

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