

## National Product "Quay"

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Don't you walk. Run. she said  
We live in a drinking town with a big football problem  
Cry out loud, shake it down  
I'll be in pieces before night is done  
I am calm, yet shattered like a broken windshield  
She begs me to fall in love with her  
Like it's the first time

But it's never the same  
When you glue it back together  
You still see the cracks  
And I keep on slipping

So wait while I break  
Cause I know I can't take much more than this  
Sunday's bells ring and hell's on my doorstep,  
tempting  
Don't you reach out to me  
Just to hold on to something real  
Then she begs me to be in love  
Like it's the first time

But it's never the same  
When you glue it back together  
You still see the cracks  
And I keep on slipping

You know it's never the same  
When you glue it back together  
You still see the cracks  
And I keep on slipping

You spit words off the tip of your tongue  
But you forget that the ears that you trust  
Come back with everything that you said  
You wear make-up to cover the fake-up  
Soft as concrete, smooth as sandpaper  
They come back with everything that you said  
With everything that you said  
Everything that you said  
With everything that you said

You know it's never the same  
When you glue it back together  
You still see the cracks  
And I keep slipping  
And I keep, and I keep slipping  
I keep slipping away

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