

Pete Townshend, Keep Me Turning

River's getting higher
No wood for the fire
They saw the messiah
But I guess I missed him again
That brings my score to a hundred and ten

The water's getting closer
Better ring up the grocer
Stack up the potatoes
Oh, Jack are you ever coming back
Will your operatic soul turn black?

Keep me turning, oh keep me
Keep me burning, for your sun
Keep me turning
Don't you leave me till the very last

Keep me turning, I'm hanging on
Stop me yearning, I've had enough
Keep me turning
While I hand in my backstage pass

Children are smiling
Parents are wining
Bow tie tying
For the big day ahead real soon
Is there really gonna be no room

I've got a ticket
Just gotta get past the picket

They say that the trick is to walk in backwards
Like your walking out
I guess the lord's wearing glasses now

Keep me turning, Oh keep me on
Keep me burning, For your sun
Keep me turning
Don't you leave me till the very last

Keep me turning, I'm hanging on
Stop me yearning, I've had enough
Keep me turning
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Solo

Keep me turning, Oh keep me on
Keep me burning, For your sun
Keep me turning
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Keep me turning, I'm hanging on
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Keep me turning...