

I was a poor little kid in the lungs of new York

Just like a motherless son of a bitch  
Loaded on ephedrine looking for downers and coke  
Like a sun that just wouldn't set out on the horizon  
Singing and dancing to them nighttime songs

I took a train and came up from Carolina  
I was looking for something to do  
Nothing I found could ever quite occupy me  
With nothing to gain there's always nothing to lose  
Singing and dancing to them nighttime songs  
Cry me a river till the morning comes

I should've died a hundred thousand times  
Teetering stoned off the side of buildings  
Nobody loved me and nobody even tried  
You cant hang on to something that wont stop moving  
Singing and dancing to them nighttime songs

I got arrested down south for hitting a clerk  
I spit in his face, the bastard knocked me out  
He leered at my lady and then he touched her face  
Thank God she had the money to bail me out  
Singing and dancing to them nighttime songs  
Cry me a river till the morning comes

Bar room boogie just like in the movies  
Go on put it to me shake it till the rattles come on  
Take me where the morning don't come

I had a dog named Jet, when I was a kid  
Until one day he wandered off and died  
One night I went in the yard and dug him up  
And he laid in the box just like a pile of bones  
Singing and dancing to them nighttime songs

I used to get loaded and baby Id drive your car  
It seemed like there was always a cop  
Coming behind me and following close as they could  
Eventually they'd just trail off  
Loaded and cruising to them nighttime songs  
Cry me a river till the morning comes

Bar room boogie just like in the movies  
Go on put it to me shake it till the rattles come on  
Take me where the morning don't come

I think I died a hundred thousand times  
Mixing liquor with mystery pills  
Mystery pills and heroin mixed into cocaine  
Face down out on the riverside  
Most of my friends are married and making them babies  
To most of them I already died  
And whatever it is about you I've always hated  
Is something about myself I just couldn't hide  
And I'm going going baby I'm gone

So cry me a river to the other side of the morning  
To where the morning don't come  
To where the morning don't come  
To where the morning don't come