## Pete Townshend, Crashing By Design

Nothing must pass this line Unless it is well defined You just have to be resigned You're crashing by design

You once believed that crazy accidents were happening to you You were chasing a capricious wind Whenever bad luck and trouble happened to pursue you The dice would surely save your skin

But when you look back you must realize That nothing in your life's divine Everything that's ever befallen you Happened simply 'cause it crossed your mind

You're crashing by design

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In your single-roomed flat in a courtyard building You sit alone just like a broken toy Where's your mother, where's your lover and where are the children? Are you a man or still a boy?

Who left you behind? Or did you run? From the crush of so many options? Now you know the special despair of the man Discussed, debated and offered for adoption

Nothing can pass this line Unless it is well defined You just have to be resigned

Another man without a woman Dropped like a useless tool, no longer required A man who longs for the stifling, milk-flowered bosom A fool who's no longer desired

Another man without a woman Too many rages have cost you this time Another man among a hundred children You're just a child who is lost in time

You're crashing by design You're crashing by design It all happens by design You're crashing by design You're crashing by design It all happens by design It all happens by design I't all happens by design I't all happens by design I't all happens by design You're crashing by design You're crashing by design It all happens by design It all happens by design You're crashing by design You're crashing by design