

TURN AROUND

self-entitled to his self-made millions
riches from rags he never wore
climbing to power on the shoulders of others
stockpile of lives, kicked to the floor
part of me wants to live like him
drive in his porsche, taste his caviar
could i really long for all he believes in?
have i forgotten who you really are?

broken woman, begging for mercy
broken every single rule in the book
falling to favour by her sorry disclosures
could she deserve a second look?
part of me stands upright and true
i scoff at her clothes, judge her behaviour
could i really be a pharisee too?
would you remind me who you really are?

love, take me

love, shake me

love, break me

love, remake me

turn around, my heart

turn to follow love

crazy, upside-down logic of living
die to everything i hold dear
you call me now to trust in a pauper
to hold heaven's riches near
part of me wants to walk away
live my own life, watch you from afar
but compromise will never fit in the picture
when i see you as you really are

monique lisbon and roger nicholson
© monomusic / roger nicholson 2010



**This song comes from
the CD *Upside-Down*
(© MonoMusic 2010)**

**To order this product,
[click here](#)**