

# Turning the Gun On Myself

## Teddy Thompson

Lyrics to Turning The Gun On Myself :

The morning is bright  
As Rappers Delight  
Floats up to my room  
From the street And who would disturb  
A slumbering world  
With this late seventies beat?  
Im taking my aim  
From this window pane  
And Im turning the gun on myself The Upper West Side  
Is supposed to be quiet  
Its supposed to be wealthy and dull  
So how to explain  
This thundering pain  
Thats pushing its way through my skull Im taking a leave  
Of my senses, you see  
And Im turning the gun on myself New York is loud  
Its wonderfully loud  
I wouldnt live anywhere else  
But I need my rest  
To be at my best  
Away from the high decibels Im losing my will  
Im shooting to kill  
And Im turning the gun on myself  
Im losing my will  
And Im shooting to kill  
And Im turning the gun on myself

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