

# Grown Men Don't Cry

Tim McGraw

I pulled into the shopping center  
And saw a little boy wrapped around the legs of his mother  
Like ice cream melting they embraced  
Years of bad decisions runnin' down her face  
All mornin' I'd been thinkin' my life's so hard  
And they wore everything they own, livin' in a car  
I wanted to tell 'em it would be okay  
But I got just got in my suburban and I, I drove away

I don't know why they say grown men don't cry  
I don't know why they say grown men don't cry

Keep having this dream about my old man  
I'm 10 years old, and he's holding my hand  
We're talkin' on the front porch watchin' the sun go down  
But it was just a dream  
He was a slave to his job and he couldn't be around  
So many things I wanna say to him  
But I just placed a rose on his grave and I talk to the wind

And I don't know why they say grown men don't cry  
I don't know why they say grown men don't cry, don't cry

I'm sittin' here with my kids and my wife  
And everything that I hold dear in my life  
We say grace and thank the Lord, got so much to be thankful for  
Then it's up the stairs and off to bed and my little girl says  
"I haven't had my story yet"  
Everything weighin' on my mind disappears just like that  
When she lifts her head off her pillow and says, "I love you dad"

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