

# 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