

Crack in Your Door

Little Feat

I don't even know what I did wrong
But her old man said if I didn't get out of town
I might not live too long
And I can still see her mother with her hair up in rolls
As she cast a telling glance at that young girl's red hot eyes
Sometimes I think I could lose
All my troubles but here I stand
They're trying to cure me with nicotine and whiskey
Watching their faces passing me by

And I've been holding out my hand
Waiting for love to come at my command
But the glow from around my head is gone
And if I don't get a ride real soon
I might be dead in the ground

Sometimes I think I could lose
All my troubles but here I stand
They're trying to cure me with nicotine and whiskey
Watching their faces passing me by

There's no need to follow
Look into the eyes of this wandering stranger
I won't rob or steal your money
So don't let the wind through the crack in your door
Don't let the wind through the crack in your door