

The Turnaround

Eels

Another morning in the evening
Times still on the floor
And I don't even know her name
Or if she lives here
Had enough but I want more
I don't remember how I got here
And how long it's been now
A day or two, maybe more

Home to home I spent the days
Never wandered anywhere
I always bit the hand that beat me
And they rode me off
It was easy not to care

Never trusted anyone
Don't see why I should now
Fade some blinking never fair

You're all gonna be sorry when I leave town
And get it together, for the turnaround

6 bucks in my pocket and these shoes on my feet
The first step is out the door and onto the street
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