# Turnover

## Comecon

Langour rises reaching, to turn off the alarm
And there's never so much seething
That it can't be disarmed
You just stop it up,
Pass it on
Shove it to shelf it,
To leave it off and turnover
Lounging against your weapons,
Until your muscles find lock
In the ease of that position,
A residue of tremor passes
As some cherie amour suggests
That maybe it was time to smash things up
But just stop it up,
Pass it on
Shove it to shelf it,
To lead it on and turnover
I'm only sleeping

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