

The Stone Roses, Going Down

Dawn sings in the garden
Phone signs in the hall
This boy's dead from two days life
Resurrected by the call
Penny here we've got to croon
So come on round to me
There's so such fanny, lying here
To touch taste and feel
Ring-a-ding-ding-ding, I'm going down, I'm coming round

Penny's place a crummy room
Her dansette crackles to Jimi's tune
I don't care I taste Ambre Solaire
Her neck, her thighs, her lips, her hair
Ring-a-ding-ding-ding, I'm going down, I'm coming round

All thoughts of sleep desert me, there is no time
Twenty minutes brings me round to her number 9

There she looks like a painting
Jackson Pollock's "No. 5"
Come into the forest and taste the trees
The sun starts shining and I'm hard to please
Ring-a-ding-ding-ding, I'm going down, I'm coming round

All thoughts of sleep desert me, there is no time
Twenty minutes brings me round to her number 9
To look down from the clouds you don't need to fly
I've never flown in a plane
I'll live until I die