

Kid With Crooked Face

Bob Mould

I'm falling from the sky, the gravity, the spin

I hate the chaos but it's where it all begins

My early days, always got my way

I brought it on myself, the kid with crooked face
My map of failure covers every inch of skin

I want to carve it clean, where do I begin?
I'm old and jaded now, perhaps I've seen too much

And nothing's going to change my world back to the way it was
I've got so much to say, I want to sing and
scream

But I fall mute because you're listening to me
Look away, look away, it's unimportant, hey

Look away, look away, kid with crooked face
I tried to get along, but all I got were scars

I ended happiness by blocking out the stars
Look away, look away, it's unimportant, hey

Look away, look away, kid with crooked face

Songwriters

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