

Dont Be Crushed
Hawksley Workman

G

You re where all the poets go

D

You re where all the ashes blow

E-

You re the kind of maker

C

That makes the whole world come true

G

My baby she s inside me now

D

I made her a place to settle down

E-

It s close to my heart, she likes the sound

C

It s twenty minutes out of town

Airline water breaking fast

In New York city, low on cash

Another week and you ll be back

And you ll be staying home at last

A-

D

But don t act broken even when you re broken

G

C

It s just one of those things

A-

D

Thank god you re timeless cause my watch got stolen

G

C

It s the good stuff that you bring

C D G

Don t be crushed

This city will always bug you baby

I know for me it does the same

It s pretty I suppose from inside a plane

That s heading for another place

But wave and blow me one more kiss

You re a dead eye, baby you never miss

There s not much else as sweet as this

I waved so hard I broke my wrist

But don t act broken even when you re broken

It s just one of those things

Thank god you re timeless

Cause my watch got stolen
It s the good stuff that you bring
Don t be crushed

Don t be crushed, don t be cruuuushed