

Marjorie Fair, Cracks In The Wall

I don't live there anymore
there's too many windows and too many doors
look out there's fog in the way
of all that you're doing and all that you say

maybe the water got to us all
staring at junkies and cracks in the wall
are you taking your medicine that's what it's for
it doesn't matter now I don't live there
I don't live there anymore

I figure out a way that I could heal
you wouldn't touch me and I wouldn't feel
look out or you might mistake
a scratch in the window for a scar on your face

maybe the water got to us all
staring at junkies and cracks in the wall
are you taking your medicine that's what it's for
it doesn't matter now I don't live there
I don't live there anymore