

The Calm And The Crying Wind

Trampled by Turtles

Painted pistols
And all the cheap thrills
And the words that collide

And all the poets
And all the pain pills
And the god on your side

It don't help you
It never will
And we all get older
And older still

But morning is peaceful
Like it's always been
The calm and the crying wind

It's awkward and painful
To wish for the end
'Cause the end is gonna come
But baby I love you
Like I did back then
Like the west and the setting sun

And I ain't been sleeping
And I'm tired as hell
And I stare at the ceiling
And talk to myself

But morning is peaceful
Like it's always been
The calm and the crying wind