Go Cry

Pitty Sing

I lost my love on the other side
I lost my love and I fear tonight
I'll lose my love and get fucked up
And get fucked up all nightI love my teacher with the highest words
I love my teacher and I'm not absurd
And nothing makes madder
Than Fridays on SundaysWhen I just think of you
Go if you want to, cry if you want to
Go if you want to, cry if you want to
Go if you want to, cry if you want toI loved my women on the second war
I loved my women now I seen it all
And nothing makes madder
Than ever come round here againI love my dad with my all and all
I loved my dad through his rise and fall
And nothing makes madder
Than Saturday trafficWhen I just think of you
Go if you want to, cry if you want toOutside it never seemed so cold
Outside it never seemed so ordinary, ordinary
Outside said, he never needs you
Outside said, he never needs you
Outside said, he never needs you going

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