

Jon Brion "Revolving Door"

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You slit your own throat
You won't be around for long
Though not a dying breed
'Cause they'll always be a market for greed

And they'll always be someone to replace you
Though they may not have the courage to face you
Now it's too late to settle scores
You're going back the way you came before
Back through the revolving door

You're sick of your skin
Though you act like you're not for now
But the rot has set in and it could be
As little as an hour or two
Before it completely devours you

And the ones who should stand up are afraid to
You were smug while you held the floor
You're going back the way you came before
Back through the revolving door

I understand the concessions that you make
I know what it's like to get backed into a corner
I sympathize but I don't take your side

Hey you, you act like no one could tame you
But when it counted you never came through
Well, with one look at what they paid you
Well, most folks would hardly blame you

I'm not surprised that this is what it came to
You're going back the way you came before
Back through the revolving door

And one day you could be back for more
Oh more, oh more, oh more

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