

# Crackers

## Mux Mool

Crackers spoil  
In the California sun  
Autumn leaves  
But she never said where she was going  
In your heart  
Your mind grow dumb  
You feign surprise to learn that  
That's where babies come from

Remove your grace and ease  
Try to avoid even the casual relationship to cheese  
Girl I'm on my knees

There's a righteous piece of cheese

This twenty minutes  
Doesn't seem that long  
Still there's a tendency  
To always get the words wrong  
And here we sit  
Out this tropical storm  
Burning pages from your note book  
Just to keep your hands warm

In or out of bed  
This sergeant shaved my head  
Your outrageous guess

Cover them with roses and affliction  
Be the one that hardly speaks of fiction anymore  
To leave when you're on top  
And your team gets robbed  
Overcasted funny faces  
Hardly reminiscent of the truth

In the barracks  
By the army cot  
There's a feller who's just cut his face shaving  
And as he bleeds  
On his pillow in the dark

Waiting for the morning  
when he gets to go online to you

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written by KURT WAGNER

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