

## Still In Motion

Turnover

Had to go through it to get better  
Keep my blood moving to stay warm  
Sent an unsure message to heaven  
Don't know what I was looking for  
It's always like that  
Too clear for me to see  
Fortune always comes disguised  
Dressed just like me

A dozen roses by the bed  
Aromatic soft and red  
Another petal on the floor  
When they're all gone desire more

While the days go by  
Every thing gets old  
Self expression dies  
When it can't grow

Nothing on the walls  
Paradise filled dream  
Deep enough to hide  
Somewhere in between

I have the record memorized  
It must have played a thousand times  
A melody that's familiar enough to hide  
Inside your head but not the kind to make you cry

While the days go by  
Every thing gets old  
Self expression dies  
When it can't grow

Nothing on the walls  
Paradise filled dream  
Deep enough to hide  
Somewhere in between

Diamonds in my hand  
Holding on so tight  
Turn it back into  
Sand before my eyes