

*Cryin' Time*

Text by Sandra Meigs, edited by Bob Becker

I was up inside the canyon  
when I saw your smilin' face.  
Never plant the seed,  
if you're expectin' grace.  
Cryin' time. It's cryin' time.  
Cryin' time again.

In the rocks I see your face,  
but then a river floods the place.  
The rock's so tall  
that I'm just nothin'.  
Muddy water's changin' all I know.  
Cryin' time. It's cryin' time.  
Cryin' time again.  
A rock so high  
nothin' can climb it.  
Not even a bird  
can fly to find it.

And down the cliffs  
to the river falls.  
Risin' water breakin' through the walls.

And takin' back  
all it left behind.  
Takes it back,  
so I can't find you.

With the drop of a hat  
or a key down a grate,  
I lost you like that,  
through a slip of fate.  
Cryin' time. It's cryin' time.  
Cryin' time again.

I went to the river  
and thought I'd jump in.  
Your smilin' face stopped me. Again.  
Smilin' face, or cryin' time.  
It's sure to make me feel alive.

Beyond the hill. Beneath the clock.  
Beside my bed. On the canyon walk.  
I know you won't mind,  
if it's cryin' time.  
Cryin' time.  
Cryin' time again.