

The Cribs **"Be Safe"**

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One of those fucking awful black days when nothing is
pleasing and everything that happens is an excuse for
anger

An outlet for emotions stockpiled

An arsenal

An armor

These are the days when I hate the world

Hate the rich

Hate the happy

Hate the complacent

The tv watchers, beer drinkers, the satisfied ones

Because I know I can be all those little hateful things
and then I hate myself for realizing that

There is no preventative, directive, or safe approach
for living

We each know our own faith

We know from our youth how to be treated and how
we'll be received and how we shall end

These things don't change

You can change your clothes, change your hairstyle,
your friends, cities, continents

But sooner or later your old self will always catch up

Always it waits in the wings

(Ideas swirl but don't stick.

They appear but then run off like rain on the
windshield.)

One of those rainy day car rides

My head imploded

The atmosphere in this car a mirror of my skull

Wet, damp, windows dripping and misted with cold

Walls of gray

Nothing good on the radio

Not a thought in my head

Be safe

I know a place we can go where you'll fall in love so
hard that you'll wish you were dead

Let's take life and slow it down incredibly slow

Frame by frame

Like two minutes that take ten years to live out
Yeah, let's do that

Telephone poles like praying mantis against the sky
Metal arms outstretched
So much land traveled, so little sense made of it
It doesn't mean a thing all this land laying out behind
us
I'd like to take off into these woods and get good and
lost for a while
I'm disgusted with petty concerns - parking tickets,
breakfast specials
Does someone just have to carry this weight?
Abstract topography
Methane covenant
Linear gospel
Ashville saleslady
Stagian emmisary
Torturous lice
Mad Elizabeth

(Keep a better peoples)

The light within me shines like a diamond mine
Like an unarmed walrus
Like a dead man face down on the highway
Like a snake eating it's own tail
A steam turbine
Frog pond
Too-full closet burst open in disarray
Soap bubbles in the sun
Hospital deathbed
Red convertible
Shopping list
Blow job
Death's head
Devils dancing
Bleached white buildings
Memory movements
The movie unpeeling, unreeling, about to begin

I've seen your hallway
You're a dark hallway
I hear your stairs creak
I can fix my mind on your yes and your no
I'll feel your face today in the sparkling canal
All red, yellow, blue-green brilliance and silver Dutch
reflection
Racing thoughts
Racing thoughts all too real
You're moving so fast now I can't hold your image

This image I have of your face by the window
Me standing beside you
Arm on your shoulder
A catalog of images, flashing glimpses
Then dawn again
Untethered to this post you've sunk in me
Every clear afternoon now I'll think of you up in the air
Twisting your heel and your knees up around me
My face in your hair
You scream so well
Your smile so loud
Still rings in my ears

Inhibition
Distant tied-up longing
Clean my teeth
Stay the course
Hold the wheel
Steer on to freedom
Open all the boxes
Open all the boxes
Open all the boxes
Open all the boxes

Times Square mid-day
Newspaper buildings
News headlines going around
We watch as they go and hope for some good ones
Those tree shadows in the park they're all whistling
chasing leaves.
Around six pm
Shadows across the cobblestones
Girl in front of bathroom mirror
She's slow and careful
Paints her face green, mask-like
Like Matisse
Portrait with Green Stripe
Long shot through apartment window
A monologue on top but no girl in shot

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The movie unreeling, about to begin

That was great
Yeah? Mine were alright. Wasn't my best one but who
cares?
That's the spirit...

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