

## Cross "Breakdown"

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Noone)

Now come on can't you see

It's printed in black and white

That the news today

Is that some poor bo lies dead

The papers gloat and tell

They live in 'Bitch City'

The one that has no soul

It makes me breakdown, breakdown

It makes me breakdown

Breakdown and cry

It makes me breakdown, breakdown

So read all about it today

Do you see us all as fools

Suckered by your lies

Yeah you point the finger

Like some power crazy dude

Sensation pushers hound

To feed their addictions

See the jackals at your door

chorus

I know, you know, I know, we know

Could be a breakdown

I know, you know, I know, we know

Might be a breakdown

I know, you know, I know, we know

Could be a breakdown

(You can't believe that stuff)

I know, you know, I know, we know

Might be a breakdown

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