Too Dry To Cry

Willis Earl Beal

Tweed jacket, trucker hat, cup of tea I'm just sitting at the table thinking about me With my moccasins on and waiting by my phone With my half-masked eyes like a tear-less drone I am the deep down clown, you better throw me a bone Cause I'll be making that sound, when they leave me alone With the pots and pans, my voice and my hands And my spoon drumstick, with this innocuous trance You got to give me a chance to advance this romance So when I pick up my 'fro I have a place I can go OH, no, don't leave me hanging like a spider with no fly Cause I've been banging on the walls cause I'M too dry to cry. OH, no, don't leave me hanging like a spider with no fly Cause I've been banging on the walls cause I'M too dry to cry. Photocopied xerox pictures of dames With two dimensional faces make me feel ashamed So I keep 'em tucked away in a folder that's red But I don't need to look at them cause they're stuck in my head They're what I sniff when I tell you to come right along In my one-room shack, you know we can't go wrong I got nine hard inches like a pitchfork prong So honey lift up your dress and help me sing this song OH, no, don't leave me hanging like a spider with no fly Cause I've been banging on the walls, 'cause I'M too dry to cry. OH, no, don't leave me hanging like a spider with no fly Cause I've been banging on the walls, 'cause I'm too dry to cry. OH, no, don't leave me hanging like a spider with no fly Cause I've been banging on the walls, 'cause I'M too dry to cry. OH, no, don't leave me hanging like a spider with no fly Cause I've been banging on the walls, 'cause I'm too dry to cry.

Oh, no. Don't leave me hanging
Oh, no, babe. Don't leave me hanging
Don't leave me hanging, Babe. Oh, no.
Don't leave me hanging, Babe. Oh, no.
Don't leave me hanging. Oh, no.
Don't leave me hanging. Oh, no.

Don't leave me hanging, Babe. Oh, no. Don't leave me hanging, Babe. Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no.

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