

## Feed Her To The Sharks

### "Crash"

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I put my best foot first and it got burnt  
Communication always hurts  
I've got myself so deep inside a hole  
I taste the air go thin as I get old, as I get old  
I don't think so

[CHORUS:]

She's my hands, she's my hands  
Picks me up when I crash down  
Build me wings so I can glide  
She's my novocaine ride

Pick up the pieces of my world  
Glue thme together, I wish I could  
I can't believe it as the picture fades  
Just like a TV, but the sound remains  
I don't think so, no, I don't think so

[CHORUS]

Feel it as I shake  
Shatter illusions fade  
Taste my bitter tears  
Cut my heart with shears

I don't think so, I don't think so

[CHORUS]

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