

Blancmange, Living On The Ceiling

Hey

You keep me running round and round
Well, that's alright with me
Up and down, I'm up the wall
I'm up the bloody tree

That's alright with me
Yeah, that's alright with me
Well, it feels alright to me
Yeah, it looks alright to me

And I'm so tall, I'm so tall
You raise me and then you let me fall
And I'm so small, I'm so small
Wrap me around your finger, see me fall

You keep me running round and round
Well, that's alright with me
Nothing, nothing, nothing's gonna
Step in my way

Living on the ceiling
No more room down there
Things fall into place
You get the joke, fall into place

And I'm so tall, I'm so tall
You raise me and then you let me fall
And I'm so small, I'm so small
Wrap me around your finger, see me fall
Here we go

You keep me running round and round
Well, that's alright with me
Up and down, I'm up the wall
I'm up the bloody tree

Hiding from your questions
Questions you won't ask
Why am I up the tree, you say
Why are you down there, I say

And I'm so tall, I'm so tall
You raise me and then you let me fall
And I'm so small, I'm so small
Wrap me around your finger, see me fall
Hey