

# Swings and Roundabouts

The Bolshoi

Six o'clock, it's nearly dark  
Kicking leaves up in the park  
My hands in pockets by the green  
Wishing that my nails were clean  
I lean my back against a tree  
A black bird sits and stares at me  
Reflected in his dark black eye  
The legacy of all my eyes... Now

Upstairs in the house tonight  
I'm coming down to see you  
I won't stay in, you won't come out  
What are we gonna do about it

Upstairs in the house tonight  
I'm coming down to see you  
I won't stay in, you won't come out  
Little bit swings and roundabouts

Now ten o'clock, I'm drinking beer  
I don't know why I come in here  
Well it's cold outside, yes that's true  
And I don't really have much else to do

There's someone standing at my arm  
I think he means to do some harm  
'Cause he says he used to be a hero  
Staring down into his beer... Oh

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Now first... Number one  
Can anybody really ever know someone  
Two, three  
Why is everybody talking about me  
Four, five  
Is it just for this that we strive  
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven  
Two figures together add up to eleven

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Listen to me laughing, Mary  
Ha, ha, ha...