

Going Down

The Stone Roses

Dawn sings in the garden
Phone sings in the hall
This boy's dead from two days life
Resurrected by the call
Penny here we've got to come
So come on round to me
There's so much, Penny, lying here
To touch, taste and tease
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 (there is no time)
Thirty 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 (there is no time)
Thirty minutes brings me round to
Her number 9

To look down on the clouds
You don't need to fly
I've never flown in a plane
I'll live until I die