

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.
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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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