

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 horizon  
 Singing and dancing to them night time songs  
 I 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 lose  
 Singing and dancing to them night time songs  
 Cry me a river till the morning comes  
 I 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 moving  
 Singing and dancing to them night time songs  
 I 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 out  
 Singing and dancing to them night time songs  
 Cry me a river till the morning comes  
 Bar 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 come  
 I 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 bones  
 Singing and dancing to them night time songs  
 I 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 off  
 Loaded and cruising to them night time songs  
 Cry me a river till the morning comes  
 Bar 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 come  
 I 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 riverside  
 Most 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 gone  
 So cry me a river to the other side of the morn  
 To where the  
 morning don't come  
 To where the morning don't come  
 To where the morning don't come

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