

Chris Rea, Crack That Mould

You got to break the back of the mould you were made in
Crack the shell, that's how it's got to be
Nothing for certain, ain't no way of knowing
Only believe in things that you see

Flow with the river, run with the tide
Mix with your brother, 'cos he's right by your side
Crack that mould

Little pretty chicken you can't stay in there forever
Now there ain't no such thing as only one kind of weather
You got to bend, learn, take the rough with the smooth
Understand everything
Crack that mould

Now there ain't no such thing as only one kind of weather

Pick up them shoes, go running down that road
You know that precondition is such a heavy load
You got to live love, put down that written word
Crack that mould

Now there ain't no such thing as only one kind of weather