

Winners

Trampled By Turtles

There were dreams on a full moon night
Big black hole in the middle of the light
Painless times yeah we were feeling alright
We were breaking down the walls Dirty little basements and electric guitars
Sound of the river and the pines and the stars
Drank a little to much yeah we took it too far
Well most of us survived So much coming out and nothing going in
With your skirt above your knee and your murderous grin
Awe tell that your not real You were standing there so literal and free
Writing pretty poems and ruining me
Took a little time but baby now I see
That the end is always near I was sleeping on a couch with a shivering dog
Practicing my speeches and studying the law
Nothing in the cover but a hammer and a saw
And some nails to drive it home So much coming out there's nothing going in
I could write it down but that would be a sin
And you know how I feel about sin Charlie's on stage and roof may collapse
No one seems to worry about the light in the gap
All the walls painted yellow and papered with maps
A reminder its time to move on Pretty little city built on a hillside
Music in the bars and fire in the sky
We went to the beach and it was covered in ice
And I used to call it home So much coming out there's nothing going in
I know that you feel like you're never gonna win
Awe but the world wont forgive a winner

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