

## Scott Weiland "Crash"

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Your car passed my street today but no one was  
driving  
It must be a metaphor for losing my mind  
Moving slow but way out of control  
I'm standing amongst you all and nobody's listening

So hold on to something still  
Hold on to something still, hold on, hold on

I can't stop this rocket ship from lifting me higher  
It's sort of like wedding bells that clamor in silence  
Moving slow but way out of control  
We grew with the speed of light but crashed in the  
night

So hold on to something still  
Hold on to something still, hold on, hold on

So do you listen to the system in your ear?  
Sounds like a whisper, can you picture anything?  
We grew with the speed of light but crashed in the  
night

So hold on to something still  
Hold on to something still, hold on, hold on  
Hold on, hold on

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