

Terrorvision, Swings And Roundabouts

I like it on a Sunday morning if I've been out the night before,
I get the feeling the whole world's yawning but I don't want to sleep no more,
And you won't see me around the town because I spent last night on a roundabout,

I wander round at night,
It's easy to think in the bright moon light,
When you're comfy in the darkness looking up at the stars,
Wondering if there is really life on Mars,
Wondering if there is really life on Mars,

It's easy like a Monday morning if I've been out the week before,
I usually phone you by Tuesday evening with the faintest hope you'll let me know the score,
Cos I just want to come round your house because I spent last week on a roundabout,
You won't see me hanging around, I spent my life on a roundabout,

I wander round at night,
It's easy to think in the bright moon light,
When you're comfy in the darkness looking up at the stars,
Wondering if there is really life on Mars,
Wondering if there is really life on Mars,

I light a candle, watch it drip down to the floor,
If it takes an hour it takes a minute who's keeping score,
I try to tell myself I gotta stop messing with the things I should ignore,
But I'm here again and you're somewhere else and my company's getting bored.

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