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 lossPaper bags and memory lanes
Whos dreams are flying all to restHe 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 cracksWorking in the big time, got so many ions in the fire
A resiviore of angry cars downing in the highway of desireTheres 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 cracksHe 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 cracksHes slippin through the cracks
Slippin through the cracks
(x4)

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