

Revolving Doors

Crazy Town

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)

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