

## **Teddy Thompson**

# **"Turning The Gun On Myself"**

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Lyrics to Turning The Gun On Myself :

The morning is bright  
As "Rapper's Delight"  
Floats up to my room  
From the street

And who would disturb  
A slumbering world  
With this late seventies beat?  
I'm taking my aim  
From this window pane  
And I'm turning the gun on myself

The Upper West Side  
Is supposed to be quiet  
It's supposed to be wealthy and dull  
So how to explain  
This thundering pain  
That's pushing its way through my skull  
I'm taking a leave  
Of my senses, you see  
And I'm turning the gun on myself

New York is loud  
It's wonderfully loud  
I wouldn't live anywhere else  
But I need my rest  
To be at my best  
Away from the high decibels

I'm losing my will  
I'm shooting to kill  
And I'm turning the gun on myself  
I'm losing my will  
And I'm shooting to kill  
And I'm turning the gun on myself

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