

Spinning Around

Quill

Too many satellites are spinning round the sun
I can't get focused on another single one
This mighty creature here is never to be tamed
Don't even think about it I remain the same

I can't hold it now
This room is turning upside down
I'm spinning round
I can't hold it now
Stealing earth from holy ground
I'm spinning round

In my kaleidoscope the future is a fake
My inner vision says it's all a big mistake
I breathe the air nobody ever has inhaled
But getting high is low when spirits are for sale

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