

CRUMBLE DOWN

words and music: jay graydon and randy goodrum

BRANDY FLAVORED CIGARETTE (verse 1)
BEGGING FOR MY MATCH
SABLE COLLARED VELVET NECK
BEGGING FOR MY SCRATCH

WE'RE SUCH A PERFECT BLEND OF OIL AND H2O
WHY YOU COME AROUND, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW
TO WATCH ME CRUMBLE DOWN

I SHOULD'VE READ YOU LIKE A SCRIPT (verse 2)
I COULD'VE PICKED YOUR LOCK
THAT LITTLE GRACIE ALLEN BIT
WAS THAT HARD TO CONCOCT?

LOOK BETWEEN MY SHOULDER BLADES NO DAGGER CAN BE FOUND
BUT THE SIGHT OF YOU STILL RUNS ME THROUGH
OH, WATCH ME CRUMBLE DOWN

(chorus)

**AS A CRACK STARTS TO FORM AND THE PAIN IN MY LEFT ARM STINGS
SEND ALL MY THINGS, ALL THE BREAD AND THE BLING
TO SOME KAT WHO KATRINA WASTED**

I WAS NUMBER 29, (verse 3)
YOU WERE NUMBER ONE
I WAS MOGAN DAVID WINE,
YOU, DOM PERIGNON

YOU COME AROUND AND SCRATCH YOUR NAILS
ACROSS MY SLATE FAÇADE
ALL THESE BOOKS ON TAPE
CAN'T STOP MY FATE
SO, WATCH ME CRUMBLE DOWN

(chorus)

**AS A CRACK STARTS TO FORM AND THE PAIN IN MY LEFT ARM STINGS
SEND ALL MY THINGS, ALL THE BREAD AND THE BLING
TO SOME KAT WHO KATRINA WASTED**