

# Crying (Telepathe Remix)

## TV on the Radio

Laugh in the face of death under masthead  
Hold your breath through late breaking disasters  
Next to news of the trite  
And the codes  
And the feelings that meant to be noble  
Like coke in the nose of the nobles  
Keeps it alight And the wrath  
And the riots  
And the races on fire  
And the music for tanks with no red lights in sight Got you Cryin'  
Cryin'  
Oh whyin'  
Oh my my my Gold is another word for culture  
Leads to fattening  
Of the vultures  
Till this bird can barely fly And Mary and David smoke dung in the trenches  
While Zion's behavior never gets mentioned  
The writings  
On your wall And the blood on the cradle  
And the ashes you wade through  
Got you callin' God's name in vain  
Leaved the damned to damn it all! 's got you Cryin'  
Cryin'  
Oh whyin'  
Oh my my my Broken rose, colored glasses  
Can't see for the thorns  
And you just can't stand no more!  
What a clumsy kind of low  
Time to take the wheel and the road  
From the masters  
Take this car, drive it straight into the wall  
Build it back up from the floor And stop our Cryin'  
Cryin'  
Oh whyin'  
Oh my my my Our cryin'  
Our cryin'  
Our cryin' Still you try, try, try

Songwriters

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