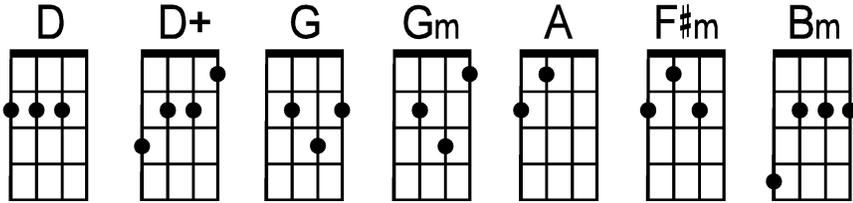


Crying

by Roy Orbison and Joe Melson (1961)



Intro: D . . . | . . .

I was al-right— for a while— I could smile— for— a while—

But I saw you last night, you held my hand so tight

As you stopped to say “Hel-lo—”

Oh, you wished me— well— you could-n’t tell— that I’ve been

Cry-y-y-y-ing— over— you— Cry-y-y-y-ing— over— you—

Then you— said, “So long—” left me standing— all a-lone— a-lone and

Crying— crying— crying— cry—ing

It’s hard to un—der-stand— but the touch— of your hand—

Can start me crying—

I thought that I— was over you— but it’s true—ue— so true—

I love you even— more— than I did— be-fore—

But, darling— what can I do?—

For you don’t— love me— and I’ll al—ways be—

Cry-y-y-y-ing— over— you— Cry-y-y-y-ing— over— you—

Yes— now you’re gone— and from— this moment on— I’ll be

Crying— crying— crying— cry—ing I’m

Cry—ing— Cry—ing— o—ver— you—