

## Things Could Be Better

The Crips

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 stales, 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