

## 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  
And shatter to the lowest bid today  
Or toss it down the stairs into your yard  
To discard

And you are not a mystery;  
More a tragic comedy...

The next day you rise.  
The next day you rise.  
The next day you rise.  
The next day you rise.

Oh, hold me down, I'm your clown  
You refuse to wear your crooked crown

And when she cries at night  
Goals are in her sight  
She won't set it out and get it done  
It just keeps her broken down, she's trapped inside  
The 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 you rise.  
The next day you rise.  
The next day you rise.  
The next day you rise.