

Turnstiles

The Lawrence Arms

With a light of this match
I could burn this place to the ground
Then fire engines would scream
Down crowded streets onto the scene
And then I'd make it rain
And numb myself to never say your name

That i've uttered in anger, said with confusion
Laughed over nervously, said without sympathy

I'm not shedding tears for you
All those lonely nights that I've said
Feels like I might as well be dead

No more smiles revolving like turnstiles
No more deliberation, analytical creations

I'm incapable, a predepressionist
This is delivered with courage, muddled in tension
Lashed out in honesty, someone come and save me

I'm dying to tell you
This kills it forever, it was already dead
I'm dying to tell you
This kills it forever, it was already dead

And I'm just fine
I haven't called you but I haven't had the time
Thoughts are stale
I've been revolving like turnstiles