

Turncoat

The Narrative

Turncoat parents and the children that never arrived.
Pawnshop rings and the road swallowed up by the sky.
And though the static on the radio was signaling that this was
the end,
They still sang on just like lovers till the day they decided t
o be just friends,
And never speak again, to keep from caving in.

So baby this is freedom and you finally are out on your own,
And you left in such a hurry but you'll never get away from thi
s home.
'Cause the kids they aren't happy, and I don't know how you tho
ught they could be.
What with all those misconceptions, it's a miracle that they we
re ever conceived,
And they don't look a damn like me, but I'll still feign believ
e.

So baby this is freedom.
So baby this is freedom.
So baby this is freedom.
So baby this is freedom.