

# 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 night I love my teacher with the highest words  
I love my teacher and I'm not absurd  
And nothing makes madder  
Than Fridays on Sundays When 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 to I 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 again I love my dad with my all and all  
I loved my dad through his rise and fall  
And nothing makes madder  
Than Saturday traffic When I just think of you  
Go if you want to, cry if you want to Outside 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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