

## 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