

Cryin' Don't Even Come Close

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CRYIN' DON'T EVEN COME CLOSE

(Steve Gillette and Charles John Quarto)

Lookin' out this evening, mainly for myself
I still can't tell what's missing from what's mine.
I only know I'm leavin' an uneasy farewell
And it's hard to tell what else I'll leave behind.

But it seems to me, at a time like this
Only silence can say what is real
Oh, and cryin' don't even come close to the way that I feel.

Some dreams are not for sleepin', some nights are not for rest
Some stories are better left inside
So I'll just keep on believin' that it's all for the best
And let the beckoning highway provide.

'Cause it seems to me, at a time like this
Only silence can say what is real
Oh, and cryin' don't even come close to the way that I feel.

Someday, I guess, I may somehow express
What I cannot now begin to reveal
Oh, and cryin' don't even come close to the way that I feel,

Oh, and cryin' don't even come close to the way that I feel.

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