

Walt Whitman

Trampled by Turtles

Light it up like the city at night
Old dark bones in the city
Old Walt Whitman and borrowed alcohol

We drove fast shaking all the way
Like the waves in California
Sorry I never know what to say at all

Caught in a whirlwind
Dry as a bone
And I don't think that I can make it
On my own
On my own, my own
On my own, my own
On my own, my own

Burning love man it never ends
I tried but I couldn't make it
Yeah your paperback lovers could never pay the bills

Worn it once and then let it go
Or you may never shake it
End up drinking too much and pop a pill

Loose like a feather
And left here alone
And I don't think that I can make it
On my own
On my own, my own
On my own, my own
On my own, my own