

Don't Be Crushed

Hawksley Workman

You're where all the poets go
You're where all the ashes blow
You're the kind of maker
That makes the whole world come trueMy baby she's inside me now
I made her a place to settle down
That's close to my heart
She likes the sound
It's twenty minutes out of townAirline water breaking fast
In New York City
Low on cash
Another week and you'll be back
And you'll be saying "home at last"
Don't act broken even when you're brokenIt's just one of those things
Thank god you're timeless
'Cause my watch got stolen
It's the good stuff that you bring
Don't be crushedThe city will always bug you baby
I know for me it does the same
It's pretty i suppose from inside a plane
That's heading for another placeWave and blow me one more kiss
You're a dead-eye baby, you never miss
There's not much else as sweet as this
I waved so hard i broke my wrist

Songwriters

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