

## Turnstiles

The Lawrence Arms

With a light of this match  
I could burn this place to the ground  
Then fire engines would scream  
Down crowded streets onto the scene  
And then I'd make it rain  
And 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 creations

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 it forever, it was 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