

Crying

TV on the Radio

Laugh in the face of death under masthead
Hold your breath through late breaking disasters
Next to news of the trite

Codes, feelings meant global
Like coke in the nose of the nobles keeps it alight
Wrath, riots and the race is on fire
And the music for tanks with no red lights in sight

Got you cryin', cryin'
Oh whyin'
Oh my, my, my

Gold is another word for culture
Leads to fattening of the vultures
Till this bird can barely fly

And Mary and David smoke dung in the trenches
While Zion's behavior never gets mentioned
The writings on your wall

Blood on the cradle and the ashes you wade through
Got you callin' God's name in vain
Leaved the damned to damn it all

Got you cryin', cryin'
Oh whyin'
Oh my, my, my

Broken nose, colored glasses can't see for the thorns
And you just can't stand no more
What a clumsy kind of low

Time to take the wheel and the road from the masters
Take this car, drive it straight into the wall
Build it back up from the floor

And stop our cryin', oh cryin'
Oh cryin'
Oh my, my, my

Our cryin', our cryin'
Our cryin'
Still you try, try, try