

# Round and Round

## Threshold

Can't rely on reality  
Things ain't what they appear to be  
When you visit please don't forget  
The fragile mess of this nervous wreck  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Now I've been here twelve times or more  
Life's becoming a bit of a bore  
If the ceiling speaks please don't complain  
He might just make me go back, round again  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Round and round and round again  
The first million years  
They were the worst  
The second million years  
They were the worst as well  
Please don't ask 'cause I can't explain  
Why I keep coming back again  
Maybe it's 'cause when I roll the dice  
I never get to throw afterlife  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Who of you feels he's been here before?  
Round and round and round

Songwriters

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