

Cry to Me

Huey Lewis & The News

Oh my god, I can't believe my eyes
Underneath that ghostly pale is that you
Someone in your shape shouldn't be driving
Someone in your shape shouldn't be doing anything at all
You should see yourself in the mirror
With your leather lips and your snakeskin shoes
Do you have to shout in my ear
Do me a favor, just stop talking for a minute or two
You crack me up, you really really do
With your sunglasses on, acting so young
Only I know what you're really up to
You break me up
No, I don't want to sit in your sports car
No, I don't want to hear a tune
All the locals say you'll go far
That's funny; they don't know you like I do
You crack me up you twisted wreck
Shouding in the parking lot, think you'll give it one more shot
Better hope they'll cash a check
You break me up
You better ask yourself a question
Cause you cant live like this for long
You better listen to my suggestion
Before you wind up in somebody else's song

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