

The Lawrence Arms "Turnstiles"

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With a light of this match
I could burn this place to the ground
Then fire engines'd scream down
Crowded streets onto the scene
And then I'd make it rain numb myself
To never say your name
That i've uttered in anger
Said with confusion
Laughed over nervously
Said without sympathy
I must always remember....
There's no point to surrendur
No more smiles; revolving like turnstiles
No more deliberation; analytical creations
See 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 us forever
We were already dead
And i'm just fine
I haven't called you but i haven't had the time
These thoughts are stale
I've been revolving like turnstiles

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