

# Wrecking Ball

## Crooked Fingers

Reaching for your gun, you had none, so you stabbed a wounded arm  
And you drank the blood of a bleeding friend  
And quit your lying face of trust and love you once offered traces of  
Knowing well you were never meaning them  
And you laughed and you danced and it let you feel fine for a while  
Hanging out with the kids who you knew soon would fall out of style

And took your mark at dawn down a line of destruction you had drawn  
Through a town you were never welcome in  
And dug your fingers good in the cracks in the mortar, steel, and wood  
As you drank your cup of sweet revenge  
And you plotted and planned and you counted the days til they came  
Hiding up in your tower, tuning out every fool who complained  
It's so long looking down what you're on  
If your speech is so lame and just goes on and on

If it makes you feel good, you can make them feel bad  
It's an easy call  
So when nothing remains you can stand there and claim  
You've destroyed them all  
You've destroyed them all

Now all your love's a grave and every year disappears  
I heard someone mark the season you went wasting in  
So take your walk at dawn through the line of destruction you had drawn  
Through to rear your head to sink again  
It's a long way to walk when you're wrong  
If you're sneaking through town with your wrecking ball on

If it makes you feel good, you can make them feel bad  
It's an easy call  
So when nothing remains you can stand proud and claim  
You've destroyed them all  
It's so easy  
Take a swing and watch them fall  
You're a wrecking ball

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