

# Crooked Halo

## Candlebox

Eyes to you, every hand I see eyes to you, very heavy in my hands  
Eyes raised up to your hand, my arms diseased  
Eyes fall, eyes follow you, and I'll be somethings not ready for My love for you, I've been this space for you  
Our crooked halos and I and I fall to you again  
Some things I, some things I've never been told  
Some things I've never been told Your head to me, heavy as I'm dropping down  
Son you raise it to me, as my feet, my feet they hit the ground  
All for you my hands are burning, all for you my knees they're hurting  
I push it down for and I push it down for  
I push it down for, somethings not ready for My love to you I'll be your, your space to you  
Your crooked halo, and I fall, and I fall to you again  
There's some things my friend, some things I've never been told  
Some things I've never been told Can you see that we've raced these lessons of our days  
We're better of here yeah, we're better of dead  
These eyes follow you, my eyes follow you  
Do you remember in our days? Won't you let it go  
Won't you let it go Can you see me my tired friend, there's something I need to tell you  
I guess I meant to give it to you a long, long road ago  
It's all for you my hands are beating it's all for you my mind  
I've needed you and I fall to you again, and I fall to you again There's somethings I've never been told  
There's somethings we've never shown  
There's some lines I've never told you  
There's some times I, I've never showed you  
Do you still need my time if I show it to you?  
Do you still write it off every time I open to you? I know it's alright, I know it's alright, I know it's alright  
I know it's alright, I know it's alright, I know it's alright  
I know it's alright

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