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 wreckWho 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 againWho 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 againThe first million years
They were the worst
The second million years
They were the worst as wellPlease 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 afterlifeWho 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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