

Cry To Me – Solomon Burke

When your baby leaves you all alone
And nobody calls you on the phone
A-don't you feel like a-cryin'?
Don't you feel like cryin'?
Well, here I am, a-honey
A-come on, well, cry to me
When you're all alone in your lonely room
And there's nothing
But the smell of her perfume
A-don't you feel like a-cryin'?
A-don't you feel like cryin'?
A-don't you feel like a-cryin'?
A-come on, come on, cry to me
Whoa
Nothing can be sadder
Than a glass of wine alone
Loneliness, loneliness,
Such a waste of your time, oh yes
You don't ever have to walk alone, you see
A-come on, take my hand, and baby,
Won't you walk with me?
Whoa yeah
When you're waitin' for a voice to come
In the night, but there's no one
A-don't you feel like a-cryin'?
Don't you feel like cryin'?
A-don't you feel like a-c-cry,
C-cry, c-cry-cry
Cry, c-cry, c-cry-cry, cryin'?
A-don't you feel like a-cry,
C-cry, c-cry-cry
C-cry, c-cry, c-cry-cry, cryin'?



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych



Handwritten text, possibly a name or title, located at the top of the page.