



## *turnstyle*

you look like a picture  
nobody's taken  
caught in the moment  
nobody noticed  
water is longing  
fallen becoming

change is a good thing in itself

purity parted  
dearly departed  
diamond encased it  
subtly waste it  
torn at the turnstyle  
morning manyana

stone will only turn your heart to wood

i can take the despair, it's the hope that i can't stand  
and i can wear the clothes of a second hand

you don't know that your born  
you don't know that you die  
don't know that your low  
don't know that your high  
but i can show you a blanket of stars  
in the sky

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nobody's taken  
caught in the moment  
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diamond encased it  
subtly wasted  
torn at the turnstyle  
morning manyana

stone will only turn your heart to wood  
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i can take the despair, it's the hope that i can't stand  
and i can wear the clothes of a secondhand man