## **Turn Around**

## **Collective Soul**

There floats our conversation Like clouds in our minds We leave an open invitation To this world we've denied

If I turn around Would that be my fault If I turn around Would that be my loss

Feel the raindrops of impression Stinging from above What the price of this confusion We have yet to speak of

Out of sight beyond confusion Still I'm here defining my own truth Paranoia by conclusion What's the point if I am still missing you