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The Stone Roses "Going Down"

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Dawn sings in the garden Phone sings in the hall This boy's dead from two day's life Resurrected by the call Penny here we've got to come So come on round to me There's so much penny lying here To touch, taste and tease Ring a ding ding ding I'm going down I'm coming round Penny's place her crummy room Her dansette crackles to jimi's tune I don't care I taste ambre solaire Her neck her thighs her lips her hair Ring a ding ding ding I'm going down I'm coming around

All thoughts of sleep desert me There is no time

Thirty minutes brings me round to her number nine

Yeah she looks like a painting Jackson pollock's number five Come into the forest and taste the trees The sun starts shining and I'm hard to please Ring a ding ding ding I'm going down I'm coming around

All thoughts of sleep desert me There is no time Thirty minutes brings me round to her number nine

To look down on the clouds You don't need to fly I've never flown in a plane I'll live until I die

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