

Scott Weiland, Crash

Your car passed my street today but no one was driving.
It must be a metaphor for losing my mind.

Moving slow but way out of control.
I'm standing amongst you all and nobody's listening.

So hold on to something still...
Hold on to something still..
Hold on. Hold on.

I can't stop this rocket ship from lifting me higher.
It's sort of like wedding bells that clamour in silence.

Moving slow but way out of control.
We grew with the speed of light but crashed in the night.

So hold on to something still...
Hold on to something still..
Hold on. Hold on.

So do you you listen to the system in your ear?
Sounds like a whisper.
Can you picture anything?

We grew with the speed of light but crashed in the night.

So hold on to something still...
Hold on to something still..
Hold on. Hold on.
Hold on. Hold on.