

If You Don't Cry

The Magnetic Fields

Softly the crystals falling on 17th Street do their dance and die and are gone
Millions of crystal balls roll around your feet and nothing gets done
An hour goes by She doesn't If you don't cry it isn't love If you don't
cry then you just don't feel it deep enough Dying all day in thousands of
little ways Dancing alone and drinking a lot Closing the clubs and haunting
the cabarets looking for what Another five years off your life.
.. A year goes by She doesn't...