

Lisa Loeb & Nine Stories

"Turbulence"

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Imagine that I can't be comforted at all
In pieces I went from crawling into a ball
Evidence, it's in my breathing every day
Less and less and less

Hey you - you wore me out
There was nothing left for anybody else
Listen you, you're the last little shit that anyone
expected
Could put me through this
Yeah it's true

Turbulence, auto pilot to control
Down and down and down
And if he's there then I'll take my order to go
He shouldn't see, He shouldn't know

Hey you - you wore me out
There was nothing left for anybody else
And you, you're the last little shit that anyone expected
Could put me through this
Yeah fucker it's true

And over there in the corner of the room
Sat little Jack Horner in his gloom
Oh how you like it there
Na na na na na

Hey you- you slithered around while you ripped every
vein out
And you - your once so charming self inflicted tortured
act
It's a loser and a poser's tool

Hey you - you wore me out
There was nothing left for anybody else
And you, you're the last little shit that anyone expected
Could put me through this
Yeah fucker it's true

Imagine that

Imagine that

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