

# The Man Who Couldn't Cry

Loudon Wainwright III

There once was a man who just couldn't cry  
He hadn't cried for years and for years  
Napalmed babies and the movie love story  
For instance could not produce tears  
As a child he had cried as all children will  
Then at some point his tear ducts ran dry  
He grew to be a man, the feces hit the fan  
Things got bad, but he couldn't cry

His dog was run over, his wife up and left him  
And after that he got sacked from his job  
Lost his arm in the war, was laughed at by a whore  
Ah, but sill not a snuffle or sob

His novel was refused, his movie was panned  
And his big Broadway show was a flop

He got sent off to jail; you guessed it, no bail  
Oh, but still not a dribble or drop

In jail he was beaten, bullied and buggered  
And made to make license plates  
Water and bread was all he was fed  
But not once did a tear stain his face

Doctors were called in, scientists, too  
Theologians were last and practically least

They all agreed sure enough; this was sure no cream  
puff  
But in fact an insensitive beast

He was removed from jail and placed in a place  
For the insensitive and the insane  
He played lots of chess and made lots of friends  
And he wept every time it would rain

Once it rained forty days and it rained forty nights  
And he cried and he cried and he cried and he cried

On the forty-first day, he passed away  
He just dehydrated and died

Well, he went up to heaven, located his dog  
Not only that, but he rejoined his arm  
Down below, all the critics, they took it all back  
Cancer robbed the whore of her charm

His ex-wife died of stretch marks, his ex-employer went  
broke  
The theologians were finally found out

Right down to the ground, that old jail house burned  
down  
The earth suffered perpetual drought