Tears Donâ€™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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