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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