

Cindy's Cryin'

Tom Paxton

Cindy's cryin' but it ain't no use -
She's got a habit and she can't get loose.
Stoppin' each and ev'ry man she meets,
Gonna be a hooker on Bleecker Street.

On Bleecker Street,
Honey, makes you feel like cryin'.
You said you'd leave it and I hope you're tryin'.
Oh, they call it livin', and it feels like dyin'.

Police stopped her on the street today,
She was holdin' and they took her away.
Threw her in jail and they made her wait,
She was cryin' "Oh, Jesus, let me just get straight.
Let me just get straight". Honey, makes you feel like
cryin'.
I know you can make it but you better stop tryin'.
Oh, they call it livin', Baby, someone's lyin'.

Cindy, Cindy, whatcha gonna do?
Got no money and you're way past due.
You got every last penny I had,
The man is restless and your credit is bad,
And your credit is bad, Honey, makes you feel like
cryin'.
We can make it but we better start tryin'.
Oh, I ain't leaving you and I ain't lyin'.

Now Cindy went South and took the cure,
"This time, Honey, I'm straight for sure".
Went to the corner to the grocery store,
You were gone ten minutes and I know you scored,
And I know you scored,

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