

# You Don't Have to Cry

Stephen Stills

In the mornin' when you rise  
Do you think of me, and how you left me cryin'?  
Are you thinkin' of telephones, and managers,  
And where you got to be at noon?  
You are living a reality I left years ago  
It quite nearly killed me.  
In the long run it will make you cry.  
Make you crazy and old before your time.  
And the difference between me and you.  
I won't argue right or wrong,  
But I have time to cry, my baby  
You don't have to cry,  
I said cry my baby, you don't have to cry  
I said cry my baby, you don't have to cry