

## Turn It Up!

Sonic Syndicate

Turning it up like you always do.  
Head to toe, covered in tattoos.  
Sooner or later, you're gonna come loose.  
What the fuck you're gonna do? (gonna do, gonna do, gonna do)

Your body's swaying from side to side.  
I wanna catch you when you fall,  
But then you'll learn nothing at all.  
Still I'm ready to run,  
But you're so damn drunk  
An atomic bomb couldn't wake you up.

What's that you hear, bass and lights from the club?  
I don't think so.  
I'm by your side and all I can hear.  
Is that your mom's starting to cry, screaming,  
"Help me, help me, help me!"

The way that she looks.

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Broken and she'll never be saved.  
Suck it up, you fucked it up.

The way she walks,  
The way she talks,  
We all know  
The girl is halfway dead.  
Dead.  
Dead.

You're selling your soul for whiskey and coke.  
And you're a suicide for tequila and lime.  
And I gotta admit, when I first saw you.  
Hit the dancefloor with your grind,  
You sent me outta my mind.

But after watching you crawl in the door  
That it is getting old and sold and I told  
I don't know  
But you're screaming, "I don't care! I don't care!"  
Care.  
Care.  
Care.

The way that she looks.

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(The way she walks,  
The way she talks,  
We all know  
The girl is halfway dead.  
The way she died,  
The way she said,  
We all know  
The girl is halfway dead.)

Dead.  
Dead.  
Halfway dead.  
Dead.  
Dead.  
Halfway dead.

When I see you lately,  
I'm wondering on  
White roses, caskets,  
Your name on a stone.

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