

# Turbulence

## Arab Strap

You always jump and quiver  
When you're coming in to land  
With no runway, no guidance  
No nails dug into my hand  
We could ask whoever we want  
    We could go back to school  
    And see the dead laugh again  
Let's get dressed up and pull  
The only benefit of drinking  
    The downside of what we take  
    Some weekends I feel  
Like I could always be awake  
A party in a stranger's house  
    Have we ever met the host?  
    Just smile and keep talking  
And get your can for a toast  
We won't always be safe here  
    But this is where we reign  
    Pull it tight to protect us  
We might never sleep again  
{Message received today at three twenty six a.m.  
    Tell you what, this is a fuckin' a smooth day  
    Being ripped apart by a hundred and eight  
    Fuckin' bullshit  
This is the worst fuckin' hangover I've experienced in my entire life  
    I wish I was dead and that fuckin' see this by}

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Published by  
    Lyrics Â© Domino Publishing

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