

Fistful of Mercy "Things Go 'Round"

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I gotta make it out of this here gloom
There's a lot of innocence in this room
What would happen if things come 'round
There's no waiting, baby, and I mean right now

I didn't notice that your small door
Picking up adrenaline off the floor
Everything here is on the ground
Boundless, boundless, boundless, bound

These things go 'round, these things go 'round
These things go 'round, these things go
These things go 'round, these things go 'round

I walk around in my shell
Just a flesh 'n' bone prison cell
My right hand says to my left
Just try and do your best

I'm a stoplight on a city street
I'm a cop just walkin' his beat
I'm the sum of all my greed
I'm every hand in need

These things go 'round these things go 'round
These things go 'round these things go 'round
These things go 'round and 'round

I'm gonna make it
You're gonna make it
We're gonna make it somehow
I'm gonna make it
You're gonna make it
We're gonna make it

I'm gonna make it
You're gonna make it
We're gonna make it somehow
I'm gonna make it
You're gonna make it
We're gonna make it somehow

These things go 'round these things go 'round
These things go 'round these things go 'round
These things go 'round and 'round
These things go 'round these things go 'round
These things go 'round these things go 'round

I didn't have to learn it so hard
Everything came quickly in my yard
I dropped a seed and the flowers grew
I met her needs and her birds flew

They flew the cage and they flew the sky
The tears of our love said goodbye
We kissed each other and said goodbye
But she came back to say hello again

These things go 'round, these things go 'round
These things go 'round, these things go
These things go 'round and 'round

These things go 'round, these things go 'round
These things go 'round, these things go
These things go 'round and 'round, 'round and 'round

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