

Turn Around

Collective Soul

And there floats our conversation
Like the clouds in our minds
We'd leave an open invitation
To this world we've denied If I turn around
Would that be my fault?
If I turn around
Would that be my loss? Feel the raindrops of impression
Stinging from above
And what's the price of this confession
We have yet to speak of? If I turn around
Would that be my fault?
And if I turn around
Would that be my loss? Out of sight beyond confusion
Still I'm here defining my own truth
Paranoia by conclusion
What's the point if I am still missing you? And if I turn around
If I turn around If I turn around
Would that be my fault?
And if I turn around
Would that be my loss? And if I turn around
And if I turn around
And if I turn around

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