

## Julian Cope

# "Ain't No Gettin' Round Gettin' Round"

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Well, today I just feel so confused  
So battered + psychically bruised  
All my friends talk of Collusion, ha,  
Conspiracies just add to the Confusion  
Like a pig pulls a cartload of sausages  
Guess I'm drawing my own conclusion  
I need a car that can get me around  
Far from the city-dwellers AM sound  
Commuters + computers,  
Yeah, I'm just on more Polluter  
But the Travel-bug has got me  
And the buggers all have Taught me...

That there ain't no gettin' round gettin' round  
Yeah, there ain't no gettin' round gettin' round  
"Phone for you"  
Mother, can't you see I'm in the bath  
They say that we're at war again + disappearing fast  
But I need to get to London + I need to get there fast  
But my car is a polluter + it's messing up my future...  
Ain't there ain't go gettin' round gettin' round.  
Yeah, there ain't no gettin' round gettin' round

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