

## Savannah Outen

### "Turns To Me"

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(O'Neill/Oliva/Pitrelli)  
Stands all alone  
Looks in the mirror  
And sees what she wanted to be  
Safely unknown  
To anyone near her  
She sees what she wanted to see  
And turns to me  
And turns to me  
And turns to...  
She was prophesied  
For an early slide  
Followed it to the letter  
Well kept beauty queen  
If there, always seen  
Still you thought she'd know better  
No erasing  
The time you're wasting  
But when you're wasting  
You don't care  
All those pieces  
In short term leases  
But when you need them  
They're not there  
For all those moments of yesterday  
She's traded every tomorrow  
And now all those moments are so far away  
Ghosts haunt each word she would say  
As she walks among the decay  
She had Oscar Wilde's  
Timeless sense of style  
As had been her intention  
Still she was afraid  
Time must be repaid  
And there'd be no redemption  
Youth and time collide  
She could not decide  
On a certain direction  
Time was catching up  
Carefully made up  
She avoided detection

For all those moments of yesterday  
She's traded every tomorrow  
And now all those moments are so far away  
I saw it too  
Closer than you  
What else is there left to say  
Wait for me now  
I will be there for you  
This I will vow  
If you still want me to  
But it won't be  
This I have always known  
And in the dark  
There's no one to pray for me now  
I don't understand what I'm feeling tonight  
I don't understand but I'm waiting  
Searching the shadows that fade in the light  
But I'm feeling alive  
Trying to survive  
Float with the tide  
Till you arrive and I...

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