

# Radio Head, Pulk/Pull Revolving Doors

There are barn doors  
And there are revolving doors

Doors on the rudders of big ships  
We are revolving doors

There are doors that open by themselves  
There are sliding doors  
And there are secret doors

There are doors that lock  
And doors that don't

There are doors that let you in  
And out  
But never open  
But they are trapdoors  
That you can't come back from.