

# Feeder, Crash

I put my best foot first and it got burnt communication always hurts  
I've got myself so deep inside a hole I taste the air go thin as I get old  
I don't think so as I get old I don't think so

She's my hands she's my hands picks me up when I crash down  
Build me wings so I can fly she's my novacaine ride novacaine

Pick up the pieces of my world glue them together I wish I could  
I can't believe it as the picture fades just like a TV but the sound remains  
I don't think so no I don't think so

She's my hands she's my hands picks me up when I crash down  
Build me wings so I can fly she's my novacaine ride

Feel it as I shake shatter illusions fade taste my bitter tears  
Cut my heart with shears I don't think so I don't think so

She's my hands, she's my hands picks me up when I crash down  
Build me wings so I can fly she's my novacaine ride

She's my hands she's my hands picks me up when I crash down novacaine