

Cock Sparrer, Crack In The Mirror

Crack in the Mirror

Got drunk on Friday night, woke up Sunday morning.

His bag's by the front door, there's no final warning.

She thrown in all his clothes and all reasoning's out.

It's the silence that killed him, he wished to God she'd shout

When you're a man, it's hard to see why

When you're a man, you're not allowed to cry.

There's a crack in the mirror, there's blood on the floor

There's an empty bottle of vodka that says you're not needed any more

There's a crack in the mirror, there's a bullet in his head.

There's a note by his side that says without you I'm as good as dead.

With tears in his eyes, he was too proud to show,

he said 'shall I call you', her shrug told him no.

Why can't she forget, why won't she forgive

It's not what he planned, it's just what he did.

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