

The Smile, Bending Hectic

I'm changing down the gears
I'm slamming on the brakes
A vintage soft top
From the sixties

We're coming to a bend now
Skidding 'round the hairpin
A sheer drop down
An Italian mountainside

Time is kind of frozen
You're gazing at the view
Now I'm sure
I'm seeing double

No one's gonna bring me down, no
No way and no how
I'm letting go of the wheel
It might be as well
It might be as well

I've got these slings
I've got these arrows
I'll force myself to...
I've got these slings
I've got these arrows
I'll force myself to turn, turn

The ground is coming for me now
We've gone over the edge
If you've got something to say
Say it now

No one's gonna bring me down, no
No way and no how
And I'm letting go
Of the wheel

Despite these slings
Despite these arrows
I'll force myself to
Despite these slings
Despite these arrows
I'll force myself to turn

Turn
Turn
Turn
Turn
Turn
Turn