

Young Neil

"For The Turnstiles"

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All the sailors with their seasick mamas
Hear the sirens on the shore,
Singin' songs for pimps with tailors
Who charge ten dollars at the door.

You can really learn a lot that way;
It will change you in the middle of the day.
Though your confidence may be shattered,
It doesn't matter.

All the great explorers
Are now in Granite Lake,
Under white sheets for the great unveiling
At the big parade.

You can really learn a lot that way;
It will change you in the middle of the day.
Though your confidence may be shattered,
It doesn't matter.

All the bushleague batters
Are left to die on the diamond.
In the stands the home crowd scatters

For the turnstiles,
For the turnstiles,
For the turnstiles.

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