

# Turbulence

Lisa Marie Presley

Imagine that I can't be comforted at all  
In pieces I went from crawling into a ball  
Evidence, it's in my breathing every day  
Less and less and less

Hey you - you wore me out  
There was nothing left for anybody else  
Listen you, you're the last little shit that anyone expected  
Could put me through this  
Yeah it's true

Turbulence, auto pilot to control  
Down and down and down  
And if he's there then I'll take my order to go  
He shouldn't see, He shouldn't know

Hey you - you wore me out  
There was nothing left for anybody else  
And you, you're the last little shit that anyone expected  
Could put me through this  
Yeah fucker it's true

And over there in the corner of the room  
Sat little Jack Horner in his gloom  
Oh how you like it there  
Na na na na na

Hey you- you slithered around while you ripped every vein out  
And you - your once so charming self inflicted tortured act  
It's a loser and a poser's tool

Hey you - you wore me out  
There was nothing left for anybody else  
And you, you're the last little shit that anyone expected  
Could put me through this  
Yeah fucker it's true

Imagine that  
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