

The Xcerts

"Crisis In The Slow Lane"

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I still have your painting
It's set on my wall
and is the man behind you
screaming come on home?
will you come home?

and if I only hurt you
why sit in the winter cold with me for company?
for I am just a black cloud
don't you know you gut will let you down.
and you still ask why

we all day we are tired of feeling low
we tired being low
destroy a head but your your own
but if we make it to see morning coffee
I swear you'll find answer yeah I swear you'll find an
answer

I can see your father
painted in the sky
no there was not an artist
not even a last goodbye
so he longs to hear the words that will make you feel
much better still what's better
still i the cross you lay upon will say that i knew your gut
would let you down

we all day we are tired of feeling low
we tired being low
destroy a head but your your own
but if we make it to see morning coffee
I swear you'll find answer yeah I swear you'll find an
answer

we'll find hope
there is a crisis in the slow lane
are you figuring life out
you will miss the point of the question of where you are

WE ALL SAY

WE ARE TIRED OF FEELING LOW
TIRED BEING ALONE
DESTROY A HEAD BUT NOT
WE ALL SAY
WE ARE TIRED OF FEELING LOW
TIRED BEING ALONE
DESTROY A HEAD BUT NOT
YOUR OWN
AND IF WE MAKE IT TO SEE MORNING COFFEE
THEN I SWEAR YOU'LL FIND AN ANSWER
YEAH I SWEAR YOU'LL FIND AN ANSWER

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