

# Cry to Me

## Loleatta Holloway

Poor little dreamer  
Stands inside the door  
You can't find the easy rhymes  
Of times you had before  
And it hurts my heart so bad  
Seeing you sigh and shake  
Broken down so low, so sad  
I can't let you break  
Cry to me, cry to me  
You better not hide it  
Let it come, let it bleed  
I ain't laughing  
Reach in and get it and set it free  
Cry, come on cry to me  
The glass is empty and the wine  
Is bitter on your tongue  
And people don't seem wild and fine

Like when you were young  
Now you're restless over a stormy ocean  
Lost in the rain and wind  
But we can clear these clouds away  
And find the sun again  
If you cry to me  
Come on cry to me  
You better not hide  
Let it come, let it bleed  
I ain't laughing  
Oh no reach in and get it and set it free  
Cry, come on cry to me, yeah  
Cry to me  
Oh, cry to me  
Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry

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