

Crawl After You

M. Ward

I cannot be depended on to lie here
And casually watch as you go waltzin by
Ive been shook so bad that I cannot stand
To utilize my fear.
So I gotta crawl after you
Tell you who I am
I was raised by a tribe of Vegas cowboys
Who claim I was born of a union
of dust and wind
and when I came of age
Well I sailed away
a pinecone on the Rio Grande.
Now I gotta crawl after you
Tell you who I am
And today is the day I caught up with you
I see you walkin by the Cafe mirror
Well should i stay here on this bus stop bench
so strange to see you after all these years
So I cannot depended on to lie here
and casually watch as you go waltzin by
I been shook so bad that i cannot stand
to utilize my fear
So I gotta crawl after you
Tell you who I am

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