

# Crashes

Baxter Dury

She crashes her car into a much bigger one  
Wham, you slammed into a parked Tesla  
There's a man who looks like a minotaur  
Broad faces, left stunned by us  
We are the children of the apocalypse

The lady in the caravan doesn't want our love  
I will address the crowd and keep them calm  
You must do your best to cap getting upset  
Back into the Fiat, recover  
We hurdle round a corner directly to another

Da, da, da, da, da, da  
Da, da, da  
Da, da, da, da  
Da, da, da, da  
Da, da, da, da, da, da

When the normal people just don't look like us  
I'm at the hotel with the Haribo faced Britons  
Eyebrows making shapes  
We hold up for a while, waiting for the Babylon  
So we hit the night roads escaping from the feds  
On the lynch mob are asleep, back to the city that made us  
Where no one dares to judge another man's quirks

Never gonna leave you alone  
They're never gonna leave  
Never gonna leave you alone  
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Your face is a tomb  
Of unlikely promises  
That will never be opened  
And our secrets our forever

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