

Feeder "Crash"

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I put my best foot first and it got burned
Communication always hurts
I got myself so deep inside a hole
I taste the air so thin as I get old
(I don't think so)
'Cause I can, old
(I don't think so)

She's my hands, she's my hands
Picks me up when I crash down
Build me wings so I can glide
She's my novacaine ride
(Novacine!)

Pick up the pieces of my world
Glue them together, I wish I could
I can't believe it as the picture fades
Just like a TV but the sound remains
(I don't think so)
(No I don't think so)

She's my hands, she's my hands
Picks me up when I crash down
Build me wings so I can glide
She's my novacaine ride
(Novacine!)

Feel it as I shake
Shatter illusions fade
Taste my bitter tears
Cut my heart with shears

(I don't think so)
(I don't think so)
'Cause I can feel
(I don't think so)

She's my hands, she's my hands
Picks me up when I crash down
Build me wings so I can glide
She's my novacaine ride

She's my hands, she's my hands
Picks me up when I crash down
No, no
Novacaine

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