

Hawksley Workman "Don't Be Crushed"

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You're where all the poets go
You're where all the ashes blow
You're the kind of maker
That makes the whole world come true
My baby she's inside me now
I made her a place to settle down
It's close to my heart, she likes the sound
It's twenty minutes out of town
Airline water breaking fast
In New York city, low on cash
Another week and you'll be back
And you'll be staying home at last

But don't act broken even when you're broken
It's just one of those things
Thank god you're timeless cause my watch got stolen
It's the good stuff that you bring
Don't be crushed

This city will always bug you baby
I know for me it does the same

It's pretty I suppose from inside a plane
That's heading for another place
But wave and blow me one more kiss
You're a dead eye, baby you never miss
There's not much else as sweet as this
I waved so hard I broke my wrist

But don't act broken even when you're broken
It's just one of those things
Thank god you're timeless
Cause my watch got stolen
It's the good stuff that you bring
Don't be crushed

Don't be crushed, don't be cruuuushed

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