

Susan Aglukark "Slippin Through The Cracks"

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Like the salt of the earth, spilt upon a worn wooden
floor

Falling through the cracks, to a place you can't find it
anymore

You could take a pinch of it and give a lucky toss

Smile at the madness as you ain't got no loss

Paper bags and memory lanes

Who's dreams are flying all to rest

He just can't put his finger on the feeling that he lacks

A spirit too disposable, recycled and cut back

From tradition to a mission, he's the greatest

Slippin' through the cracks

Working in the big time, got so many ions in the fire

A resiviore of angry cars downing in the highway of
desire

There's a worth of information down that road that we
all need

Praying on the ignorance, selfishness and greed

Looking for directions on a road that offers little
guaranteed

He looks on and he wonders if he'll ever be apart

Is he the hunter or the hunted?

Confusion in his heart

Tears of desperation just get washed away they're just

Slippin' through the cracks

He just can't put his finger on the feeling that he lacks

A spirit too disposable, recycled and cut back

From tradition to a mission, he's the greatest and just

Slippin' through the cracks

He's slippin' through the cracks

Slippin' through the cracks

(x4)

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