

Tourists

"Round Round Blues"

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Ya got me running ya got me hiding
ya got me searching inside
hot nights laughing cold days crackling
no ones looking
no ones trying
Round round round blues
ya dragging ya feet ya got lead in ya shoes
bad town sad frown round blues
no one can win
no one can lose
when everybodys running
those round round blues
(ya keep me running in circles baby)
Tears unfolding your feeling old in
ya bored nightmares
melting chairs
crazy man on deserted station
his destination is understatement
Round round round blues
ya dragging ya feet ya got lead in ya shoes

bad town sad frown round blues
no one can win
no one can lose
when everybodys running
those round round blues
(ya keep me running in circles baby)
Metal feelings flaky ceilings
shaky leanings and dodgy dealings
children calling voices falling
ya of the wall in
some empty hall...
Round round round blues
ya dragging ya feet ya got lead in ya shoes
bad town sad frown round blues
no one can win
no one can lose
when everybodys running
those round round blues
(ya keep me running in circles baby)

