

## Lawrence Arms, The "Turnstyles"

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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'm not shedding tears for you

All those lonely nights  
That I've said feels like I might as well be dead

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

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  
Thoughts are stale  
I've been revolving like turnstiles

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