Revolving Door

Jon Brion

You slit your own throat
You wont be around for long
Though not a dying breed
Cause theyll always be a market for greed
And theyll always be someone to replace youThough they may not have the courage to face you
Now its too late to settle scores
Youre going back the way you came before
Back through the revolving doorYoure sick of your skin
Though you act like youre not for now
But the rot has set in and it could be as little as an hour or two
Before it completely devours youAnd the ones who should stand up are afraid to
You were smug while you held the floor
Youre going back the way you came before
Back through the revolving doorI understand the concessions that you make
I know what its like to get backed into a corner
I sympathize but I dont take your sideHey you
You act like no one could tame you
But when it counted you never came through
Well, with one look at what they paid you
Well, most folks would hardly blame youIm not surprised that this is what it came to
Youre going back the way you came before
Back through the revolving door
And one day you could be back for more
Oh more oh more oh no

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