

The Round

Pickwick

If I look in his eyes I will see no part of me
She will look into mine and wish that she couldn't see
Something that reminds her of a picture, a piece of me
But his eyes aren't mine no matter what they seem to see
She's been stumbling in late after a night in the round
No one knows whose lover she has danced with until the dawn
As the child is screaming he leaves the house to escape the sound
Another night of dancing and others' lovers in the round
As the place starts leaving there's the coldest feeling
And he doesn't want to answer himself
The design was broken
He has spoken
Can't get no pleasure from what she felt
I've got more questions than answers
But that don't mean nothing
My head starts to lower when I walk out the door
She's not my, my lover
The round is thinking that he is my son
She's not no, I never knew her
The man I love I keep down and out
I've got no one to believe, in me
No one to believe me
I keep 'em guessing back at the round
I keep the man I love down and out
The man I love is down and out

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