

## Walt Whitman

### Trampled by Turtles

Light it up like the city at night  
Old dark bones in the city  
Old Walt Whitman and borrowed alcohol

We drove fast shaking all the way  
Like the waves in California  
Sorry I never know what to say at all

Caught in a whirlwind  
Dry as a bone  
And I don't think that I can make it  
On my own  
On my own, my own  
On my own, my own  
On my own, my own

Burning love man it never ends  
I tried but I couldn't make it  
Yeah your paperback lovers could never pay the bills

Worn it once and then let it go  
Or you may never shake it  
End up drinking too much and pop a pill

Loose like a feather  
And left here alone  
And I don't think that I can make it  
On my own  
On my own, my own  
On my own, my own  
On my own, my own