# Crooked Head

## Fucked Up

Living like a stone in a river,
All alone, peaceful at the bottom,
While the rest fight not to drown,
Sitting while the current of the stream passes me by,
Forget about the fighting and the flow as I empty my mindLiving like a fossil,
Still from the torrent of time in a broken world,
Still a stone at the end of the line
My trajectory is so true they float away and I don't moveCrooked head pulling at the end of a rope, waiting for a sign
Swimming through the flood, so afraid because there is so little time.
Always running, always searching, always making it a race,
So detached like a leaf, never fixed to life in one place,
Getting lost in the shuffle makes you feel so small.Fight against the swell just to throw yourself at the wall,
They're all dogs, fighting over the bone.
I'm gonna live, I'm gonna leave it alone
Crooked head

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