

# Walt Whitman

## Trampled By Turtles

Light it up like the city at night  
Old dark bones in the city  
Old Walt Whitman and borrowed alcohol We drove fast shaking all the way  
Like the waves in California  
Sorry I never know what to say at all Caught in a whirlwind  
Dry as a bone  
And I don't think that I can make it  
On my own  
On my own, my own x3  
[Burning] love man it never ends  
I tried but I couldn't make it  
Yea your paperback lovers could never pay the bills Worn it once and then let it go  
Or you may never shake it  
End up drinking too much [then pop a pill]  
Loose like a feather  
And left here alone  
And I don't think I can make it  
On my own  
On my own, my own x3  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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