

English Beat

"March Of The Swivel Heads"

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Rotating head, keeps on the right side
Coiled up and tense remains on the lookout
Expects to be shot or get given the bullet
Rotating head tries to look on the bright side of things

Rotating head, friends in high places
No need to guess what he's got in that briefcase
A mind like a gin-trap, one swollen ankle
The rotating head tries to stay on the right side of things
On the right side of things

Living on tip-toe
Waiting for the next step
The wages of death
What a life for a swivelhead

Understand, underhand, underarm protection
Each new passer-by a new wave of suspicion
In less than an hour the plane will be leaving
The lights and the cameras
Then sleep on a prayer and a wing, rotating

Living on tip-toe
Waiting for the next step
The wages of death
What a life for a swivelhead

Rotating head look on the bright side
Coiled up and tense remains on the lookout
A mind like a gin-trap, one swollen ankle
The rotating head tries to stay on the right side of things
That's the right side of things

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