

Roslyn

John Pizzarelli

Up with your turret
Aren't we just terrified?
Shale, screen your worry
From what you won't ever find Don't let it fool you
Don't let it pull you down
Don't sit around, folds in the gown Sea and the rock below
Cocked to the undertow
Bones blood and teeth erode
With every crashing note Wings wouldn't help you
Wings wouldn't help you down
Down towards the ground, gravity's proud You barely are blinking
Wagging your face around
When'd this just become a mortal home? Whoa, whoa, whoa Won't let you talk me
Won't let you talk me down
Will pull it taut, nothing let out

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