

Revolving Man

The Innocence Mission

Ah, revolving man, don't you ever get ahead?
All your days are spent in catching up the rent
Ah, revolve, revolve, don't you ever get a Sunday
To read the paper and jump into leaves or water?

You're laughing
Of course I'm laughing, I'm happy
To revolve around my children
To revolve around my love

Ah, revolving man, don't you ever want to cry?
All your nights are spent in catching up your breath
And the children need well, they're always needing something
Growing out of clothes they grow into yesterday

You young ones don't believe in nothing
But freedom from yourselves
Where are you getting ahead to?
It's I who am sorry for you.

And God is in His heaven
All's right with the world