

Roses Stone

"Going Down"

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Dawn sings in the garden

Phone sings in the hall

This boy's dead from two day's life

Resurrected by the call

Penny here, we've got to come, so come on round to me

There's so much, penny lying here to touch, taste and tease

Ring a ding ding ding i'm going down

I'm coming round

Penny's place her crummy room

Her dansette crackles to jimi's tune

I don't care, I taste ambre solaire

Her neck, her thighs, her lips, her hair

Ring a ding ding ding i'm going down

I'm coming around

All thoughts of sleep desert me

There is no time

30 minutes brings me round to her number 9

Yeah she looks like a painting

Jackson pollock's number 5

Come into the forest and taste the trees

The sun starts shining and i'm hard to please

Ring a ding ding ding i'm going down

I'm coming around

Repeat (all thoughts...)

To look down on the clouds

You don't need to fly

I've never flown in a plane

I'll live until i die

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