

## 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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