

Lawrence Arms, The "Turnstiles"

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With a light of this match
I could burn this place to the ground
Then fire engines 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 surrender

No more smiles;
Revolving like turnstiles
No more deliberation;
Analytical creation

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

