

Turnstile (John Baker 2007 ©)

Into the garden they come and go
girls on stilts and men in tow
I got so tired of the news
so I came down here and bumped into you

Where time takes its toll, at the turnstile of soul
Where the bird in your eye sings a burning song

We'll lay the everyday world to waste
Put a mask on the cities face
You've been working so hard all week
Strike a match with a friend you meet

Sparks fly upward from our feet,
This ferris wheel's above the street
You look so different in this light
I'm getting dizzy that's alright

Where time takes its toll, at the turnstile of soul
The clocks are melting under neon skies
And the girls in the cage above
Are both locked in a wheel of love
And the man on the high trapeze
Holds the eyes of the crowd beneath

Step right up folks, don't be shy
This world is made for your surprise
Our true nature loves to play
Turn the night time back into day

Where time takes its toll, at the turnstile of soul
The clocks are melting under neon skies