Fatal Flowers, Round And Round

There's people who tell me that it's a sin
There's people who say it's worth everything
And I'm stuck in the middle
With a whole lot of doubt
Not going in and not going out

You gimme this and I'll give you that
I give you a smile and you give me head
And then you want my mind and you need my soul
But all you get is some rock 'n roll

Round and round it just spins around
And there ain't no tellin' where it's bound
One says go and the other says no
Where it's going no one knows

Sunday evening a glass of wine
Switch on the tv and you're feeling just fine
And than the phone rings as you got into bed
Some guy's shouting you're already dead