'  
Our cryin'

Still you try, try, try