

# Ballad of the Sad Young Men

Roberta Flack

Sing a song of sad young men, glasses full of rye  
All the news is bad again, kiss your dreams goodbye

All the sad young men, sitting in the bars  
Knowing neon nights, and missing all the stars

All the sad young men, drifting through the town  
Drinking up the night, trying not to drown

All the sad young men, singing in the cold  
Trying to forget, that they're growing old

All the sad young men, choking on their youth  
Trying to be brave, running from the truth

Autumn turns the leaves to gold, slowly dies the heart  
Sad young men are growing old, that's the cruellest part

All the sad young men, seek a certain smile  
Someone they can hold, for just a little while

Tired little girl, does the best she can  
Trying to be gay, for a sad young men

While a grimy moon, watches from above  
All the sad young men, who play at making love

Misbegotten moon shine for sad young men  
Let your gentle light guide them home again  
All the sad, sad, sad, young men