

Cry in the Sun

Better Than Ezra

You cleaned out your room and under your bed,
lay a picture long forgotten.
With a hand to your head,
you sigh out loud as your memory rushes over and
buries you.

A summer rain storm,
but the shed was dry
with a girl from Carolina.
And you held her so tight,
for the warmth that the rain denied,
as the timer slowed to a flash.
So alive, you listen to them when they say...

Cry in the sun.
When the devil beats his wife.
If you cry, cry, cry in the sun...
Hope I never see the price of my freedom.

We'd dance and sing out,
and trace the moon,
as it crawled across the night sky.
And covered in dew, a lover's pact:
Well, here's to now and don't look back.
And oh, how I tried to heed the words written here.

Cry in the sun.
When the devil beats his wife.
If you cry, cry, cry in the sun...
Hope I never see the price of my freedom.

For every one yeah
There's a person, place or time,
that brings you back and makes you feel alive.
Before your reason clouds your eyes,
When you could rule the world if you wanted to...
yeah.

Well, I hear you're living far away.
And that life's treated you well.
You know that we were young,
And this picture's old.
But I still can hear you say,
Through the pounding of the rain.
And oh, if you try,
Tell me, can you hear them say...

Cry in the sun.
When the devil beats his wife.
If you cry, cry, cry in the sun...
Hope I never see the price of my freedom.