

David Arn

"Passing Through The Turnstile"

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It's one drink for her paintings, it's another for the sea
Then you're shipwrecked in the beauty of her ambiguity
That's how she plays her hand, you must grasp it twice
A dreamer's fingers warm from throwing ice-cold dice

Street caf  overlooking the changing tide
She finds wisdom in the wine, love's a journey not a
ride
Then you're riding trains, knee touching knee
Night anchors in strange waters, it's a dare to swim
free

Your city is on fire, can't see where the line begins
Jesus took the lock off heaven's door
Not sure your key fits in
She makes you think she's in control
She makes the neon dance and weave
The meaning of her words gets lost in the tempo of the
way she breathes

You want it all but in the meanwhile
You're passing through the turnstile
On your way to the "D"

Hello, goodbye, I'll text you now and then
Weeks have gone by and we were closer than we
should have been
Can't disconnect what you feel, it's a quick death but
it's slow
Sometimes you can't hold on when you can't let go

Love knows how to wing it, then it learns how to fly
There's a sadness when she brings it
Trapped and too personal to pry
You're waiting for love injected beneath your sleeve
So you can rid your blood of yearning for something
too unreal to believe
You want it all but in the meanwhile
You're passing through the turnstile
On your way to the "D"

