

# Turn Around

## Smalltown Poets

I'm shy like a rollercoaster  
Switch back, take you for a ride  
High-handed and we got your picture  
Downhill, cautionary smileOff the rails were there to guide me  
On the fly  
What's inside me?I will bow down (Turn, I turn, I turn around)  
Before I turn around  
I fall down  
Then I turn aroundBullheaded in the wrong direction  
Flash back to the red cape drop  
How now to smell the flowers  
And steer clear of the china shopEntertaining the notion  
Of dying devotionI will bow down  
Before I turn around  
I fall down  
Then I turn aroundSlow the clock that's timing  
See a different light  
Now the plane is higher  
See beyond plain sight  
Bulls and bears are dying  
Their kinds are made to fight  
But my kind is made to try and get it rightStand me up to my reflection  
Stop my brain, wake my mindI will bow down  
Before I turn around  
I fall down  
Then I turn around

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