

# Things Go 'Round

## Fistful Of Mercy

I gotta make it out of this here gloom  
There's a lot of innocents in this room  
What would happen if things come 'round  
There's no waiting baby and I mean right now I didn't notice that your small door  
Picking up adrenaline off the floor  
Everything here is on the ground  
Boundless boundless boundless hound These things go 'round these things go 'round  
These things go 'round these things go  
These things go 'round these things go 'round I walk around in my shell  
Just a flesh 'n' bone prison cell  
My right hand says to my left  
Just try and do your best  
I'm a stoplight on a city street  
I'm a cop just walkin' his beat  
I'm the sum of all my greed  
I'm every hand in need These things go 'round these things go 'round  
These things go 'round these things go 'round  
These things go 'round these things go I'm gonna make it  
You're gonna make it  
We're gonna make it  
Somehow These things go 'round I didn't have to learn it so hard  
Everything came quickly in my yard  
I dropped a seed and the flowers grew  
I met her needs and her birds flew  
They flew the cage and they flew the sky  
The tears of our love said goodbye  
We kissed each other and said goodbye  
But she came back to say hello again These things go 'round

Songwriters

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