

## Squirrel Nut Zippers

### "Spin Around The Room"

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Well I spin round the room,  
Stare at somebody else,  
But I think that sometimes,  
I embarass myself.

Like running in and out  
And guessing just when to laugh,  
Timing all my entrances,  
And talking too fast.

Yes I trip over -something-  
And sleep on the mat,  
Cracking those rancid jokes,  
That always fall flat.

Feeling like the sun who rose  
To find it three o' clock,  
The sun who rose the greener self  
And found it's too hot.

Like a paupers dying daughter,  
Whose counting what she's got,  
Like a up and coming actress  
Whose finding she's not

Well your book sure is good  
Always said it would be,  
And thanks for selling  
All the world,  
The ins and outs of me.  
Well you never spared a feeling,  
Never thought that you would,  
But when I get to thinking,  
I still reckon it was good.

Like a paupers dying daughter,  
Whose counting what she's got,  
Like an up and coming actress  
Whose finding she's not

Well I spin round the room,

Stare at somebody else,  
But I think that sometimes,  
I embarrass myself.

Like running in and out  
And guessing just when to laugh,  
Timing all my entrances,  
And talking too fast, woo.

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