

# The Go Set, Swings And Roundabouts

In an out, up and down, it's the same old  
Things we do and say everyday  
Waiting for the weekend when the week has just begun  
Captured in the moment as the minutes tick away  
For the weekend comes, and goes around  
And for just one night, I am king of this town  
King of this town  
Its swings and roundabouts, that we are living on  
Year to year, we sing the same old song  
The swings and roundabouts that we are living on  
Day to day, we sing the same old song  
And every week outside I see that northbound  
That's come to take me away  
And I wonder where the end of this town is  
And the life of a young man begins