

TV On The Radio, Crying

Laugh in the face of death under masthead
Hold your breath through late breaking disasters
Next to news of the trite

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 behaviour 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

It's got you cryin'
Cryin'
Oh, whyin'
Oh, my my my

Broken nose, 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'
Oh, cryin'
Oh, whyin'
Oh, my my my

Our cryin'
Our cryin'
Our cryin'

Still you try, try, try