

## Winners

### Trampled by Turtles

There were dreams on a full moon night  
Big black hole in the middle of the light  
Painless times yeah we were feeling alright  
We were breaking down the walls

Dirty little basements and electric guitars  
Sound of the river and the pines and the stars  
Drank a little to much yeah we took it too far  
Well most of us survived

So much coming out and nothing going in  
With your skirt above your knee and your murderous grin  
Awe tell that your not real

You were standing there so literal and free  
Writing pretty poems and ruining me  
Took a little time but baby now I see  
That the end is always near

I was sleeping on a couch with a shivering dog  
Practicing my speeches and studying the law  
Nothing in the cover but a hammer and a saw  
And some nails to drive it home

So much coming out there's nothing going in  
I could write it down but that would be a sin  
And you know how I feel about sin

Charlie's on stage and roof may collapse  
No one seems to worry about the light in the gap  
All the walls painted yellow and papered with maps  
A reminder its time to move on

Pretty little city built on a hillside  
Music in the bars and fire in the sky  
We went to the beach and it was covered in ice  
And I used to call it home

So much coming out there's nothing going in  
I know that you feel like you're never gonna win  
Awe but the world wont forgive a winner