

# Cry Awhile

Bob Dylan

Well, I had to go down to see a guy named Mr. Goldsmith  
Nasty, dirty, double-crossin', back-stabbin' phony  
I didn't have to, want to have to deal with  
But I did it for you and all you gave me was a smile  
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn to cry awhile I don't carry dead weight, I'm no flash in the pan  
Alright, I'll set you straight, can't you see I'm a union man  
I'm lettin' the cat out of the cage, I'm keepin' a low profile  
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile Feel like a fightin' rooster, feel better than I ever felt  
But the Pennsylvania line's in an awful mess  
And the Denver road is a-goin' to melt  
I went to the church house, every day I go an extra mile  
Well, I cry for you, now your turn, you can cry awhile Last night, 'cross the alley, there was a poundin' on the  
wall  
It must have been Don Pasquale makin' a 2 AM booty call  
To break a trusting heart like mine was just your style  
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn to cry awhile I'm on the fringes of the night, fighting back my tears I  
can't control  
Some people they ain't human, they ain't got no heart or soul  
But I'm a-cryin' to the Lord, tryin' to be meek and mild  
Yes, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile Well, the preacher's in the pulpit and the babies in  
their cribs  
I'm longin' for that sweet fat that sticks to your ribs  
I'm goin' to buy me a barrel of whiskey, I'll die before I turn senile  
Yes, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile Well, you bet on the horses, they ran the wrong way  
I always said you'd be sorry and that would be the day  
I might need a good lawyer, could be your funeral, my trial  
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>