Don't Be Crushed

Hawksley Workman

You're where all the poets go You're where all the ashes blow You're the kind of maker That makes the whole world come true

My baby she's inside me now I made her a place to settle down That's close to my heart She likes the sound It's twenty minutes out of town

Airline water breaking fast In New York City Low on cash Another week and you'll be back And you'll be saying "home at last" Don't act broken even when you're broken

It's just one of those things
Thank god you're timeless
'Cause my watch got stolen
It's the good stuff that you bring
Don't be crushed

The city will always bug you baby I know for me it does the same It's pretty i suppose from inside a plane That's heading for another place

Wave and blow me one more kiss You're a dead-eye baby, you never miss There's not much else as sweet as this I waved so hard i broke my wrist