

# 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 turnstileBag 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 landDo you know how you feel?  
    Are you that far gone inside?  
    Let love make it real  
Come on let's jump the turnstileSoft 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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