

Talking Like Turnstiles

Death Cab for Cutie

Sometimes, I talk like a turnstile
When I have had too much to drink
A tangled tongue like English Ivy
Just like a film dubbed out of sync
The phone is ringing in the guest room
A muffled voice on the machine
It's either someone I don't want to talk to
Or someone selling what I don't need
As I'm waiting for you to come on home
Sometimes, I fall in fits of laughter
My bottle shatters on the floor
And you apologize profusely
For the drunkard on the lawn
I'll change, love, change
I'll change for you
Because even slurred words
Can contain some truth

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