

Atlas, Turnstiles

Dakota are you sleeping tonight?
Are your dreams still looking up, when you're on your side?
Because I'm your turnstile, you're my satellite
I could spend a whole life trying
Wait
Don't you want to stay?
Would you come lie with me and all of my mistakes?
This could be a long ride home
Helena are you feeling alright?
Are your spirits resting easy, when I'm out all night?
Because I'm your call card,
You're my busy sign
Don't you want to stay?
Would you come lie with me and all of my mistakes?
Don't you want to breathe?
Hold my hand as we go falling apart at the seams
This could be a long ride home

Our charade, wore off late
She's my seamstress unwinding
As I sing the serenade
And she waits
But I stay
Out all night and sleep through the day
This could be a long ride
And your honey its poison to me
Three seasons of incompletes
And nothing to show for but smiles
On my enemies
Don't you want to stay
Would you just come lie with me and all of my mistakes
Don't you want to breathe?
Hold my hand as we go falling apart at the seams
This could be a long ride home