

# 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  
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 resiviore 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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