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Ryan Adams

I was a poor little kid in the lungs of New York
Like a motherless son of a bitch
Loaded on Ephedrine, looking for downers and coke
Like a sun that just wouldn't set out on the horizonSinging and dancing to them night time songsI took a train and came up from Carolina
I was looking for something to do
Nothing I found could ever quite occupy me
And with nothing to gain there's always nothing to loseSinging and dancing to them night time songs
Cry me a river till the morning comesI should've died a hundred thousand times
Teetering stoned off the side of buildings
Nobody loved me and nobody even tried
You can't hang on to something that won't stop movingSinging and dancing to them night time songsI got arrested down south for hitting a clerk
I spit in his face, the bastard knocked me out
He leered at my lady and then he touched her face
Thank God, she had the money to bail me outSinging and dancing to them night time songs
Cry me a river till the morning comesBar room boogie just like in the movies
Go on put it to me, shake it till the rattles come on
Take me where the morning don't comeI had a dog named Jet, when I was a kid
Until one day he wandered off and died
One night I went in the yard and dug him up
And he laid in the box just like a pile of bonesSinging and dancing to them night time songsI used to get loaded and baby I'd drive your car
It seemed like there was always a cop
Coming up behind me and following close as he could
Eventually he'd just trail offLoaded and cruising to them night time songs
Cry me a river till the morning comesBar room boogie just like in the movies
Go on put it to me, shake it till the rattles come on
Take me where the morning don't comeI think I died a hundred thousand times
Mixing liquor with them mystery pills
Mystery pills and heroin mixed into cocaine
Face down, lyin' on the riversideMost of my friends are married and making them babies
To most of them I already died
And whatever it is about you, I've always hated
Is something about myself I just couldn't hide
And I'm going, going, baby, I'm almost goneSo cry me a river to the other side of the mornTo where the morning don't come
To where the morning don't come
To where the morning don't come

To where the morning don't comeTo where the morning don't come
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