

# Hawksley Workman, Don't Be Crushed

You're where all the poets go  
You're where all the ashes blow  
You're the kind of maker that makes the whole world come true  
My baby she's inside me now  
I made her a place to settle down  
It's close to my heart  
She likes the sound  
It's twenty minutes out of town  
Shoreline water breaking fast  
In New York city, low on cash  
Another week and you'll be back  
And you'll be saying home at last  
But don't act broken  
Even when you're broken  
It's just one of those things  
Thank God you're timeless  
Cause my watch got stolen  
It's the good stuff that you bring  
Don't be crushed  
This city will always bug you baby  
I know for me it does the same  
It's pretty I suppose from inside a plane  
That's heading for another place  
So wave and blow me one more kiss  
You're a dead-eye baby  
You never miss  
There's not much else as sweet as this  
I waved so hard I broke my wrist  
But don't act broken  
Even when you're broken  
It's just one of those things  
Thank God you're timeless  
Cause my watch got stolen  
It's the good stuff that you bring  
Don't be crushed  
Don't be crushed