

The Man Who Couldn't Cry

Johnny Cash

There once was a man and he couldn't cry (yeah)
He hadn't cried for years and for years
Napalmed babies, movie Love Stories
For instance could not produce tears
As a child he had cried as all children will
Then at some point his tear ducts all ran dry
Grew to be a man, it all hit the fan
Things got bad, but he couldn't cry
His dog got ran over, his wife up and left him
After that he got sacked from his job
Lost his arm in the war, was laughed at by a whore
Ah, but still not a sniffle or sob
Well, his novel was refused, his movie was panned
His big Broadway show was a flop
He got sent off to jail; you guessed it, no bail
Oh, but still not a dribble or a drop
In jail he was beaten, bullied and bugged
And made to make license plates
Water and bread was all he was fed
But not once did a tear stain his face
Doctors were called in, scientists, too
Theologians were last and practically least
They all agreed sure enough; this is no cream puff
But in fact a insensitive beast
He was taken from the jail and placed in a place
For the insensitive and the insane
He made a lot of friends and he played a lot of chess
And he cried every time it would rain
Once it rained forty days and it rained forty nights
And he cried and he cried and he cried and he cried
On the forty-first day, he passed away
He just dehydrated and died
He went up to heaven, located his dog
After that, he rejoined his arm
Below, all the critics, they took it all back
Cancer robbed the whore of her charm
His ex-wife died of stretch marks, his ex-employer went broke
The theologians were finally found out
Right down to the ground, the jail house burned down
The earth suffered perpetual drought

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