

Junction 18, Turnabout

I heard the bells
I heard them ring
The morning mist is always colder
From the sea breeze screaming in
And we'll appreciate this haven
The comfort is so kind
But the air rips when a voice calls out my name

Every hour, every stare is burning deep inside of me
Pry my eyes to stay awake
Yes I know it
Don't wanna show it
The closest thing that comes to mind

We'll walk today and tomorrow
Sing again our sorrow
Try to keep this grin when the fun is getting thin
Circus in the classroom
Singing Men at Work tunes
Keep up the laughter when fun shrinks thin

On my own now I'm scared
All alone now I'm afraid to know
I'm stuck being old for good
Time to leave the neighborhood
Grow old and get a school degree
It sounds so good but that's not me

Remember those dreams on the walk home
Someday we'll finally tour the open road
We'll leave you here
And stop the weight from hanging on