Marianne Faithfull, Blazing Away

So searching down and out looking for a place to stay A place of no commitment, a place with no involvement. I got one eye on insanity, the other on the wheel, One's turning, one's burning, blazing away. One's turning, one's burning, blazing away.

Strange-looking exile with a passion for the dangerous, An eye for the wicked, a tongue for the nasty. I got one eye on insanity, the other on the wheel, One's turning, one's burning, blazing away. One's turning, one's burning, blazing away.

What is the reason that things change? What is the reason they can never stay the same? What can I do, what can I do?

Feel it, release it, things change.

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