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