

Lost Trailers, The "Don't Turn Away"

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Well, it was near dark-30 in the soccer field, we were a
hundred strong and kids were coming still,
Up the drive of the Y Sportspark, to park beneath the
trees.

I hadn't seen that many kids in one place since the
Winger Concert or the dirt track race,
And I thought this was definitely the coolest thing that
I'd ever seen in Albany.

We had Kodiak and we spit in the dirt, and watched the
Senior girls in their skirts,
And prayed for the day when we had girls that looked
good and drank beer.

Our lives were filled with nervous excitement as we
waited for that epic fight,
Of Clint Cecil and Clay Taylor, and the history they'd
make.

So don't turn away, you don't have to run; every day
has a rising sun,
And one day yours is gonna come and take your blues
away.
So don't turn away.

Cause when you're in ninth grade it's a big deal, to
stand shoulder to shoulder on a soccer field,
With 18 year olds who are too preoccupied to punch
you in the gut.
Yeah these people came for just one thing, to see Clay
and Clint in this human ring,
Cause both guys were tough as nails, and roughest of
the rough.
Well, Clay we didn't know so good cause he grew up
outside our neighborhood,
But I guess I first heard of him in Merry Acres Middle
School.
Some are just fighters, and Clay always was,
But he never used a knife or a gun,
He preferred to win or get beat on the strength of his
will.
Consequently, Clint was notoriously known, for being
bit by a rattlesnake in a berry grove,

He was only ten then, and he swelled up like a weather balloon.

But it couldn't kill him, it only hardened 'em a bit,
And after that he never took no stuff, and that'prob'ly
why he and Clay met that afternoon.

So don't turn away, you don't have to run; every day
has a rising sun,
And one day yours is gonna come and take your blues
away.
So don't turn away.

Well, Clint and Clay should have never a fought, it was
a lie that was started by my friends dad's daughter,
Which would usually be called a sister but she was
more than that.

Cause his dad had an affair with my friend's mom's
mother,

And had two kids, and maybe others, One was my
friends uncle, and the other was his aunt.

So his quasi-aunt-step-sister-person had done a bad
thing and worsened it,

By hitting Clay's parked car and starting a lie.

She was confused already with the way she was, and
she didn't want to piss off the boy she loved,

Cause she had a crush on Clay since she was nine.

Which was something we didn't quite understand,

cause girls dug Clay but he was an ugly man,

Much like us, so he gave us hope, or at least a fighting
chance.

We just knew he wasn't someone to mess with, so it
was no surprise when he got the message,

That he skipped his class and ran out in a rage.

He yelled, "Whichever dead man hit my car, you know
what you did and you know who you are,

And if you was worth a damn, you'd fess up to what you
did."

From the group of kids rose a shaking hand, it was the
one of my friend's sister-aunt,

And she said, "Clay, I saw it all and it was Clint!"

Well, Clint yelled out, "You lyin' inbred!" and Clay cried,
"You little punk, you're dead!"

You meet me at the Y soccer fields a quarter after
dark."

Clint said, "I didn't hit that piece of crap, but nobody
talks to me like that,

And you're gonna wish you never called me out to that
park."

o don't turn away, you don't have to run; every day has
a rising sun,

And one day yours is gonna come and take your blues
away.
So don't turn away, keep your toes on the line,
Keep your head up kid, everything will be fine.
Those bitter grapes are gonna turn to wine,
And wash your blues away. So don't turn away.

Well, dusk bit into the far horizon, it's teethmarks
found a dust trail rising,
Across the clay alley towards the vending machines.
At first nobody really noticed, 'till the dustcloud hit the
soccer goals,
Then some kid yelled, "Hey, I think that's Clay Taylor's
Jeep!"
He was gunning it, with the hammer down,
And when he got near us he spun it around and stuck
the brakes until the gravel bled.
And we all stared at disbelief at the strangest sight I'd
ever seen,
A butt naked Clay Taylor, with pantyhose on his head.
Now, you've got to know what this meant to us, this was
pre-Braveheart and William Wallace,
Clay was revolutionizing the art of war in 1991.
It was weird as hell, downright frightening, as he called
for the man he was supposed to fight,
But who could know the horrorshow had only just
begun.

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has a rising sun,
And one day yours is gonna come and take your blues
away.
So don't turn away.

We were shocked, speechless, the field was silent,
'till a growl pierced the air like a mountain lion's,
and got closer and closer shaking needles from the
trees.
Kids were looking around, all confused, cause the
sound grew near but there was still no view,
'Till the southside of the crowd let out in screams.
And the sea of people all around, parted to reveal a
clown, running full speed with a chainsaw in his hands,
I'd never seen a clown in full sprint, then I realized
"Hey, that's really Clint. And I do believe he aims to kill
a man."
Now there is one thing scarier than a mad clown, that's
a midget on crank and there ain't many around,
To be honest, I've never seen one in the real.
So the whole crowd got spooked and ran, and left a
solitary man,

Standing in the middle of a trampled soccer field.

Well it really doesn't matter who won or lost, I can only
say that Clint paid the cost,
Of an ill-fated rumor and a heart of pride.
It wasn't his fault how things turned out, he tried to
have something that he was born without,
The kind of toughness a few like Clay keep trapped
inside.

The kind that looks someone square in the eye, as he's
rushin' at you in a clown disguise,
Brandishing a Yamaha chainsaw from his Daddy's
toolshed.

And not flinchin' a bit, not bitin' yer lip,
Not quiverin' shiverin', or faking a limp.
Just spittin' out whiskey right there in the mud, and
sayin' "Bring it on, son."

Well, that's the stuff you only see in Albany,
Clay might have been crazy but he was braver than any
other SOB I've seen in all my years.
So when the taxman calls, or rent gets late,
Or we've played a show, and we didn't get paid,
I think, "Well it ain't no chainsaw bearing clown, so what
do I got to fear."

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brings a rising sun,
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