

Kid With Crooked Face

Bob Mould

I'm falling from the sky, the gravity, the spin
I hate the chaos but it's where it all begins
My early days, always got my way
I brought it on myself, the kid with crooked face

My map of failure covers every inch of skin
I want to carve it clean, where do I begin?

I'm old and jaded now, perhaps I've seen too much
And nothing's going to change my world back to the way it was

I've got so much to say, I want to sing and scream
But I fall mute because you're listening to me

Look away, look away, it's unimportant, hey
Look away, look away, kid with crooked face

I tried to get along, but all I got were scars
I ended happiness by blocking out the stars

Look away, look away, it's unimportant, hey
Look away, look away, kid with crooked face