

# Turncoat

## The Narrative

Turncoat parents and the children that never arrived  
pawn shop rings and a road swallowed up by the sky  
and though the static on the radio was signaling that this was the end  
they still sang on just like lovers 'til the day that they decided to be just friends  
and never speak again  
to keep from caving in So baby, this is freedom and you finally are out on your own  
and you left in such a hurry but you'll never get away from this home  
cause the kids, they aren't happy and I don't know how you thought they could be  
what, with all those misconceptions it's a miracle that they were ever conceived  
and they don't look a damn like me  
but I'll still feign belief So baby, this is freedom

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