

# The Turnaround

## Eels

Another morning in the evening  
Times still on the floor  
And I dont even know her name  
Or if she lives here  
Had enough but I want more  
I dont remember how I got here  
And how long its been now  
A day or two, maybe more On the whole must [?] remains  
Never wanted anyway  
I always bit the hand that beat me  
And they rode me off  
Its easy not to care Never trusted anyone  
Dont see why I should now  
Fade some blinking never fair Youre all gonna be sorry when Ill leave town  
And get it together, for the turnaround

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