

The Cracks

Thea Gilmore

Don't stop singing; it's a beautiful sound
I'll get the drinks in before we hit the ground
And I don't know who'll speak first
It doesn't matter anyway tonight
Let's be best strangers
They closed the bar an hour ago
Last train whistles down the track
But I see something growing up from the cracks

I'll show you my heart if you'll show me yours
Were you wild and unique babe or just par for the course?
What have we got to lose, anyway?
From one drunk to another think what I'm trying to say
Some mirrors have been broken
And some things pull you back
But I see something growing up from the cracks

We've both seen the thunder that's coming in low
And each day tries to run you right off the road
But if you listen out for the sound
We'll get a thousand hooves drumming in this one horse town, and
The lights are out on the west side
They paint the sky in black
I swear I see something shining up from the crack

And they closed this bar an hour ago
Last train whistles down the track
But I see something growing up from the crack