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 streetAnd 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 myselfThe 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 skullIm taking a leave
Of my senses, you see
And Im turning the gun on myselfNew 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 decibelsIm 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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