

Croce Jim

"Spin, Spin, Spin"

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Written by - Jim & Ingrid Croce

Spin, spin, spin

Spin around, spin around

The harlequin dances in a costume of green

Spin around

But under his makeup his age can't be seen

Spin around

But where are you spinnin'

When will you know

That life is for livin'

That it isn't a show?

Spin, spin, spin

Spin around, spin around

You look out on the city from your penthouse so high

Spin around

But your pedestal's your prison and so is your high

Spin around

But where are you spinnin'

When will you know

That life is for livin'

That it isn't a show?

Spin, spin, spin

Spin around, spin around

Your pills are you conscience

They make ev'rything seem all right

Spin around

Take a white one go to sleep

Take a red one to stay up all night

To spin around

But where are you spinnin'

When will you know

That life is for livin'

That it isn't a show?

Spin, spin, spin

Spin around, spin around

Spin, spin, spin

Spin away, spin away
Spin, spin, spin
Spin around, spin around

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