

Trip Shakespeare, The Crane

Hear me tell how the hounds of the bankers
Took my mind to the freaking ridge
How the claims and the howling reminders
Kept my eyes from their rest at night

When the dogs of the bank are upon me
And they've come to repossess my car
I'll be found at the base of the canyon
I'll be torn from the wreck of the motor

All you men that live for the evening
Seven hours when the light forgives
And you race like a dog when he's dreaming
And you wait for the yank of the hook

Understand that the chains are magical
And they strain to keep you where you are
I'll be found at the base of the canyon
I'll be torn from the wreck of the motor

Let the Crane take back the engine
Let the crane take back the wheel
And I feel that the world should come with me
When I ride to the crack in the earth (x2)

Hear me tell how you walk into a dreamland
With a line from the back of your head

To the wheel that revolves at the center
And you wait for the yank of the hook

When the dogs of the bank are upon me
And they've come to repossess my car
I'll be found at the base of the canyon
I'll be torn from the wreck of the motor

Let the Crane take back the engine
Let the crane take back the wheel
And I feel that the world should come with me
When I ride to the crack in the earth (x2)
When I ride to the crack in the earth, ah ha!

Let the Crane take back the engine
Let the crane take back the wheel
And I feel that the world should come with me
When I ride to the crack in the earth
Oh I feel you should come with me
Yes I feel you should be here
And I feel that the world should come with me
When I ride to the crack in the earth

Ah ah Oh oh Ah Ah Ah-----!