

## No Good Place to Cry

Randy Houser

Sunday mornin', it came without warnin'  
After another sad Saturday night  
No understandin' her change in plans and  
I'm way to weak to fight  
Well stranger's faces on this crowded street  
They all turn away when they, they look at me  
They don't wanna see these tears in my eyes  
But there ain't no good place to cry

So I found my way down to lower Broadway  
Where nobody knows my name  
I was just another fool sittin' down there on another stool  
With another woman to blame  
And I don't wanna share my story  
And all the same old blues, they bore me  
I just need to find a good place to hide  
'Cause there ain't no good place to cry

And I don't want anyone to see  
And I don't want anyone to pity me  
So I might have to walk these streets all night  
'Cause there ain't no good place to cry

Oh there ain't no good place to cry