

# Thea Gilmore, The Cracks

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, I 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'll paint the sky in black  
I swear I see something shining up from the cracks

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