The Who, In A Hand Or A Face

Ain't it funny how they're all Cleopatra
When you gaze into their past
When you find out about their birth signs
You realize there was no need to have asked

All the history of a soul in torment
Ingrained in a hand or a face
Ain't it funny how they all fire the pistol
At the wrong end of the race

I am going round and round
I am going round and round
I am going round and round
I am going round
Going round and round

There's a man going through your dust bin
Only this time he's looking for food
There's a tear in his eye, you don't know him
Oh but you know what he's going through

Ain't it funny that you can't seem to help him
Feelin' sick as he staggers away
Is it weird that you hate a stranger
Can a detail correct your dismay

I am going round and round
I am going round and round
I am going round and round
I am going round
Going round and round