

## **Crooked Fingers** **"You Threw A Spark"**

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I lifted you up,  
You pulled me down,  
You turned into some secret cow,  
A changing you froze in the dark,  
I threw you fire,  
You threw a spark.  
I found a way to let you go,  
You light the fuse,  
And I explode.  
Your broken heart pressed on my back,  
So weak the way that you react,  
You never finish anything,  
Too scared to hell, to want to leave  
Your heart too weak to try again.

And every day you cling to your walls,  
It's your little world that has remained small.  
So don't you go claiming that I did you wrong  
When you were the one doing nothing at all.

So out of range, so out of reach,  
You cleaned my chapels out with bleach,  
I make you off as you send an old lord.

And I found a way to let you go,  
You kept your pleasure in my sleeve,  
And blamed your failure all on me.  
Your broken heart leached on my back,  
So sad the weak way you react.  
You never build a goddamn thing,  
Too scared to fail, to walk to weep.  
Your heart too weak to try again,  
Yes I will build them dark and dim.

And every day you cling to your walls  
It's your little world that is remaining small  
So don't go claiming how I did you wrong  
When you were the one doing nothing at all  
And every day, you cling to your walls  
It's your little world that is becoming small.  
So don't you go claiming that I did you wrong  
When you were the one who did nothing at all.

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