

Cry for the Bad Man

Lynyrd Skynyrd

Well, he walks so tall to be so small
Never met a man who's stranger
He lives his life for a dollar sign
And to deal with him is dangerous He knocked me down but I'm on my feet
Now I'm so much wiser
But I'd rather quit and go back home
Than to deal with the money miser Let's cry for this bad man
I sing a song for the bad man Well, you treat me right, baby, I'll treat you right
That's the way it's supposed to be
But I put my faith down in my friend
And he almost put an end to me Well, I work seven days a week
Eight when I am able
When you take my money from me
Take food from my Mama's table Let's cry for this bad man
I wrote a song for the bad man
Oh baby, you know who you are Let's cry for this bad man
I wrote a song for the bad man
Way down in Georgia Well, you treat me right, baby, I'll treat you right
That's the way it's supposed to be
Well, I put my faith down in my friend
And he almost put an end to me Well, when you take my money, baby
When you hurt my family
I go walkin' through the swamps
Without no shoes, step on a snake that's deadly Oh, let's cry for this bad man
I wrote a song for the bad man
Oh, let's cry for this bad man
I wrote a song for the bad man Oh, baby, straight to you
Oh no, he's so bad, bad, bad

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