Crooked Crown

Open Hand

If I could find a cure for your disease,
I'd keep it to myself and oversleep.
And I would brush it slowly through your hair.
Don't despair,And I could sell your manuscript away.
Shatter to the lowest bid today
Or toss it down the stairs into your yard, to discard.
You are not a mystery,
More a tragic comedy,
The next day you rise (x4)Hold me down, I'm your clown.
You refuse to wear your crooked crown.But when she cries at night,
Goals are in her sight,
But she won't set it out or get it done,
It just keeps her broken down
She's trapped inside tensions from her life,
She can't get around, get around,
I don't see you breaking down.
Not right...I'm right.
Goals are in her sight,
But she won't set it out or get it done,
It just keeps her broken down,
She's trapped inside tensions from her life,
She can't get around, get around
I don't see you breaking down,
Not right...I'm right,
The next day your rise (x4)

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