

Susanna Hoffs, Turning Over

Written by susanna hoffs, kevin hunter & davey faragher
Produced by matt wallace

In the first many minutes
By our thirty second hand
At this hour as we lay here still
As the shape your hair makes
Goes running cross my face
I am certain of time and of place.

(turnin' over) turnin' over as these evenings pass
Turnin' over (turnin' over) as the bottle fills the glass
Turnin' over (turnin' over) my hand on this ring
Turnin' over as you and I lie here sleepin'.

As the last of many passions
First flickers then does fade
At this hour when nights become days
As the paper and it's glare
Turn over in my mind
I am certain of yours and of mine.

(turnin' over) turnin' over as these evenings pass
Turnin' over (turnin' over) as the bottle fills the glass
Turnin' over (turnin' over) my hand on this ring
Turnin' over as you and I lie here sleepin'.

Reach for the linen tablecloth
Catch fire, catch fire and burn
Put out with the back of the glass
And you and I turn over, turn.

Turnin' over (turnin' over)
Turnin' over (turnin' over) as the fire fills the glass
Turnin' over (turnin' over) my hand on this ring
Turnin' over.