Turning The Gun On Myself

Teddy Thompson

Lyrics to Turning The Gun On Myself :
The morning is bright
As ?Rapper?s Delight?
Floats up to my room
From the streetAnd who would disturb
A slumbering world
With this late seventies beat?
I?m taking my aim
From this window pane
And I?m turning the gun on myselfThe Upper West Side
Is supposed to be quiet
It?s supposed to be wealthy and dull
So how to explain
This thundering pain
That?s pushing its way through my skullI?m taking a leave
Of my senses, you see
And I?m turning the gun on myselfNew York is loud
It?s wonderfully loud
I wouldn?t live anywhere else
But I need my rest
To be at my best
Away from the high decibelsI?m losing my will
I?m shooting to kill
And I?m turning the gun on myself
I?m losing my will
And I?m shooting to kill
And I?m turning the gun on myself

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