

Crash and Burn

Marc E. Bassy

Yeah
I'ma go for broke
Let it burn, you the fire, I'm the smoke
I been sipping from the bottle
I'm a little too faded, I'ma call you, yeah
Passed out in the street
Listening to You And Me on repeat
I've been chain smoking down on Broadway
Pacing back and forth down the hallway

Waiting on you
Pick up the phone, baby
I know you're lonely
If we go and cross the line

Girl, we got some dangerous minds
Everytime we bring them together
Nothing can take us off this ride
Maybe we'll crash and we'll burn together

Maybe we'll crash (crash crash) and we'll burn together (now burn)
(Maybe we'll never learn)
Maybe we'll crash (crash crash) and we'll burn together (now burn)
(Maybe we'll never learn, never learn)

You get me for real
You're my lifetime jagged little pill
I been wondering if you miss me
Sure act like it when you're with me, yeah
Blacked out everytime that you kissed me
It's the way we can repeat history
Say it's wrong, but in love we falling
Baby, I'm calling

Waiting on you
Pick up the phone, baby
I know you're lonely
If we go and cross the line

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"What is art, anyway?"

"I don't know. I- I was- I've always thought an artist carries a certain amount of emotion into a painting."

"What do ya notice?"

"Advertising."

"It's true."

"It is true, in a sense."

"Um, and that's where a lot of art talent has to go."

"But doesn't something of the artist go into his painting? No? No, Andy? Or yes?"

"Yes. A lot of work."