

Antony And The Johnsons "Crackagen"

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Poor me
Little rivers from my hands
Pool at the bottom of the stairs
My face
Oh the cities in my eyes
Doves in the sky
Oh the crackagen

The rain water came from father's eyes
He was made of stone
Glorious
Now watch as the curtain came down
And wet the hungry rabbits
Flooding the land

My heart
Oh the twist of cruel cotton
To bring me free
Dry eyes
By the sun the waters rise
Dirt will crack again
Dirt will crack again

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