

Crooked Crown

Open Hand

If I could find a cure for your disease
I'd keep it to myself and oversleep
And I would brush it slowly through your hair
Don't despair

And I could sell your manuscript away
And shatter to the lowest bid today
Or toss it down the stairs into your yard
To discard

And you are not a mystery;
More a tragic comedy...

The next day you rise.
The next day you rise.
The next day you rise.
The next day you rise.

Oh, hold me down, I'm your clown
You refuse to wear your crooked crown

And when she cries at night
Goals are in her sight
She won't set it out and get it done
It just keeps her broken down, she's trapped inside
The tensions from her life
She can't get around, get around
I don't see you breaking down
Not right... I'm right.

The next day you rise.
The next day you rise.
The next day you rise.
The next day you rise.