Crack In the Universe

Wayne Kramer

Wilson moved his family out the city
Where times are tough, life is fast and hard and gritty
Moved out to the country where the air is clean and pure
Enrolled his kids in the community college
To gain some working knowledge
Grow up, get married, and settle down
To the American Dream on the edge of town
The dream became a nightmare
When three escaped convicts
Broke into his world
Took the life of his youngest girl
In the space of a breath
There was sudden death
Like a soul had slipped and fallen through
A crack in the universe
A crack in the universe
Ellen was a nice girl raised in Queens
Looking good in designer jeans
She met up with some politicos on the lower east side
Joined a gang of radicals
French-fried fanaticals
Who thought theyd be revolutionary stars
Go and rob an armored car
But man, it turned out different
In a shootout with the police
That left three people dead
On the news they said Ellen took a slug in the head
The New York Post had a photo up close
Might a been a body
Might a been a ghost
From a crack in the universe
Crack in the universe
Lord, Lord
Its not a blessing and it might be a curse
Crack in the universe.
On Tuesday I went to the post office
Pick up a package and mail a letter
Drop a line to an old friend
That I hoped was doing better

The place was the scene of some kind of horrible crime
Another postal worker had lost his mind
Couldnt stand the tension, lost his pension
Afraid of growing old out in the cold no one to hold
As he did his stalking, that Glock did his talking
Yeah he settled the score up and down the floor
SWAT team sniper caught him at the door
The mailman put in a fresh clip
Turned and slipped
Through a crack in the universe
A crack in the universe
Lord, Lord
Its not a blessing and it might be a curse
A crack in the universe
A crack in the universe
A crack.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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