

Berlin Irving

"Getting Nowhere"

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A greyhound who had lots of speed was surely bound
to fail
For morning, noon and evening, he'd be chasing his
own tail
He was running around in circles
Running around in circles getting nowhere

A squirrel in a treadmill cage, around and 'round he'd
go
You'd think that he'd be in a rage, but seems he didn't
know
He was running around in circles
Running around in circles getting nowhere

The man who runs a carousel is often heavy-hearted
He rides all day, but sad to say, he winds up where he
started

So, concentrate and clear your mind of schemes that
never last
Or you'll wake up someday and find your chances all
have passed
You've been running around in circles
Running around in circles getting nowhere
Getting nowhere very fast

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