

Distractions

The Cribs

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