Kip Winger, Landslide

There's a crack in the sky speaking to me
Is it a way out or some kind of trick?
I don't know who to trust or what to believe
Any rescue from here?

Five-ninths of life split off from myself
Is it bad melodrama or some kind of joke
That I'm scribbling my brains in this letter to you
Any rescue?

Landslide inside my head
These eyes been so mislead

If I wake when I land could I claw my way out
Dissident voices screaming in doubt
In my palm you can read what I'm asking myself
Is life easier to kill?

Landslide inside my head
These eyes been so mislead
Landslide here it comes again
Won't be long till I'm with Little Betty

There's a crack in the sky speaking to me
Is my need to believe some kind of jinx
Still I pray for release
And life's spilling over