

Hazel O'Connor, Top Of The Wheel

Round and round and round again
Increasing circles, what a fun game!
We think we're different, we're not the same
As you and me and she and he
And we always believed that we're something unique
Our new little rich friends want us in their clique
And we'll play, we'll play all of our days away

There's you scratching my back, me scratching yours
Rub up the right way, it always ensures
We'll know the right people, open right doors
To the land of the famous incredible bores
And I got no respect for you, you're just a fake
Gave up your lot for a bite of the cake

And we'll play, we'll play all of our days away
How could we feel? We're so unreal
Stuck at the top of the wheel
You're the sucker who fell for their spiel
You're the crawler who fell for their deal
Your smug little cliches, they get up my nose
Your hair dyed, your fine clothes, they're all for the pose
Naked before me, your cover is blown
Here come the robots, the mindless, the clones
And you sold up our insides, body and soul
Do as you're told now, and we'll play our roles
And we'll play, we'll play all of our days away

How could we feel? We're so unreal
Stop at the top of the wheel
You're the sucker who fell for their spiel
You're the crawler who fell for their deal
How could we feel? We're so unreal
Stop at the top of the wheel
You're the sucker who fell for their spiel
You're the crawler who fell for their deal