

# Crack In Reality

Private Line

What the hell I'm doing? Don't ask the reason why  
I waste my time from nine to five  
The dirt is deep inside, but my feet are clean  
I need a brand new start to find out  
Where I'll find someone who believes me?

You're pretty tied up with the dream of revolution  
Liberation from the way of the world

I'm the dog who bites the feeding hand  
A perfect drug for the fashion queen  
I need another fix for broken dreams

If it wasn't for a bad luck, I've got no luck at all  
I trample four-leaf-clovers and sing lives on  
There's no lucky stars above  
Like a ruined soul I hit and run  
World's full of silver spoon icons  
Super goals of future wasn't meant for me

You're pretty tied up with the dream of revolution  
I guess you'll never learn  
I'm pretty tired of your institution  
Find More lyrics at [www.sweetslyrics.com](http://www.sweetslyrics.com)  
Liberation from the way of the world

I'm the dog who bites the feeding hand  
A perfect drug for the fashion queen  
I need another fix for broken dreams  
A little crack in reality

Life gets you down, pitch you up  
Try to make you stop  
Do the things that you love  
It's like a bad drug  
Gets you down, pitch you up,  
Try to make you stop  
Do the things that you love, but don't give up!

I'm the dog who bites the feeding hand  
A perfect drug for the fashion queen  
I need another fix for broken dreams  
A little crack in reality  
I'm the dog who bites the feeding hand  
A perfect drug for the white trash fashion queen  
I need another fix for broken dreams  
A little crack in reality  
A little crack in reality  
A little crack in reality  
Yeah! Yeah!