

Things Could Be Better

The Cribs

A last cigarette in the blazing heat
The perfume of trash drifts down the lower east
And around this time, it first crossed my mind
Perhaps
Things could be better than we could imagine

A cut without blood left me free
Like yesterday's stakes, fresh from the bakery
And all of the time, it was on my mind
Perhaps
Things could be better than we could imagine

To end up loved or lost
It's all the same to me, oh

The only place left that will let us in
For a few hours' sleep as the laundry spins
And all of this time my mind was on fire
Thinking perhaps
Things could be better than we could imagine
Things could be better than we could imagine
Things could be better than we could imagine
Tryna survive till the music plays