

## CROSSES

I am weak  
to lose to hold  
myself together  
I guess I've sold  
more than I got  
'cause I am not  
that kind of strong  
to get along

Unhealthy living  
senseless existence  
I groom my habits  
to keep the distance

So I step on the pedal  
sink into the saddle  
hit the road  
with the slaughter cattle

What should I tell you  
I'm under a sway  
of rumors and headlines  
of failure and pay  
I'm floating and drifting  
I got lost on the way  
and I ain't got nothing to say

Wordless days  
in wordless weeks  
to odd for the normal  
too meek for the freaks  
lame old heart  
keeps on beatin'  
thin old blood  
's made for bleedin'

What should I tell you...

Unhealthy living  
senseless existence  
I groom my habits  
to keep the distance

So I step on the pedal  
sink into the saddle  
hit the road  
with the slaughter cattle