

Cribs, The "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
armour
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 of those little hateful things
And then I hate myself for realising that
There is no preventative, directive or safe approach for
living.
We each know our own fate
We know from our youth how to be treated,
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 own 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 implodes,
the atmosphere in this car a mirror of my skull
Wet, damp, windows dripping and misted with cold
Walls of grey
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.

Lets take life and slow it down incredibly slow
Frame by frame
With two minutes that take ten years to live out
Yeah, lets 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 laid 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,
Nashville sales lady, Stygian emissary, torturous lice,
mad Elizabeth

Chemotherapy bullshit.

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 its own tail, steam turbine, frog
pond,
too full a closet burst open in disarray
Soap bubbles in the sun, hospital death bed, red
convertible,
shopping list, blowjob, deaths 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 on your no
I'll film your face today in the sparkling canals
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 catalogue of images, flashing glimpses then gone
again
I'm tethered to this post you've sunk in me
And every clear afternoon now I'll think of you up in the
air twisting your heel,
Your knees up around me, my face in your hair
You scream so well, your smile so loud, still rings in my
ears.

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

Inhibition,

Distant, tired of longing
Cleaning 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 midday
Newspaper buildings, news headlines going around
You watch as they go, and hope there's some good
ones
Those tree shadows in the park they're all whispering
shakes and leaves
Around six pm, shadows across the cobblestones
Girl in front of a bathroom mirror
she slow and careful paints her face green and mask
like
Like Matisse' portrait
with green stripe
Long shot through apartment window, a monologue on
top but no girl in shot
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 its own tail
A steam turbine, frog pond, too full a closet burst open
in disarray,
soap bubbles in the sun, hospital death bed, red
convertible, shopping list,
blowjob, deaths head, devils dancing,
bleached white buildings, memory, movements
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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