

I pulled into the shopping center  
And saw a little boy wrapped around the legs of his mother.  
Like ice cream melting, they embraced,  
Years of bad decisions running down her face.  
All mornin' I'd been thinking my life's so hard,  
And they wore everything they owned, living in a car.  
I wanted to tell 'em it would be okay,  
But I just got in my Suburban and I drove away.

And I don't know why they say grown men don't cry.  
I don't know why they say grown men don't cry.

Keep having this dream about my old man,  
I'm ten years old and he's holding my hand.  
We're talking on the front porch  
Watching the sun go down,  
But it was just a dream.  
He was a slave to his job  
And he couldn't be around.  
So many things I want to say to him,  
But I just placed a rose on his grave,  
And I talked to the wind.

And I don't know why they say grown men don't cry.  
I don't know why they say grown men don't cry, don't cry.

I'm sitting here with my kids and my wife  
And everything that I hold dear in my life.  
We say grace, and thank the Lord  
Got so much to be thankful for.  
Then its up the stairs and off to bed  
And my little girl says,  
"I haven't had my story, yet."  
And everything weighing on my mind disappears just like that  
When she lifts her head off her pillow and says,  
"I love you, dad!"

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