

Slippin' Through the Cracks

[Susan Aglukark](#)

Like the salt of the earth, spilt upon a worn wooden floor
Falling through the cracks, to a place you cant find it anymore
You could take a pinch of it and give a lucky toss
Smile at the madness as you aint got no loss Paper bags and memory lanes
Whos dreams are flying all to rest He just cant put his finger on the feeling that he lacks
A spirit too disposable, recycled and cut back
From tradition to a mission, hes the greatest
Slippin through the cracks Working in the big time, got so many ions in the fire
A resivore of angry cars downing in the highway of desire Theres 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 hell ever be apart
Is he the hunter or the hunted?
Confusion in his heart
Tears of desperation just get washed away theyre just
Slippin through the cracks He just cant put his finger on the feeling that he lacks
A spirit too disposable, recycled and cut back
From tradition to a mission, hes the greatest and just
Slippin through the cracks Hes slippin through the cracks
Slippin through the cracks
(x4)

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