

## What Goes Around

Climate control but my lights are out, Teen love windows and I've got no clout  
Queenie and the hunchback are at my door  
And to clean those stables well it's quite a chore  
Achilles last stand, heroes in stone  
Funny how cold marble can help when you're alone  
From dust to dawn, the pauper waits His lips are parched, but his eyes do not hate

What goes around, comes around 2x

The sweat and squalor of city life, The buying of souls and keeping it tight  
Close to the chest, close to the whore, Only the pope is minding the store  
Saints and sinners standing in line, In the market of life, they're buying salvation  
Time to love, and time to spend, The money we rake from our creations

What goes around, comes around 2x

I watch the ballerina thru the frosty glass, My breath obscures her beautiful ass  
My passions at large like an outlaw in town, Shootin it up, drinkin it down!

I saw Pinnochio thumbin a ride, He had a big ghetto blaster where he could hide  
From the sounds of the vans sloshing on by  
Dropping their shit on the highway of life  
Me, I had to skip off to Vegas, On a bargain vacation that'd make you nervous  
I signalled the waiter for wine he would pour, I'll tackle the Gods and even the score!

What goes around, comes around 2x

Words & Music by Rick Derman