

Crash

Scott Weiland

Your car passed my street today but no one was driving
It must be a metaphor for losing my mind
Moving slow but way out of control
I'm standing amongst you all and nobody's listening

So hold on to something still
Hold on to something still, hold on, hold on

I can't stop this rocket ship from lifting me higher
It's sort of like wedding bells that clamor in silence
Moving slow but way out of control
We grew with the speed of light but crashed in the night

So hold on to something still
Hold on to something still, hold on, hold on

So do you listen to the system in your ear?
Sounds like a whisper, can you picture anything?
We grew with the speed of light but crashed in the night

So hold on to something still
Hold on to something still, hold on, hold on
Hold on, hold on