

Jump the turnstiles

Chris Robinson Brotherhood

Smoke ring halos, feet made of clay
Open spaces and narrow ways
Nightbird cry'n at the end of an age
White leather gloves lay the saint in his grave
Hung on a rusty nail in the back room of a
Nickel a dance pass the jug around
The devil's plain lazy if he don't bust out
No one's a stranger when it's raining outside
If there's a hole in your shoe then come on inside
Do you know how you feel?
Are you that far gone inside?
Let love make it real
Come on let's jump the turnstile Bag full of beads, black tongue divine
Let go the rabbit by the pale moon light
Don't stoke the fire with paper hands
To build you a boat you need a little dry land Do you know how you feel?
Are you that far gone inside?
Let love make it real
Come on let's jump the turnstile Soft grass lullabies
In the cinnamon sunshine
Rose pedal soft, sickly sweet
Love sick Charlie and tear drop Molly
Just jumped out of their seats
Euphoria dancing, dripping chandeliers
Flatfooted shufflers or those well heeled
Call my mind diamond
Call my heart gold
Call me gone and off down the road
Call me gone and off down the road
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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