

P.F.M. (Premiata Forneria Marconi) "Intro + Out Of A Roundabout"

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1.

got a skin of sun
i'm breathing ceeophane
got a fadin' tan
to offer to the rain
who's the refere
when winter plays the ball?
runnin out of time
to celebrate the fall
out of the roundabout
out of the roundabout
got a cotton hat
to wear all year round
got a time disease
that keeps me upsidedown
and the willow trees
are spittin' out some green
i would give a look
but springtime looks a scream
out of the roundabout
out of the roundabout

new all the seasons run together
and the middle days are gone
wothout our weather repetitions
i can't shake my dice
can't skip a line no no no no no ...

2.

had my bicycle risin'
fast wheelin' and climbin'
the equinox hurdles
over gates of heat

even numbrs to bring out
and courses to follow
in search of the days
before i missed their beat

i ran into a black cat
good taste for all timing
his ivory shaker

couldn't pour out rain

i've been truckin' and trackin'
still missin' the rhythm
of changes that used to
make me feel all right ...

i met birds on a cable
a dark feathered station
time flown for migration
but they wouldn't fly

askin' cherries and peaches
to work on their accents
a natural compass
but they fooled me good

i've been joggin' and jugglin'
still missin' the rhythm
of changes that used to
make me feel all right ...

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