

# Crackagen

Antony and the Johnsons

Poor me  
Little rivers from my hands  
Pool at the bottom of the stairs  
My face  
Oh the cities in my eyes  
Doves in the sky  
Oh the crackagen

The rain water came from father's eyes  
He was made of stone  
Glorious  
Now watch as the curtain came down  
And wet the hungry rabbits  
Flooding the land

My heart  
Oh the twist of cruel cotton  
To bring me free  
Dry eyes  
By the sun the waters rise  
Dirt will crack again  
Dirt will crack again