Crying

Thinkingmachine

My childhood friend is gone, the funeral is over
I'm drinking in the bar of my hotel

This place is new to me, and I feel much older
The barman’s choice of music I know well

Then you appear and the room turns colder
You’ve timed the middle of the mighty fill

There was a reason
that song fit us so well
Your loveless treason
that dragged me through hell

I’ve been crying
slowly trying
to pick myself up, might surprise you but it’s true
that I’m not crying over you

I know you just didn’t care that you let me down
What makes you think I’d talk to you again?

You’re like the old sugar mill I passed driving back to town
A crumbling shell where nothing sweet remains

Just walk away
Let me drink alone
Looking back on my day
I wish your name was on that stone

I’ve been crying
slowly trying
to pick myself up, might surprise you but it’s true
that I’m not crying over you
...

thinkingmachine.music

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