

## Crash

Feeder

I put my best foot first & it got burned,  
Communication always hurts,  
I got myself so deep inside a hole,  
I taste the air so thin as i get old.  
(I don't think so)

She's my hands, She's my hands.  
Picks me up when i crash down,  
Build me wings so i can glide,  
She's my novacaine ride.  
(NOVACAINE!)

Pick up the pieces of my world,  
Glue them together, i wish i could,  
I can't believe it as the picture fades,  
Just like a TV but the sound remains  
(I don't think so) no (i don't think so)

She's my hands, She's my hands.  
Picks me up when i crash down,  
Build me wings so i can glide,  
She's my novacaine ride.

Feel it as i shake,  
Shatter illusions fade,  
Taste my bitter tears,  
Cut my heart with shears.

I don't think so, i don't think so.

She's my hands, She's my hands.  
Picks me up when i crash down,  
Build me wings so i can glide,  
She's my novacaine ride.

She's my hands, she's my hands,  
Picks me up when i crash down.

NOVACAINE.