

# Revolving Door

Joyce Cooling

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 you Though 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 door Youre 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 you And 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 door I understand the concessions that you make  
I know what its like to get backed into a corner  
I sympathize but I dont take your side Hey 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 you Im 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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