

Cracks

The View

He said that he was living in his head
The streets around here, the blood runs red
Out of panic with his head felt like a tunnel head
Finds out that his best friends left him for dead

And feels like a glass
Pour out the drink

Shoes on, lost a tread, lost a girl, lost a head
He's was gonna strut, he's crawling instead
Out of panic with his head felt like a tunnel head
Crawling round thinking is it something I said?

And feels like a glass
Pour out the drink
Feels like a glass
It's how you're treating me now

And I've seen the cracks on this town
When I'm knocked on the ground
And I've seen the cracks on this town
And they're bringing me down

So he said that he was living in his head
The streets around here, the blood runs red
He said that he was living in his mind
A piece of that something is so hard to find

And feels like a glass
Pour out the drink
Feels like a glass
It's how you're treating me now

And I've seen the cracks on this town
When I'm knocked on the ground
And I've seen the cracks on this town
And they're bringing me down
I've seen the cracks on this town
I've seen the cracks on this town
I've seen the cracks on this town
And they're bringing me down

Oh-ooh-ooh
Oh-ooh-ooh
Oh-ooh-ooh
Oh-ooh-ooh
Oh-ooh-ooh
Cracks on this town
Oh-ooh-ooh
Cracks on this town
Oh-ooh-ooh
Cracks on this town
Oh-ooh-ooh
Cracks on this town
Oh-ooh-ooh
Cracks on this town
Oh-ooh-ooh

Cracks on this town
And they're bringing me down
Oh-ooh-wow