

## 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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