

Cry, Cry, Cry

Bobby Bland

Are you ready for bad blood?
I've got my share
I'm sick of them sweet, sweet nothings
 Oh, in my ear
 Ain't it funny? I'm the honey
 All your money just can't buy
 So baby you can cry, cry, cry
 Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
 Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
 Now the last laugh is mine
You ready for hot stuff? Be prepared
I'm sick of your cheap, cheap hustle
 Oh, don't cha dare
 Let us pray the Lord have mercy
 On your mercenary mind
 'Cause even if you cry, cry, cry
 Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
 Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
 Your heart out, I won't be kind
 Lonely
Are you ready for good times? Hard to bear
You're steppin' on holy ground, hold it there
 Babe, I'm a fading out your hologram
 A phoney toothpaste smile
Remember when you cry, cry, cry
 Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
 Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
 (Your heart out, I did mine)
 Cry, cry, cry
 Cry, cry, cry
 Cry, cry, cry
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