

Stackridge "Spin Around The Room"

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Well I spin round the room,
Stare at somebody else,
But I think that sometimes,
I embarass myself.

Like running in and out
And guessing just when to laugh,
Timing all my entrances,
And talking too fast.

Yes I trip over -something-
And sleep on the mat,
Cracking those rancid jokes,
That always fall flat.

Feeling like the sun who rose
To find it three o' clock,
The sun who rose the greener self
And found it's too hot.

Like a paupers dying daughter,
Whose counting what she's got,
Like a orphan coming actress
Whose finding she's not

Well your book sure is good
Always said it would be,
And thanks for selling
All the world,
The ins and outs of me.
Well you never spared a feeling,
Never thought that you would,
But when I get to thinking,
I still reckon it was good.

Like a paupers dying daughter,
Whose counting what she's got,
Like a orphan coming actress
Whose finding she's not

Well I spin round the room,
Stare at somebody else,

But I think that sometimes,
I embarrass myself.

Like running in and out
And guessing just when to laugh,
Timing all my entrances,
And talking too fast, woo.

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