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 handWe could ask whoever we want
We could go back to school
And see the dead laugh again
Let's get dressed up and pullThe only benefit of drinking
The downside of what we take
Some weekends I feel
Like I could always be awakeA party in a stranger's house
Have we ever met the host?
Just smile and keep talking
And get your can for a toastWe won't always be safe here
But this is where we reign
Pull it tight to protect us
We might never sleep again{Message recieved 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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