

Ain't No Gettin' Round Gettin' Round

Julian Cope

Well, today I just feel so confused
So battered + psychically bruised
All my friends talk of Collusion, ha,
Conspiracies just add to the Confusion
Like a pig pulls a cartload of sausages
Guess I'm drawing my own conclusion
I need a car that can get me around
Far from the city-dwellers AM sound
Commuters + computers,
Yeah, I'm just on more Polluter
But the Travel-bug has got me
And the buggers all have Taught me...
That there ain't no gettin' round gettin' round
Yeah, there ain't no gettin' round gettin' round
"Phone for you"
Mother, can't you see I'm in the bath
They say that we're at war again + disappearing fast
But I need to get to London + I need to get there fast
But my car is a polluter + it's messing up my future...
Ain't there ain't go gettin' round gettin' round.
Yeah, there ain't no gettin' round gettin' round