Revolving Doors

B. White

Revolving doors, what have I done?
Someone on the TV, a tepid loss
Revolving doors, what will I become?
A redneck song
He paid up for a seven
But he only got an eight now, now
I feel that I'm paused by all the pills
I see no running
On a foggy day
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston
I sit in a diner
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
And the Beatles play
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
I'm paid up for a seven
But I only got eight, so eight
Oh now
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
I feel that I'm paused by all the pills
I seem to run out here
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
Revolving doors
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
It's stormy on the eastern sea board
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
He got silver up his night
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
He paid up for three
But got only two
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
Then he said
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
Seems I was born for this
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)

Seems I was born to this
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
Revolving doors
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
Revolving doors
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)
(Revolving door from London to a foggy day in Boston)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/