

# 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

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