

# Tears Don't Matter Much

Lucero

Matt Bradley's got the broken teeth  
He wears a jean jacket with a bullet in the sleeve  
He's just another Southern boy who dreams of nights in NYC  
And I sing along  
I sing along  
My tears don't matter much,  
They don't matter much (x2)  
Doug Deluca's voice could break a heart  
I recorded every song  
I used up three whole tapes, and put 'em in a box  
To give away  
To break a heart  
My tears don't matter much,  
They don't matter much (x2)  
When the boys sing their songs  
And the kids they sing along...  
I'm just another Southern boy who dreams of nights in NYC  
And I sing along  
I sing along  
Cory Branan's got an evil streak  
And a way with words that'll bring you to your knees  
Oh he can play the wildest shows and he can sing so sweet  
I still sing along  
My tears don't matter much,  
They don't matter much (x2)  
When the boys sing their songs  
And the kids they sing along...  
I'm just another Southern boy who dreams of nights in NYC  
And I sing along  
I still sing along  
My tears don't matter much,  
They don't matter much (x6)

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