

Turbulence

[Lisa Marie Presley](#)

Imagine that I can't be comforted at all
In pieces I went from crawling into a ball
Evidence, it's in my breathing every day
Less and less and less Hey you, you wore me out
There was nothing left for anybody else
Listen you, you're the last little shit that anyone expected
Could put me through this
Yeah, it's true Turbulence, auto pilot to control
Down and down and down
And if he's there then I'll take my order to go
He shouldn't see, he shouldn't know Hey you, you wore me out
There was nothing left for anybody else
Listen you, you're the last little shit that anyone expected
Could put me through this
Yeah, fucker it's true And over there in the corner of the room
Sat little Jack Horner in his gloom
Oh, how you like it there Hey you, you slithered around while you ripped every vein out
And you, your once so charming self inflicted tortured act
It's a loser and a poser's tool Hey you, you wore me out
There was nothing left for anybody else
Listen you, you're the last little shit that anyone expected
Could put me through this
Yeah, fucker it's true Imagine that
Imagine that

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