

# The Cross, Breakdown

Now come on  
Now come on can't you see  
It's printed in black and white  
That the news today  
Is that some poor boy lies dead  
The papers gloat and tell  
They live in Bitch City  
The one that has no soul

It makes me breakdown breakdown  
It makes me breakdown  
Breakdown and cry  
It makes me breakdown breakdown  
So read all about it today

Do you see all us as fools  
Suckered by your lies  
Yeah you point the finger  
Like some power crazy dude  
Sensation pushers hound  
To feed their addictions  
See the jackals at your door

It makes me breakdown breakdown  
It makes me breakdown  
Breakdown and cry  
Breakdown breakdown  
So read all about it today

Read all about it  
Every day  
That ain't news

It makes me breakdown breakdown  
It makes me breakdown  
Breakdown and cry  
Breakdown breakdown yeah  
Read all about it today

Might be a breakdown

I know you know I know we know  
Could be a breakdown  
I know you know I know we know  
Might be a breakdown  
I know you know I know we know  
Could be a breakdown  
You can't believe that stuff  
I know you know I know we know  
Might be a breakdown