I'd like to say, that I was on your mind So I phone you at ten past three, in the afternoon It's evening for you, and another bare hotel room So hard to believe, that you're dreaming of me too But it's true

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You only go around, round, round
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And Amsterdam, I never knew you so well
The stadium rings with laughter, at every turn
At flying piano's of all things, to set your scene
I'm such a nice man to you, but so obscene
And it's true girl

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You only go around, round, round
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Jackie big tits, is hiding in the corner Respect is the word she shouts, as I implore her Speaks her mind not me, 'cos I was only speaking freely Interupt me once more, I'll take you to the cleaners

You can't push me around, round, round You can't push me around, round, round You only go around, round, round You only go around, round, round