

## Distractions

The Crips

The first move came in late  
On the day I escaped  
Satin step, bird boned  
Pussyfoot on hallowed ground

And then down on the floor  
Made a grasp for the straws  
No one would ever guess  
Only a few hours left

The lowered guard  
That left us both scarred  
And the things that kept me distracted  
Now can distract someone new  
In these days of excess  
The shortest stories are the sweetest  
Now the things that kept me distracted  
They can distract someone new

Yeah, you know my hiding place  
Still you check it again  
Now every day is the same  
Or so it seems anyway

When the light on the floor  
Starts to move to the wall  
In the dust in the air  
You will find me somewhere

The lowered guard  
That left us both scarred  
And the things that kept me distracted  
Now can distract someone new  
In these days of excess  
The shortest stories are the sweetest  
Now the things that kept me distracted  
They can distract someone new

Oh-oh  
Oh-oh  
Oh-oh