

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 smile
Off 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 around
Bullheaded in the wrong direction
Flash back to the red cape drop
How now to smell the flowers
And steer clear of the china shop
Entertaining the notion
Of dying devotion
I will bow down
Before I turn around
I fall down
Then I turn around
Slow 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 right
Stand me up to my reflection
Stop my brain, wake my mind
I will bow down
Before I turn around
I fall down
Then I turn around

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