

Cry

Rusted Root

My mood is much darker than fear
It's older than anger, it's infant and primal
It's bubbly and grotesque
It's in between what I know
And so I ask
Why should I cry
Why cry
Let's go my no one love
You're the one, the one
I always wanted to be now
And ever since the break of dawn
You've been next to me
And my mood
You're greedier than sex
But sexier than greed
And so I ask
Why should I cry
Why cry
And all the sailors they go down
To where the woman lies
And she is dreaming of another
Place in time a place in time where she can ask

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