

Jim Croce, Spin, Spin, Spin

Spin, spin, spin
Spin around, spin around

The harlequin dances in a costume of green
Spin around
But under his makeup his age can't be seen
Spin around
But where are you spinnin'
When will you know
That life is for livin'
That it isn't a show?

Spin, spin, spin
Spin around, spin around

You look out on the city from your penthouse so high
Spin around
But your pedestal's your prison and so is your high
Spin around
But where are you spinnin'
When will you know
That life is for livin'
That it isn't a show?

Spin, spin, spin
Spin around, spin around

Your pills are you conscience
They make ev'rything seem all right
Spin around
Take a white one go to sleep
Take a red one to stay up all night
To spin around
But where are you spinnin'
When will you know
That life is for livin'
That it isn't a show?
Spin, spin, spin
Spin around, spin around
Spin, spin, spin
Spin away, spin away
Spin, spin, spin
Spin around, spin around