

No Time to Cry

Iris DeMent

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

My father died a year ago today.
The rooster started crowing when they carried Dad away.
There beside my mother, in the living room, I stood,
With my brothers and my sisters, knowing Dad was gone for good. Well, I stayed at home just long enough,
To lay him in the ground and then I,
Caught a plane to do a show up north in Detroit town.
Because I'm older now and I've got no time to cry. I've got no time to look back, I've got no time to see,
The pieces of my heart that have been ripped away from me.
And if the feeling starts to coming, I've learned to stop 'em fast.
'Cause I don't know, if I let 'em go, they might not wanna pass.
And there's just so many people trying to get me on the phone.
And there's bills to pay, and songs to play,
And a house to make a home.
I guess I'm older now and I've got no time to cry. I can still remember when I was a girl.
But so many things have changed so much here in my world.
I remember sitting on the front yard when an ambulance went by,
And just listening to those sirens I would breakdown and cry. But now I'm walking and I'm talking,
Doing just what I'm supposed to do.
Working overtime to make sure that I don't come unglued.
I guess I'm older now and I've got no time to cry. I've got no time to look back, I've got no time to see,
The pieces of my heart that have been ripped away from me.
And if the feeling starts to coming, I've learned to stop 'em fast.
'Cause I don't know, if I let 'em go, they might not wanna pass.
And there's just so many people trying to get me on the phone.
And there's bills to pay, and songs to play,
And a house to make a home.
I guess I'm older now and I've got no time to cry. Now I sit down on the sofa and I watch the evening news:
There's a half a dozen tragedies from which to pick and choose.
The baby that was missing was found in a ditch today.
And there's bombs a'flying and people dying not so far away. And I'll take a beer from the 'fridgerator,
And go sit out in the yard and with a cold one in my hand,
I'm gonna bite down and swallow hard.

Because I'm older now: I've got no time to cry. I've got no time to look back, I've got no time to see,
The pieces of my heart that have been ripped away from me.
And if the feeling starts to coming, I've learned to stop 'em fast.
'Cause I don't know, if I let 'em go, they might not wanna pass.
And there's just so many people trying to get me on the phone.
And there's bills to pay, and songs to play,
And a house to make a home.
I guess I'm older now and I've got no time to cry. I guess I'm older now: I just ain't got no time to cry. No time
to cry. No time to cry. No time to cry.

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