

Badlees, Time Turns Around

(Alexander)

There's antiques on the mantle
Hank Williams in the air
Bourbon on the counter
And you've cut off all your hair
The daisies on the hillside
Watch the sun goin' down
Hopin' that time turns around
Hopin' that time turns around

Police at the pawnshop
Vampires at the mall
Country boys in gangster clothes
Skate 'round city hall
And all the bathtub virgins cry
Without making a sound
They're hopin' that time turns around
Hopin' that time turns around

You'll be getting younger
You'll be dancing on the sun
And your soul won't remember
All the damage that you've done
And the last shall be the first
And the first shall be the last
But Johnny come lately
Will still be pumping gas

Yesterday's a beggar
Dressed up like a king
Tomorrow is a prophet
But he ain't saying anything
Today is just a coward
Who's painted like a clown
Hopin' that time turns around
Hopin' that time turns around
Hopin' that time turns around
Hopin' that time turns around