

# The Turning

## Ethan Johns

Eyes over the city  
Rise up from your soul  
Hang over the streets at night  
Brought on by the cold  
We live with the numbers  
Mining our dreams for the same old song  
What hope for the turning  
If everything you know is wrong?  
So come on, shake your rag doll, baby  
Before you change your mind  
Then come on, when the rapture takes me  
Be the fallen angel by my side  
You carry the lantern  
I'll carry you home  
You search for the disappeared  
I'll bury the cold  
Yours is a Messiah  
Mine is a dream and it won't be long  
No hope for the journey

If no one ever sees the dawn  
So come on, shake your rag doll, baby  
Before you change your mind  
Then come on, when the rapture takes me  
Will you be by my side?  
Then come on, shake your rag doll, baby  
Before you change your mind  
Then come on, when the rapture takes me  
Be the fallen angel by my side  
So come on, shake your rag doll, baby  
Before you change your mind  
Then come on, when the rapture takes me  
Will you be by my side?  
Hey, come on, shake your rag doll, baby  
Before you change your mind  
Then come on, when the rapture takes me  
Be the fallen angel by my side

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