**Crawl**  
  
Like a sea gull in an oil spill,  
This fool's been weighted down  
With grime and dirt of dreams I never tried  
And Now I finally notice  
As I peel me off the ground  
Wondering if it's too late for me to fly  
I know I'm not to have regrets  
For holding cards I never bet  
Is the past a trap I've set  
It's not over yet

CH - No it's not my time to fly  
And there's nowhere left to fall  
And it's still too soon to die  
- Life can't be just getting by  
Please tell me this ain't all  
Cause I've no tears left to cry  
Where can I turn  
God help me, just to crawl  
  
Well I've found no way to clean me up  
Of the mess that weighs me down  
You'd think I like swimming in the mire  
But if there is an endless cup  
Of life where I can drown  
Then lay me on my back and fill my soul with fire  
I still hope there's half a chance  
For fools like me to join the dance  
Is it plan or happenstance?  
Don't need to hear I can't  
  
(Repeat Chorus)

©Scott Spradley – October 29, 2015