

Corey Smith "Collide"

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We chart our courses but always collide,
We stumble from the wreck wait for the rescue to
arrive,
They put out the fire but the smoke never clears,
It's a blanket of lies getting thicker by the year.

I'm not throwin' stones,
I've got a glass house of my own,
But I won't pretend I was wrong,
When I'm not the one to blame.

You took off your gloves with my back to the wall,
You threw the first punch and I took a hard fall,
But I'm on trial now they beg for my plea,
They label you the victim and they put the cuffs on me.

I'm not throwin' stones,
I've got a glass house of my own,
But I won't pretend I was wrong,
When I'm not the one to blame. (no!)

I'll forgive and forget,
I'll turn the other cheek,
But I won't lay in your bed,
When it's your turn to weep,
When it's your turn to cry yourself to sleep.

I'm not throwin' stones,
Got a glass house of my own,
But I won't pretend I was wrong,
When I'm not the one, I am not the one,
To blame.

We chart our courses but always collide.

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