

The English Beat

"Rotating Heads"

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Rotating head, keeps on the right side
Colied 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
Colied 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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