

**Cry Love**  
**John Hiatt**

CRY LOVE - John Hiatt

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|                 |  |   |  |   |  |    |  |   |  |   |  |   |  |    |  |   |  |
|-----------------|--|---|--|---|--|----|--|---|--|---|--|---|--|----|--|---|--|
| {Mandolin only} |  | C |  | G |  | Am |  | F |  | C |  | G |  | Am |  | F |  |
| {Band in}       |  | C |  | G |  | Am |  | F |  | C |  | G |  | Am |  |   |  |

|          |          |          |           |                                     |
|----------|----------|----------|-----------|-------------------------------------|
| <b>F</b> | <b>C</b> | <b>G</b> | <b>Am</b> |                                     |
| A        | moment   | of       | steel(?)  | ; a dry-eyed house                  |
| <b>F</b> | <b>C</b> | <b>G</b> | <b>Am</b> |                                     |
| Did      | he       | say      | goodbye   | to you or did you kick him out?     |
| I        | know     | you      | re        | not afraid to go alone              |
| But      | this     | was      | a         | marriage of spirit, flesh, and bone |

Now whatcha gonna do when the planet shifts?  
Whatcha gonna do - gonna slit your wrists?  
And bleed all over the milky way  
The stars in your eyes look red today

Cry love, Cry love  
The tears of an angel, the tears of a dove  
Spill it all over your heart from above  
Cry Love, Cry Love

The trust of a woman in his hand  
But he was a little boy and not a man  
You loved him stronger than he could feel  
Yeah he was wrapped up in himself like an orange peel

Now whatcha gonna do with the booze and the blush?  
Whatcha gonna do when there s no rush?  
Cop a little misery at the corner store  
Well one day that train of pain will stop no more

Thrown like a blanket(?) on the floor  
If this is a lesson in love then what s it for?  
The heart will remember the burning fire  
The next time you feel the flame of desire

x2

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