

# Theatre of Tragedy, Crash Concrete

Head crash - I can't see you  
Spit teeth - I can hear you  
I feel your pounding me onto the street  
I've learned to know the taste of concrete  
Why don't you follow me?  
Street brash - time flies, tick-tock  
Eyes flash - feels like electroshock  
I feel the blood gushing, crumbling away  
I know this marks the end of my hey-day  
Why don't you follow me?