

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

