

Cry

Sheena Easton

(Cry, baby)

I heard a cry at night, I heard him slam the door
There was a screech of tyres, but he'll be back for sure
Now through my apartment wall, I can hear her sweet tears start
in' to fall

So cry, baby, wash out your heart
Hang your life out to dry and make a new start
Then came a telephone ring, it was a logical thing
I left it for a while, I let her hang up and redial
Then I picked up the telephone, 'n I said "Don't worry, honey
No no no, no no no, you're not alone"

It was a tale unwound, I'd heard it all before
And nothin' I could say would ever ease her pain
Still I picked up the telephone, 'n I said "Don't worry, honey
No no no, no no no, no no no, no no no, you're not alone"