

## **P.F.M. (Premiata Forneria Marconi) "Out On The 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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