

The Be Good Tanyas, For The Turnstiles

All the sailors
With their seasick mamas
Hear the sirens on the shore,
Singin' songs
For pimps with tailors
Who charge ten dollars
At the door.

You can really
Learn a lot that way
It will change you
In the middle of the day.
Though your confidence
May be shattered,
It doesn't matter.

All the great explorers
Are now in granite laid,
Under white sheets
For the great unveiling
At the big parade.

You can really
Learn a lot that way
It will change you
In the middle of the day.
Though your confidence
May be shattered,
It doesn't matter.

All the bush league batters
Are left to die
On the diamond.
In the stands
The home crowd scatters
For the turnstiles,
For the turnstiles,
For the turnstiles.