

# Staggered Crossing, Drastic

Look at all our funny faces  
You'd swear that every night there was a full moon  
We came out from our hiding places  
And we loved to wreck the room.

Well I'll figure it out I'd ride your thesis to pieces  
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You twist your head in a crowd of people  
And you love to, settled down  
A crack in the jaw and a busted window  
yeah we swept up with a broken broom

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Well I'm at the back of a restaurant dreaming  
Sitting in a puddle my thoughts are spinning  
Upside down, where?  
For what it's worth

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