

# Turnaround

Coin

I think I'm sad  
Wait I'm doing fine  
I think I'm broken  
Next thing I feel alright  
Maybe I'm bad  
Just bad at what I do  
In the morning I'll wake up  
I'm the best I ever knew

It's exhausting being me  
All these roots without a tree  
I'm a sinner  
I'm a sermon  
I'm a steady handed surgeon  
I don't understand, why

Every time I find myself  
I find myself wanting something else  
I wander off to something new  
But how come every time I turn around  
I'm turned around on  
You

I can't hold a grudge  
For more than a day or two  
But that time my roommate kicked me out  
I still can't talk it through  
How do you do it?  
Love me when it hurts  
And every time I fly away  
You pull me back to earth

I bet it's exhausting holding me  
All these roots without a tree  
I'm a phony  
I'm a fighter  
I'm a figure skating idol  
And I don't understand, why

Every time I find myself  
I find myself wanting something else  
I wander off to something new  
But how come every time I turn around  
I hear the same familiar sound  
How come every time I turn around  
I'm turned around on  
You...

(Turn me around)  
(Turn me around)