

# I'm Not Crying. You're Not Crying, Are You?

Dear and the Headlights

Did the seesaw nights put their hands on you?  
I can't really say, I can't really say

Are you swinging from the eaves in a tasteful noose?  
I can't really say, I can't really say

You're following a flashlight down utility halls  
And then you mumble to yourself that this has all been your fault  
And oh, you're not laughing, you're not laughing, are you?

And now some local loser with a tape and a badge  
Wants you to answer from the list of pointless questions to ask  
And no he's not sincere, you're not sincere, are you?

Then the howls and moans pour from the black and it's a sea of  
blank faces straight to the back  
Aggressively mediocre in every single way  
Yet you're the only reason that they came

So if you have to keep singing then singing should be fine  
And if it ain't what you had pictured  
Yeah that sounds about right

Does it matter much to me to mean a thing to you?  
I can't really say, I can't really say

They blather incessantly, every drossy last one  
And then they clamour for attention vomiting opinions  
But oh you weren't asking, you're not asking, are you?

Ain't it hard when you discover that the only thing you've ever  
loved is passing your hat  
and anything that's got a pulse is doing just the same  
and you're the only reason that you came

So if you have to keep singing then singing should be fine  
And if it ain't what you had pictured then yeah that's about right  
Said if you have to keep singing then singing should be fine  
And if it ain't what you had pictured then yeah that sounds about right